

PSYCHOLOGICAL ANALYSIS OF LITERARY PRODUCTIONS
AS A REVELATION OF PERSONALITY

by

Harold Grier McCurdy

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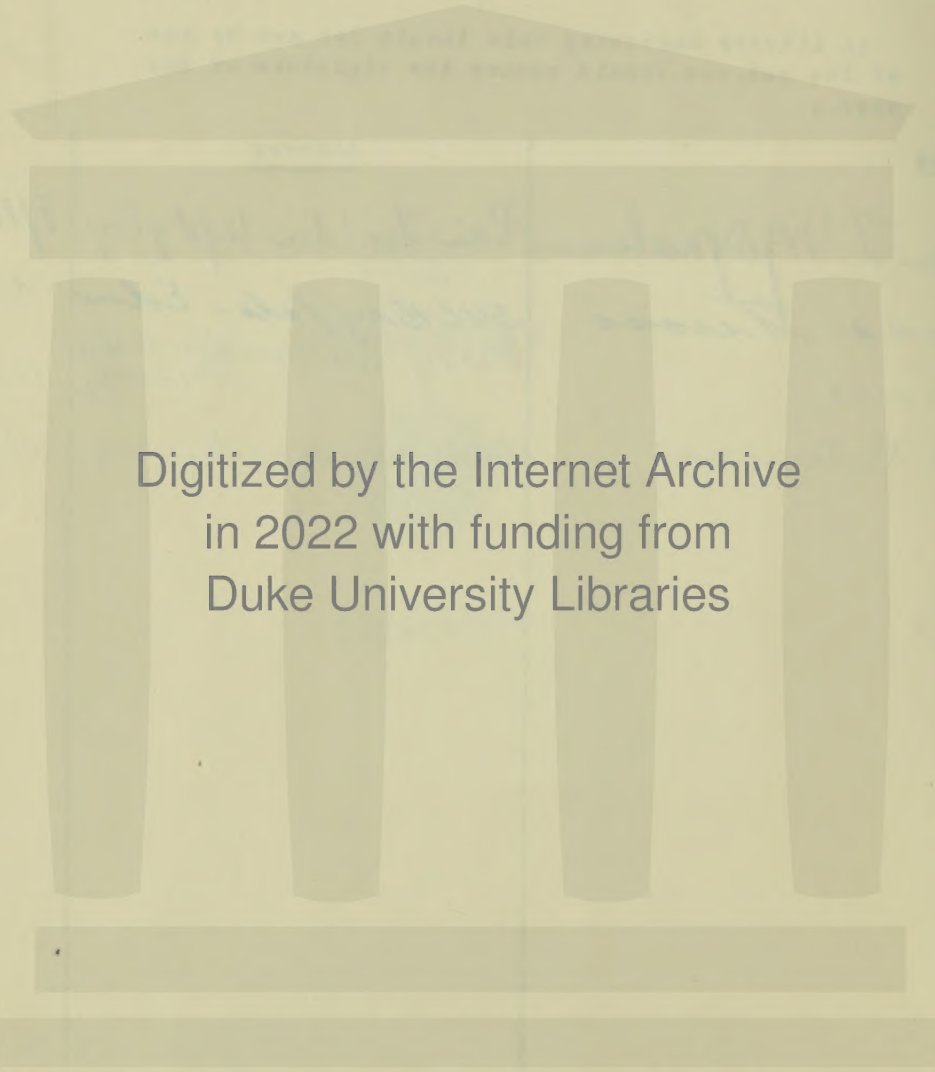
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I am indebted for encouragement and practical
advice in the matters of my advisory committee
to Dr. William H. Hall, Dr. Selig S. Lichstein, the
late Dr. William H. Hall, and Dr. Earl S. Hall.

W. H. Hall.

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PSYCHOLOGICAL ANALYSIS OF LITERARY PRODUCTIONS
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CHAPTER ONE

Introduction

Since personality is a theoretical construction, and not an original datum of psychology, it devolves upon the student of personality who wishes to keep within the scientific tradition to devise methods of investigation acceptable to and usable by others interested in the subject. The study of personality is a highly controversial one, constantly giving rise to debate between the proponents of various theories and methodologies, and it is not the purpose of the writer to enter into the thick of this battle by attempting a critical survey of the whole field. His much more modest intention is to examine one particular approach which he feels has been too rudely cultivated. The approach referred to involves the use of imaginative literature as a source of information about the personality of the author of the same.

It is probably a widespread opinion at the present time that the author of a novel, or other piece of imaginative literature, is not writing out of thin air - that what he puts into his work has some reference to his experience as a

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man and to the grounds of that experience. It is a popular parlor game to try to lay one's finger on the counterpart in "real" life of this or that character in novels. Authors find it necessary to protect themselves from court action by announcing in a foreword that the characters in their story are entirely fictional, as exemplified by the following note from the latest novel by Ernest Hemingway: "In view of a recent tendency to identify characters in fiction with real people, it seems proper to state that there are no real people in this volume: both the characters and their names are fictitious. If the name of any living person has been used, the use was purely accidental."¹

Professional psychologists, also, have tended to see a close connection between the work of fiction and the private aims and experience of the author. It is probably pretty generally agreed that a work of fiction, like the novel, is a near congener of phantasy, and phantasy is acknowledged on all sides to be an expression of the most intimate wishes of the individual. This view is held by psychologists who are not psychoanalysts, and who may be heartily opposed to psychoanalytic theory on the whole. We may cite as an eminent ex-

¹ Ernest Hemingway, To Have and Have Not (New York, 1937), introductory "Note".

ample the late Professor Stern. He brings imaginative literature under the rubric of phantasy, and enunciates a general formula which justifies us in seeking for knowledge about the personality in works of literature, thus: "W i e e i n M e n s c h p h a n t a s i e r t, s o i s t e r - s o i s t e r z u m m i n d e s t e n u n t e r e i n e r b e s t i m m t e n P e r s p e k t i v e, n ä m l i c h a l s W u n s c h - u n d A n g s t - W e s e n, a l s G e s t a l t e r s e i n e r b i n n e n s e e l i s c h e n W e l t i m S i n n e s e i n e r L e b e n s b e d ü r f n i s s e, T r i e b r i c h t u n g e n u n d I d e a l e."¹ The implied formula of the psychoanalysts, when they speak of projection, is not essentially different from this.

These two attitudes, the popular and the psychological, certainly do not exhaust the possibilities, but they are interesting to us because they both look behind the work of literature to assumed causes. The more naive, popular view that imaginative literature, more particularly the novel, is a perhaps somewhat distorted replica of events occurring in "real" life ties it up with gossip, and is satisfied when biographical data are brought to bear on the content of the fictional work and the actions and characteristics of the dramatis personae are explained by reference to bodily individuals accessible to biography. The sophisticated, psychological view, however, goes completely beyond

¹ William Stern, Allgemeine Psychologie (Haag, 1935), p. 451.

observable phenomena to a theoretical structure - the personality. The holders of this view are committed to the proposition that the peculiarities of the fictional work are intimately related to the peculiarities of the author's personality; that it is to the personality first of all that we must look if we are to understand the artistic product, and only secondarily to the historical circumstances.

The trouble with the latter proposition is that it tempts us to assume, if we are not wary, that the personality of a given author is a simple datum which someone is in a position to observe. But this is just not true. The most authoritative spokesman on the matter, when he gives us a picture of the personality in question, gives us only what he has inferred and constructed. All that psychology can do to improve on an obviously unsatisfactory state of affairs is to clarify the method by which it arrives at this inferred and constructed entity. Needless to say, psychology sometimes shirks its duty.

One way out of the impasse is to turn the proposition around, and seek not to explain the work of imaginative literature by the personality of the author but to infer the personality from the literary work. The possibility of such a reversal of the proposition, stated in the opposite form here for the sake of pointing up the argument, is clearly contained in the formula of Stern: "As a man phantasies, so he is."

The suggestion just made is the starting-point of this

study. It is proposed to take seriously for the purposes of the study the hypothetical relation between personality and literary art-product, considering personality as the unknown and the piece of literature as the known or knowable term of the relation, in order to see how far such a point of view will carry us. In the writer's opinion, it is stating the theory of the relation too weakly to say merely that the author's personality is expressed in his imaginative production. More desirable is the straightforward proposition of the psychoanalysts that the author's personality is projected in the imaginative production.¹ What this manner of speaking immediately suggests is that the author's personality and his creation bear a relation to each other comparable to that of the film in a projecting machine and its shadow image - "as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen."² The proposition does not necessarily mean exactly that, perhaps; but it does seem to necessitate some sort of one-to-one correspondence between the structure of the personality and the structure of the creation. It is best not to conjecture too freely, however, as to what exactly is meant by the psychoanalytic term projection, but instead turn to an examination of psychoana-

¹ Dorian Feigenbaum, "On Projection," The Psychoanalytic Quarterly, V (1936), 311.

² T. S. Eliot, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock."

lytic studies which have the theory of projection behind them, to see what is done with it in actual practise.

Psychoanalytic Studies of Literature

There are numerous psychoanalytic writings dealing either with individual literary works or with literature in general. ~~A number of these are listed in the bibliography.~~ Here, in order to present the psychoanalytic approach to literature in the concisest and most representative fashion, the discussion will be confined chiefly to some of Freud's work. This discussion will have quite a little to say concerning his dream theory, and this seems essential, not only because of Freud's own attitude, but because it is admitted by the general public as well as by professional psychologists that the relation between dream and literature (in some of its forms) is very close.¹

In a short paper, "Der Dichter und das Phantasieren,"² Freud has expressed the opinion that the playing of children, the day-dreaming of adults and the creations of poets (i.e., creative writers in general) are psychic manifestations of the same order. He says: "Der Dichter tut nun dasselbe wie das spielende Kind; er erschafft eine Phantasiewelt, die er

¹ See, for instance, L. A. G. Strong, Common Sense About Drama (New York, 1937).

² Sigm. Freud, "Der Dichter und das Phantasieren," Gesammelte Schriften, X.

sehr ernst nimmt, d.h. mit grossen Affektbeträgen ausstattet, während er sie von der Wirklichkeit scharf sondert."¹ The link between the playing child and the poet is furnished by the day-dreaming characteristic of adolescents and adults.² Day-dreaming is separated from the child's playing by the fact that it dispenses with real objects, on which the child is accustomed to depend; and the secrecy which this entails is further reinforced by the shame with which the day-dreamer regards his occupation. The phantasy-world of the poet, like that of the ordinary day-dreamer, dispenses with any dependence on reality. But the poet does not feel shame for his creation, as the day-dreamer does; on the contrary, he places it before the public, and in such a manner that they are forced to admire and enjoy it. If we put aside the fact of the poet's ability to make his creation palatable both to himself and others, we see that phantasy and poetic creation are very much alike: they both may be comprehended under the same formula, a formula elaborated earlier in "Die Traumdeutung." Of the day-dream Freud writes: "Die seelische Arbeit knüpft an einen aktuellen Eindruck, einen Anlass in der Gegenwart an, der in der Ferne, einen der grossen Wünsche der Person zu wecken, greift von da aus auf die

¹ Ibid., p. 230.

² This and the following sentences, to the next quotation, paraphrased from Freud.

Erinnerung eines früheren, meist infantilen, Erlebnis zurück, in dem jener Wunsch erfüllt war, und schafft nun eine auf die Zukunft bezogene Situation, welche sich als die Erfüllung jenes Wunsches darstellt, eben den Tagtraum oder die Phantasie, die nun die Spuren ihrer Herkunft vom Anlasse und von der Erinnerung an sich trägt. Also Vergangenes, Gegenwärtiges, Zukünftiges wie an der Schnur des durchlaufenden Wunsches aneinandergereiht."¹ The words which Freud uses in regard to literary creation are essentially the same: "Ein starkes aktuelles Erlebnis weckt im Dichter die Erinnerung an ein früheres, meist der Kindheit angehöriges Erlebnis auf, von welchem nun der Wunsch ausgeht, der sich in der Dichtung seine Erfüllung schafft; die Dichtung selbst lasst sowohl Elemente des frischen Anlasses als auch der alten Erinnerung erkennen."²

The problem of how to treat imaginative literature psychologically, therefore, becomes equivalent with the problem of how to treat the dream. Freud does not neglect to draw attention to "Die Traumdeutung;" because, if the generalization which he makes concerning the kinship of the several psychic activities discussed in his paper is valid, it is evident that the conclusions regarding dreams worked out in "Die Traumdeutung" must apply also to imaginative

¹ Ibid., pp. 233-34.

² Ibid., p. 237.

literature.

What, in brief, are the main principles of "Die Traumdeutung"?¹ The first and most emphasized principle is that the dream is a wish-fulfillment. The second and most elaborated principle is that the face-value unintelligibility of the majority of dreams is due to the wish coming into conflict with forces which constitute the repression. A distinction is therefore necessary between the actual dream and the intended dream, between the manifest dream-content and the latent dream-thought. The manifest dream is a rebus, difficult to understand; but since what it at the same time veils and discloses is a wish, it is possible to understand it. All that is necessary is to translate the individual dream-elements into the latent thought-clusters of which they are compounded, and then to abstract from the total mass a wish. Here Freud is obviously near the position of the old dream-books. They, too, regard the dream as a rebus; they, too, propose to translate the manifest dream-content into the latent dream-thought; and hence they offer a dictionary of symbols met with in the dream, and suggest that the dream refers to the future. Freud differs from the dream-books in suggesting that the dream is a wish-fulfillment, not a prophecy; and he is wary of offering a

¹ Sigm. Freud, "Die Traumdeutung," Gesammelte Schriften, II.

set of fixed symbols with translation attached. Even in respect to the last point, however, Freud comes dangerously close to their position; for he does state that his experience has taught him that there are typical dreams and typical symbols, which may be understood by the initiate at a glance.

There remains the difference between Freud and the dream-books that the latter regard the dream as a prophecy, while he regards it as the expression of a wish, a wish rooted in the dreamer's past.

But Freud lays claim to a hearing from science not granted the dream-books. He maintains that his conclusions are won by the application of a method which anyone may repeat with the same results. The method has a history. When Freud began his investigations on neurotic disorders, he found that if the patient would lie down quietly and relate all the thoughts which came spontaneously into his mind, certain thoughts would sooner or later rise to the surface which were intimately related with the symptoms of which the patient complained. Among the associations which the patients were accustomed to give in this manner, there sometimes appeared dreams, and thus Freud learned that a dream may take its place in the chain of ideas leading backward from a symptom into the depths of memory. It occurred to him that the same method (the method of free-association) which he had used for the elucidation of neurotic symptoms might also be used to interpret dreams, on the ground that

the dream itself was a symptom.¹

We see at once² that there is no more justification for thinking of the dream which participates in the concatenation of thoughts related to the symptom as a symptom than there is for thinking of any other element in that concatenation as such. But to say this is to reckon without the valuation which Freud places on the dream. The dream for him, as for almost everyone else except very young children,³ is a very special and peculiar sector of experience: it is separated from waking experience not only by its connection with the state of sleep but also by its way of sinking rapidly and often completely from consciousness upon awaking; and it is further separated by the apparent incongruity of its contents and successions with those which constitute the more familiar experience of the waking day. The dream is, therefore, not thought of in the first instance as belonging to

¹ Ibid., p. 104. Freud's words are: "Die Patientin ... erzählten mir ihre Träume und lehrten mich so, dass ein Traum in die psychische Verkettung eingeschoben sein kann, die von einer pathologischen Idee her nach rückwärts in der Erinnerung zu verfolgen ist. Es lag nun nahe, den Traum selbst wie ein Symptom zu behandeln und die für letztere ausgearbeitete Methode der Deutung auf ihn anzuwenden."

² The rest of this section on "Die Traumdeutung" is critical.

³ See Jean Piaget, The Child's Conception of the World, chap. III.

the same stratum of experience as waking consciousness. It tends to be cut off from the waking consciousness, and to exist apart. When it is found there, mingled with more regular contents, it is like an intrusion, a disturbing influence, a neurotic symptom.

The same conception of the dream as a foreign region of experience which gives plausibility to stigmatizing it as a symptom makes it possible to characterize its relations with regular, waking consciousness in still another way. When waking consciousness reigns, the dream is unconscious; when the dream is conscious, waking consciousness is somewhere else - it is buried in the unconscious. Thus, when Freud comes to apply his free-association method, the thoughts which occur in free-association in relation to some element of the dream are treated by him as though they existed together in the unconscious at the time the dream-element made its appearance; and the dream-element is treated as though it were compounded or in some way derived from this mass of thoughts. That is to say, despite the fact that both the dream item and the various items of the association-stream are equally conscious (though, to be sure, at different moments of time), they are stratified the one above the other in Freud's conception of the dream, with the result that the dream item is referred to as manifest dream-content and the items of the free-association stream as latent dream-thoughts.

The apparent meaninglessness of the dream is due to the absence of the context of thought yielded by free-association, and assumed to be actually co-present with the dream. The job of interpretation does not end, however, with the discovery of the associated or (theoretically) latent dream-thoughts; the final step is taken when the interpreter derives from this mass of thoughts a tendency to action, and formulates it in terms of the subject's wish. The wish may prove to be one consciously entertained by the subject, though perhaps condemned; or it may prove to be one which the subject avows never to have entertained consciously at all. In either case, it is, in reference to the dream, totally unconscious, except in those rare instances where the dream suffers no distortion. Here again we find Freud asserting that something is unconscious which may actually occur in the subject's consciousness, meaning, as we have seen in respect to the latent dream-thoughts, that it was not conscious in the dream itself. But we find this further development: that Freud feels himself justified now and then in attributing to the subject wishes which the subject not only does not acknowledge as his, but denies vigorously. Such a wish is unconscious in quite a different way from that in which a now-conscious wish is not conscious in a then-conscious dream. Such a wish is scarcely a wish at all, but a principle, like gravitation. Either it is that, or it is a wish which is no longer current in the waking,

daytime activity of the subject.¹

Whatever objections one may want to raise to the conceptual structure which Freud has erected on the basis of his dream investigations, it must be admitted that he has conscientiously held to his method; and that whether or not he is justified in the statement that there are typical dreams and dream-symbols of universal and univocal meaning, he shows himself extremely cautious in deciding about the meaning of a dream before he has had the free-associations of the dreamer.² The king see man of dream-interpretation for Freud is the free-association method. It is the method

¹ It is this alternative which Freud chooses when he asserts that many wishes which reveal themselves in dreams (e.g., the wishes which give rise to dreams of the death of loved relatives) are residues from a time (mostly childhood) when they were really, consciously active, though they act now only in dreams. See op. cit., p. 231.

² He says (op. cit., p. 242): "Wir sind im allgemeinen nicht imstande, den Traum eines anderen zu deuten, wenn derselbe uns nicht die hinter dem Trauminhalt stehenden unbewussten Gedanken ausliefern will." As a rule, too, it is possible to discover more than one wish expressed in a given dream; so that an interpretation which rests content with the discovery of a single wish, such as the application of a fixed symbolic key would permit, is more than likely incomplete, and to that degree fallacious; hence another reason for caution. Freud's own caution in this matter is illustrated in "Die Traumdeutung" many times. It is illustrated again in his practical refusal to interpret a dream of Descartes' which a correspondent submits to him. See Freud, "Brief an Maxim Leroy über einen Traum des Cartesius," Gesammelte Schriften, XII, 403-05. The whole letter is an illuminating commentary on Freud's attitude toward dreams.

by which his conclusions concerning the dream have been reached; and none of the conclusions thus reached enable anyone to dispense with the method.

The above discussion of "Die Traumdeutung" should make clear some of the difficulties facing the Freudian dream-interpreter when he turns to imaginative literature. The effort to arrive at the unconscious wishes responsible for the author's creation meets with one severe obstacle from the beginning: the fact that the author is usually unavailable to give free-associations. In spite of this fact, there are numerous psychoanalytic treatments of literature. Quite evidently, these studies are not exactly comparable to the dream-interpretations the psychoanalysts are accustomed to make.

Two examples of such studies, probably the best of their sort, may be considered briefly here, in order to reach some clarity as to what happens when literature is taken up for investigation by the psychoanalyst. The reference is to Freud's study of Gradiva¹ and Ernest Jones' study of Hamlet.²

Both these studies actually emanate from Freud, since Jones' study is no more than an elaborate expansion of a

¹ Sigm. Freud, "Der Wahn und die Träume in W. Jensens, 'Gradiva'," Gesammelte Schriften, IX.

² Ernest Jones, "The Oedipus-Complex as an Explanation of Hamlet's Mystery: A Study in Motive," Amer. J. Psych., XXI (1910), 72-113.

footnote embedded in "Die Traumdeutung." Freud's note draws a comparison between Hamlet and Sophocles' Oedipus Rex. Freud writes: "Im 'Ödipus' wird die zugrunde liegende Wunschphantasie des Kindes wie im Traum ans Licht gezogen und realisiert; im 'Hamlet' bleibt sie verdrängt, und wir erfahren von ihrer Existenz - dem Sachverhalt bei einer Neurose ähnlich - nur durch die von ihr ausgehenden Hemmungswirkungen."¹ The main inhibition, to which Freud thus refers, is the inability of Hamlet to carry out the injunction of his father's ghost and revenge the crime which resulted in his uncle's obtaining the queen and the throne. The explanation of Hamlet's difficulty, according to this note, lies in the inference that the uncle's crime corresponded to a repressed desire of Hamlet himself - i.e., to do away with his father in order to possess his mother sexually. It is this inference which Jones is at pains to justify. He does not, on the other hand, elaborate on the further suggestion of Freud, that "Es kann natürlich nur das eigene Seelenleben des Dichters gewesen sein, das uns im Hamlet entgegentritt,"² for which Freud gives some evidence - e.g., that the death of the poet's father occurred

¹ Op. cit., p. 267.

² Ibid., p. 268.

in 1601, just before the drama was written.

In Freud's note and in Jones' long article, the curious fact must be pointed out that the hero of Shakespeare's play, Hamlet, is treated as though he was an actual living human being with a complicated mental structure, including an unconscious, and yet Shakespeare himself is declared not to have known what motivated the actions of his creature. The same curious manner of treating fictional characters is to be observed, also, in Freud's study of Gradiwa, which, according to Ernest Jones, "will serve as a model to all future studies of the kind."¹

Freud's study of Gradiwa is mainly concerned with showing how his own theory of the dream is substantiated by the dreams attributed to the hero of that novel. He treats the hero and heroine "als wären sie wirkliche Individuen und nicht Geschöpfe eines Dichters"² and the entire novel as if it were "nicht ein Phantasiestück, sondern eine psychiatrische Studie."³ The "unconscious" wishes of the hero are discovered in the total concatenation of events in the story. In place of the free-associations which would have been demanded of Norbert Hanold if he had been a patient of

¹ Op. cit., p. 72.

² Op. cit., p. 309.

³ Ibid., p. 310.

his, Freud accepts the author's description of Harold's behavior, as well as everything else the author says in the novel, as an equivalent source of information; he then proceeds to reduce Harold's dreams to a distorted expression of the "wishes" thus discovered, which are in turn shown to be related to a childhood sexual experience of the hero's that has been repressed. When he has finished his argument for regarding Harold's dreams as a demonstration of the truth of his contentions in "Die Traumdeutung," Freud says: "...der Schluss scheint unabweisbar, entweder haben beide, der Dichter wie der Arzt, das Unbewusste in gleicher Weise missverstanden, oder wir haben es beide richtig verstanden. Dieser Schluss ist uns sehr wertvoll; um seines wegen war es uns der Mühe wert, die Darstellung der Wahnbildung und Wahnheilung sowie die Träume in J e n s e n s , 'Gradiva' mit den Methoden der ärztlichen Psychoanalyse zu untersuchen."¹

The longer one thinks about this study of Freud's the more confused one becomes. We know that Freud regards imaginative literature like Gradiva as on the same plane as dreams, and that he considers it unprofitable to analyze the manifest content of a dream; on the contrary, the technique of dream-analysis "besteht darin, sich um den schein-

¹ Ibid., p. 363.

baren Zusammenhang im manifesten Traum nicht zu bekümmern."¹

Yet here Freud goes to a great deal of bother to trace out the connections between certain sectors of Gradiwa (which is a "Phantasiestück," a poet's dream) and the remainder of it. He admits that it may appear strange to do so.² But he excuses himself on the ground that the behavior of the characters in Gradiwa, especially that of the hero, corresponds to what one finds in reality. In short, Jensen's novel looks like the real thing to Freud, and he is willing to forget his theoretical classification of novel with dream - the antithesis to reality - for the timebeing.

The agreement which Freud finds between himself and the author of Gradiwa elicits his astonishment. "Wie kam der Dichter," he asks, "nur zu dem gleichen Wissen wie der Arzt, oder wenigstens zum Benehmen, als ob er das gleiche wisse?"³ The somewhat delayed answer to this question gives rise to more astonishment on the part of the reader. "Unser Verfahren besteht in der bewussten Beobachtung der abnormen seelischen Vorgänge bei anderen, um deren Gesetze erraten und aussprechen zu können. Der Dichter geht wohl anders vor; er richtet seine Aufmerksamkeit auf das Unbewusste in

¹ Ibid., p. 343.

² Ibid., p. 309.

³ Ibid., p. 323.

seiner eigenen Seele, lauscht den Entwicklungsmöglichkeiten desselben und gestattet ihnen den künstlerischen Ausdruck, anstatt sie mit bewusster Kritik zu unterdrücken."¹ From this it would appear that the poet has the advantage over the doctor that he observes the Unconscious directly, while the latter can merely infer its presence and manner of working. The poet, then, is the more authoritative of the two. Yet, as we know, Freud regards Gradiya, in which Jensen displays such satisfactory insight into the ways of the Unconscious, as itself the product of the Unconscious, and requiring explanation. Indeed, an attempt was made to get Jensen to submit to psychoanalysis in order to discover how Gradiya came into being. This implies an utterly changed point of view, and it is interesting that acknowledgment of this point of view does not reach full expression until several years after the completion of Freud's study as we have it, in an appendix added to the second edition, five years following the first printing. There it is clearly stated that psychoanalysis has changed its aims with reference to literary creations. "Sie sucht in ihnen nicht mehr bloss Bestätigungen ihrer Funde am unpoetischen, neurotischen Menschen, sondern verlangt auch zu wissen, aus welchem Material an Eindrücken und Erinnerungen der Dichter das Werk

¹ Ibid., pp. 362-63.

gestaltet hat, und auf welchen Wegen, durch welche Prozesse dies Material in die Dichtung übergeführt wurde."¹ This second aim is the same as that which is satisfied in the free-association method of dream-interpretation, and was abandoned in Jensen's case because Jensen refused to submit himself to analysis.

The paradoxical nature of Freud's study of Gradiwa (as also of his note on Hamlet) springs from the duplicity of his attitude toward imaginative literature: he classifies it with dreams; and he treats it, in these instances, as if it were a reliable description of reality. Yet this is not necessarily paradoxical; it is paradoxical only because the dream is regarded by Freud as not equivalent to reality. The paradox would disappear if it were admitted that dream and literary creation both are direct expressions of reality; but not of a normative reality, such as Freud generally means; a reality, instead, which is sheerly individual - the reality of the personal world of the dreamer or literary creator. Freud, indeed, comes near to offering this solution of the paradox himself when he says, in the note on Shakespeare's play, "Es kann natürlich nur das eigene Seelenleben des Dichters gewesen sein, das uns im Hamlet entgegentritt;" and again, when he says of Jensen (and literary creators

¹ Ibid., 365.

in general), "er richtet seine Aufmerksamkeit auf das Unbewusste in seiner eigenen Seele." Such statements as these border on asking us to think of the literary creation as a description, pure and simple, of the contemporary state of the author's personality.

Freud, needless to say, does not follow out his own lead, for it would mean abandoning the whole doctrine of symbolism which he advances in "Die Traumdeutung." There is a further and more serious bar to movement along this line of thought: once the fundamental similarity between a dream and a literary masterpiece like Hamlet is really admitted and supported by practise, it is very hard to stop the comparison short of scientific works as well; all word-constructions of any sort are then likely to fall into the same category, as representing sectors of merely individual experience, and the logical outcome of this reasoning for Freud - namely, that even Freud's own works are wish-determined - is a conclusion hard to bear.¹ A general defense against this conclusion exists for Freud in the belief that the scientist, as opposed to the artist and dreamer, is guided by the reality-principle rather than the pleasure-

¹ Critics of Freud do say just that; but generally on the ground that they do not see as much sexuality in the world as he does. - See Freud, "History of the Psychoanalytic Movement," Psychoanalytic Rev., III (1916), 431-32.

principle. But in his paper, "Der Dichter und das Phantasieren," he erects a more specific defense. It consists in distinguishing between those writers who take over some traditional theme and elaborate on it, and those who create their own themes; and in distinguishing further between those who stand high in the estimation of critics and those "anspruchsloseren Erzähler von Romanen, Novellen und Geschichten"¹ who are more popular. It is the latter class of writers in each case whose productions, in Freud's opinion, can be most legitimately dealt with as though they were wish-determined dreams or phantasies; the work of the others somehow manages to take on such an air of reality (or traditionality) as to escape that treatment. Arbitrary distinctions of this sort are very frequent: one writer is considered "autobiographical," another not; one is considered "subjective," another "objective." Thus, according to taste, Shakespeare is "objective," while Dante is "subjective"; and so on. The discussion of this problem must not be continued here, beyond pointing out that among the many curious and apparently very "subjective" productions of sur-realists there often occur scraps of wood, etc., mounted or framed and without any other alteration, as if to say that a fortuitous bit of matter, because of its interest to the person concerned, there-

¹ Op. cit., p. 235.

by becomes a piece of true art quite on a par with an ordinary sculpture or painting.

Our review of Freud's excursions into the field of literature yields the following general fact: that, while Freud (and therefore psychoanalysis) equates an imaginative production like Jensen's novel with the dream, he is capable of subjecting the two ends of his equation to entirely different treatment. The dream he does not analyze at all, but explains or interprets, by setting it in reference to a context of thought given by free-association; the novel, on the other hand, he merely analyzes and does not in any sense explain or interpret. There is this additional fact: that analysis of the novel Gradiya is used simply to substantiate the claims of psychoanalysis.

A great crowd of investigators, following dazedly in the wake of Freud, have added to the number of psychoanalytic literary studies without improving the quality. An illuminating example, which has merits above the average in such endeavors, is the study of Ibsen's Peer Gynt by Jeffreys.¹ He recognizes clearly that the most acute difficulty facing the psychoanalytic study of a literary work is the unavailability of the author for free-association, but blandly

¹ Harold Jeffreys, "Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt': A Psychoanalytic Study," Psychoanalytic Rev., XI (1924), 361-402.

suggests that the lack may be supplied by the work itself. The possibility of psychoanalysis of literature, in his own words, "will depend on how far the work itself succeeds in supplying the free associations required for its interpretation. If they are abundant, psychoanalytic interpretation can proceed."¹ He therefore finds Peer Gynt suitable for such interpretation, because "Its abundant imagery and its apparent lack of consecutiveness in places suggest that criticism has not removed so many of the free associations as it usually does."² Having then asserted that Peer Gynt, the hero, is practically identical with Ibsen, on the ground that "it is a general experience that the chief actor in a phantasy is invariably an aspect of the author,"³ he proceeds to psychoanalyze Ibsen by psychoanalyzing Peer Gynt. What this amounts to, briefly, is taking Peer's stories as phantasies and, with a little aid from the actions and comments of other characters, reducing them to expressions of infantile wishes according to the familiar psychoanalytic theories. We are, for instance, introduced to a story Peer tells his mother, Aase, about some adventures with a reindeer; and this is at once (without free-association of any

¹ Ibid., p. 363.

² Ibid., p. 365.

³ Ibid., p. 365.

description) interpreted by Jeffreys as representing symbolically and in detail attempted coitus with some female. Aase's exclamation at one thrilling point of the story, according to Jeffreys, "betrays ... her recognition that the wild story bears a true interpretation. This transition, again, indicates that the reindeer, at least in part, symbolizes Aase directly, and not with some other woman as an intermediary. The early part of the story expresses the universal unconscious wish of the small boy for coitus with his mother."¹ So much will suffice to show by what fearless and unswerving steps a disciple of Freud can arrive at profound conclusions. On the whole, we are constrained to feel a great deal of sympathy with T. V. Moore, when he writes: "In recent times character has been studied from the psycho-analytic point of view and psychiatrists have interested themselves in trying to investigate the wanderings and maskings of the sex drive and the interpretation of the symbols of phantasy as found in the writings of an author. The difficulty with these studies is that they leave us in doubt as to how far they uncover the analyser himself rather than the personality he investigates. If someone else than the original dreamer gives his associations with the figures and symbols of the dream and these are put together we find out

¹ Ibid., p. 367.

what the dream means to him who gives the associations. What it meant to the original dreamer must remain a mystery."¹

Some Other Psychological Literary Studies

T. V. Moore, whose criticism of the strictly psycho-analytic studies has just been quoted, has published a study of Shelley which he offers as "An Introduction to the Study of Character." He believes that the chief fault of the psycho-analytic studies is that they neglect the historical. His own study attempts to escape this error. He writes: "The lack of the personal associations of the author may in some measure be supplied by the facts of his biography. The more one studies poets and their lives the more one realizes that their poetry is conditioned by the personal elements of their inner experience. Their poetry is a cryptogram to which the biography supplies the key. The two together reveal a human individual in his innermost being. The biographies give us only the outer shell. The poetry is written in a code that only those can understand who know the poet."² Moore adds that one must have, besides the poet's work and biographical information, a definite plan, and considers that his study suggests a plan and illustrates its use. His

¹ Thomas Verner Moore, "Percy Bysshe Shelley," Psychological Monographs, No. 141 (1922), 4.

² Ibid., pp. 4-5.

study, therefore, attempts not only to make use of the biography of Shelley and his writings as mutually supporting sources of information, but to proceed in an orderly fashion to elicit information of a specified kind. The first task is to discover the nature of Shelley's conscious plan of life (as meant by Alfred Adler), which, Moore asserts, he had.¹

"The study ... proceeds in the next place to a determination of the fundamental complex, a concept for the understanding of whose importance we are indebted to Jung. The attempt is then made to analyse the driving forces in Shelley's life determining not only his actions but also the plots of his poems."² Another fact which is not so definitely stated as a part of the plan of investigation is that Moore considers Shelley from the outset as having a certain "psychiatrical disposition." "Every man, according to this view," he says, "has his characteristic trend, precox, or manic-depressive, or hysterical, etc. When in the pages to follow Shelley is termed a precox this does not mean that he was so far deranged that he should have been confined to an asylum; but only that his disposition in its main outlines resembles that of precox patients."³ It is obvious from

¹ Ibid., p. 10.

² Ibid., p. 10.

³ Ibid., p. 7.

Moore's preliminary statements that the description of Shelley's character is to be simplified in two ways, first by confining it largely to two psychological categories - the Adlerian plan of life, and the Jungian complex -, but then also by the fact that Shelley is typed from the beginning as "precox." The criticism must be offered that, while the limitation of the terms in which Shelley is to be described is legitimate, the typing him from the outset as "precox" is hardly so. Some doubt must also be expressed as to the extent to which Moore actually derives information about Shelley from Shelley's own writings, in view of the statement that he is going "to analyse the driving forces in Shelley's life determining the plots of his poems," indicating as it does that he knows about these forces prior to knowing about the poems; and, in fact, in Moore's analysis Shelley's poems appear to serve mainly as illustrative material.

Moore calls his monograph an attempt at the "literary-historical method of character study,"¹ and considers the resort to biography a necessary corrective of the psychoanalytic tendency to confine attention to the writings of their subjects. Putting aside the fact that he finds it useful now and then to supplement the strictly biographical material with poems by Shelley which he judges to be "autobiographical,"

¹ Ibid., p. 5.

an objection must be raised - not against Moore's specific use of biography necessarily - but against a too confiding trust in biography in general as a source of "objective" information. Biographies, too, are interpretive, and have to be used with caution. Comparison of biographies on the same person often reveals notable discrepancies, not only in the matter of dates and so on, but especially in regard to psychological matters.¹ One is not necessarily bound to psychoanalytic doctrines if one prefers to investigate a personality directly through his own literary productions rather than by way of his biographers.

Two studies, one on Lawrence Sterne and one on Kierkegaard, may be mentioned here as illustrating the possibility of investigating the personality of an author with comparatively little resort to biography.

In F. C. Fischer's work on Kierkegaard,² the interest is concentrated on demonstrating the applicability of a personality category to a specific individual - a category not drawn from the outside, but supplied in some detail by the individual himself. Fischer tries to show that in every phase of Kierkegaard's mental life the reigning principle, and thus the hallmark of his personality, was the disposition

¹ See Franziska Baumgarten, "Character Traits Derived from Biographies," Char. & Person., VI (1937), 147-49.

² F. C. Fischer, Nullpunkt-Existenz dargestellt an d. Lebensform Søren Kierkegaards. München. 1933.

to remain undecided as between all alternatives of belief and action: Kierkegaard is held up as a paradigm of what Fischer calls Nullpunkt-Existenz. In order to do this, Fischer marshals evidence from Kierkegaard's writings as they apply to the formal life-spheres of the sensory-aesthetic, the theoretical, the practical-ethical, the social, and the transcendental. His method consists in taking quotations from Kierkegaard which say outright that he is neither of this mind nor of that, but at a zero-point of existence; and, more often, in taking isolated statements which say one thing and setting them over against statements which say the opposite; all to prove that Kierkegaard held himself habitually neutral between alternatives.¹ While the method is clearly dangerous, it seems fairly convincing in Kierkegaard's case, and the study on the whole opens up a line of investigation which might possibly be fruitful for psychology.

The work on Lawrence Sterne, by De Froe,² has some resemblance to Fischer's on Kierkegaard in that the investigator is interested in describing Sterne according to certain psychological categories and on the basis of Sterne's own

¹ See especially ibid., pp. 218-19.

² A. De Froe, Laurence Sterne and his Novels Studied in the Light of Modern Psychology (Groningen).

writings, chiefly the novels. De Foe applies the psychological scheme of Professor McDougall to Sterne, seeking to estimate the relative strengths of the several instincts and sentiments (here he refers to Shand more particularly) in Sterne, and where he stands in the temper and temperament scales. As the application of a definite psychological descriptive scheme to an author, the study is admirable. The possibility offered by the concept of sentiment as McDougall uses it for introducing a certain amount of discussion of Sterne's development (if any) is, unfortunately, neglected.

A general criticism of the kind of work illustrated by all three of the preceding studies, disregarding for the moment their neglect of the possibility that personality may undergo changes in the course of time, is that, even when their methods are clear-cut and unexceptionable, such studies do not utilize literature for the purpose of obtaining information about personality so much as for the purpose of merely seeing where a given author stands in relation to some general descriptive scheme, introduced usually from the outside. The fitting of an author into this or that psychological category, and so on, no doubt has its place and its interest, but it would seem far more interesting and profitable if literary work were approached, not for the sake of finding identification tags somewhere about it, but as if it were an explorable psychological continent with features as yet unexplored, unknown.

A study which nearly does this and which is, therefore, to the present writer's thinking, more interesting is the brief paper by Coleman on Thomas Hardy.¹ In this paper the male characters of six of Hardy's novels are classified, it being shown that "they fall easily into groups with a stereotyped ground pattern,"² into "Man of the Soil," "Hero", and "Sophisticated Lady's Man"; and evidence is presented for regarding the "hero" as a more or less complete projection of the historical Hardy, while the other two types, it is suggested, represent incompatible ego-ideals, split off from the personality and given independent existence. The female characters are placed in two groups, "Women of the World," and "Women of the Soil," the former voluptuous complex brunettes, the latter naive blondes; and their connection with Hardy's mother and a mother-substitute of his boyhood is adduced. This phase of Coleman's paper will be found to be in close harmony with the suggestions made later in the present study. The accord, however, pretty well stops there. Coleman's allegiance to psychoanalysis leads him to make symbolical interpretations which have the disadvantage that they transcend the material of the study too far, though they may be entirely plausible. For example, he concludes

¹ S. M. Coleman, "Two On a Tower," Brit. J. Med. Psychol., XI (1931), 55-77.

² Ibid., p. 55.

that a tower which figures in the novel chiefly discussed (Two On a Tower) symbolizes the Unconscious, on the following tenuous grounds: "The symbolic significance of a structure cut off and forgotten, but at one time inhabited, changeless and ever green (ever young) despite surrounding death and decay is found to refer invariably to the world of phantasy, the dream life of the unconscious."¹

Orientation of the Present Study

The foregoing discussion does not pretend to be a comprehensive review of the vast literature which has grown up of recent years about the general subject of the relation between the personality of a creative author and his productions. It is believed, however, that a fair sample has been given of such of that work as verges most closely on the interests of the present study, enough, at least, to prepare a brief critical background for it.

Most psychoanalytical studies, it has been pointed out, are self-contradictory because they assume that the piece of imaginative literature with which they are dealing is of the nature of a dream or phantasy and at the same time they tend to treat certain parts of its contents as if these parts stood in relation to the rest (or selections

¹ Ibid., p. 70.

of the rest) as the free-associations of a dreamer to his dream. Again, many psychoanalytic studies must be criticized for their free and even abandoned use of symbolical interpretations, especially when such interpretations are treated as statements of fact. Finally, there is something unsatisfactory about the disposition they show to isolate out single characters (in the case of novels, dramas, etc.) as representing the personality of the author in a special degree; for to do so makes it appear that only that part of the phantasy or its congener is a projection of the personality, and the rest something else. It seems clear to the present writer that whatever a phantasy or novel or the like is, projection of the personality or whatnot, it is hardly fair to value parts of it as real and other parts as unreal, parts of it as projection and other parts as not, and so on.

As to the use of biographies of an author as an aid in interpreting his creations, it would seem advisable to maintain a careful distinction between the two, if there is any importance at all in distinguishing between what is about and what is by. Such a distinction is certainly important if one is going on the hypothesis that the creations of an author are a projection of his personality, or even if one merely thinks of his creations as his creations. Biographies are tainted with the biographers, and, at any rate, do not bear the same relation to an individual as his dreams and novels do.

Two more general critical remarks need to be made. The first is that psychological studies of literature which attempt only to pigeonhole an author into this or that type, whether it be in some category suggesting mental disease or not, are unsatisfactory, even when they are methodologically sound, because they do not sufficiently respect the value of their material as a potential source of new information. The second is that, in any study purporting to deal with an author's personality, the factor of time is one which should be taken into consideration more often than it is. The boredom which artists are likely to express toward previous achievements is evidence that the state which accompanied these achievements has, in some sense, been passed over; but, regardless of that, we cannot afford to ignore the possibility that time, which sees so many changes in physical bodies, may also see changes in a personality. While the examination of the works of an author lumped together without respect to order of composition may reveal to us certain broad contours of the personality relatively unaffected by time, it is likelier that it will hide from us the fact of development in those cases where it occurs (if it does not occur in all) and possibly mislead us into making a static picture which combines features which do not belong together, giving us a Galton photograph, most unsuitably, instead of a movie film.

The above remarks are to be understood less as strictures

on work that has been done than as a sort of preliminary definition of the aims and methods of the present study. It is proposed in this study to take the hypothesis that imaginative literature is a projection of the author's personality and give it the serious consideration it deserves. In this writer's mind, such a proposal means, first of all, that the literary material to be used should be subjected to a straightforward analysis without admixture of biographical matters and with the least possible amount of interpretation. It seems of some importance to him that the material should be arranged in order of composition, in recognition of the possibility that the personality hypothetically projected in it may be such as to have undergone alterations in the course of time. The results of the analysis would then have reference to the temporal dimension as well as to the nature of the material, which latter, as far as possible, should determine the actual terms of the analysis. With the completion of the analysis, and not before, it may be profitable to turn to information about the author's physique, the circumstances of his birth and childhood, friendships and other personal relations, etc., in order to see what correlations can be made between facts of this order and the hypothetical personality structure derived by analysis of the literary work.

CHAPTER TWO

The Novels of D. H. Lawrence

The preceding chapter attempted to suggest that the hypothesis that imaginative literature is a projection of the author's personality is a plausible one. It argued, however, that the hypothesis had not received the respect due it in practise, and made certain recommendations as to the procedure required by the hypothesis if it is taken seriously. The main point urged was that simple analysis of the material, as free as possible of biographical data and of interpretation, should take precedence over everything else. The further recommendation was made that the material to be analyzed, if such as to permit it, should be arranged in chronological order.

It appeared from our examination of some psychoanalytic studies that the theory of projection, for which psychoanalysis is largely responsible, suffers considerable maiming even in the hands of its proponents by virtue of the fact that they use a method of symbolic interpretation which tends to drive everything back to foregone conclusions

about personality, so that the results of such analyses as they give look more like a projection of psychoanalytic general theory than like a projection of the supposedly unique personality whose work is being studied. The moral to be drawn is that hypothetically projected material should be treated to a more straightforward analysis, for, if personality has continuity and structure, these things should (under the hypothesis) show up as such in the material without violent twisting. Likewise, the suggestion made here that the material should be arranged chronologically is not a demand that it should reveal the personality as developing, but simply a technical device to satisfy a reasonable expectation.

The material which it is proposed to use here in illustration of the suggested method consists of, primarily, thirteen novels by the late D. H. Lawrence. This choice does not depend on the fact that Lawrence is a little known and little studied writer; on the contrary, he is very well known and several studies of him from several angles are in existence.¹ The choice is dictated rather by the consider-

¹ The following critical studies are of particular interest:

Middleton Murry, Son of Woman (New York, 1931).

Stephen Potter, D. H. Lawrence (London, 1930).

Horace Gregory, Pilgrim of the Apocalypse (New York, 1933).

ation that his work is readily available and of considerable quantity, that a fair amount of biographical material is available, and that, frankly, the whole subject of Lawrence is interesting to this investigator. The choice is not dictated by the supposition, fairly widespread, that Lawrence as a novelist is an unusually "autobiographical" writer - a point which will be taken up later in the discussion. As to the reasons for concentrating on the novels, rather than on the poems, essays, etc., several may be given: 1) novels are clearly indicated by theoretical writers like Freud, Stern, and others as imaginative or creative literature closely allied to phantasy and dream, and in this opinion writers of novels are themselves prone to concur; 2) novels, as opposed to lyrical poems such as Lawrence wrote, being more extensive and detailed afford a better opportunity for analysis; 3) the novels of Lawrence are the most characteristic of his productions, in the sense that they were produced almost continuously during his writing career and occupied most of his writing time; and finally, 4) it seems desirable, in an investigation of the sort proposed here, to confine attention to one definite artistic mode, one single order of material, to avoid complicating the procedure too much. Most of Lawrence's short stories, novels in miniature, are not included in the treatment, simply in order to save space; and one long novel, The Boy in the Bush, is omitted because it was produced in collaboration with another writer.

The following novels by Lawrence are those which will be taken up in this study. They are listed in order of composition, as far as available information will permit.¹ The dates in parentheses indicate the period of composition; those outside, to the right, the dates of first publication.

<u>The White Peacock</u>	(1906-10)	1911
<u>The Trespasser</u>	(Spring 1910)	1912
<u>Sons and Lovers</u>	(1910-12)	1913
<u>The Rainbow</u>	(1913-15)	1915
<u>Women in Love</u>	(1916)	1920
<u>The Lost Girl</u>	(1913-20)	1920
<u>Aaron's Rod</u>	(1921)	1922
<u>Kangaroo</u>	(1922)	1923
<u>The Plumed Serpent</u>	(1923-25)	1926
<u>St. Mawr</u>	(Summer 1924)	1925
<u>The Virgin and the Gipsy</u>	(1925-26)	1930
<u>Lady Chatterley's Lover</u>	(1926-27)	1928
<u>The Man Who Died</u>	(1927-29)	1931

The novels cover more than twenty years of Lawrence's life, from his twentieth year to just before his death (b. Sept. 11, 1885; d. Mar. 2, 1930).

¹ See L.C.Powell, The Manuscripts of D.H.Lawrence (Los Angeles, 1937).

In the interests of clarity of exposition, and for the sake of uncovering major differences, The White Peacock and Lady Chatterley's Lover will be dealt with first, and then the others, in chronological order.

Analysis of The White Peacock¹

The natural points of reference in a novel are the characters. It is their qualities, their relations to one another, and their fate, which interest the ordinary reader and the psychologist alike. In the least sophisticated stories there are commonly a Hero and a Villain, with their subordinates, and a Heroine. In sophisticated stories, "goodness" and "badness" may be distributed so evenly among the characters that it becomes impossible to separate them into Hero and Villain or the like; but some sort of typological grouping perhaps always occurs. In Lawrence's The White Peacock we are able to distinguish quite readily three sorts of characters. What their distinguishing features are will gradually appear in the following analysis.

A peculiarity of the novel before us, not shared by any other novel in our list, is that the story is told in the

¹ In the following pages references to pages of the novel being analyzed are included in the text, enclosed in parentheses. Page references to other novels than the one being analyzed at the time are preceded by an abbreviated title. For abbreviations see Bibliog.

first person, by a character who participates in the action. It goes without saying that such a character must reveal himself more intimately to the reader than any of the rest, since his position in the novel makes his innermost feelings accessible to the reader. The reader is compelled to see the events he relates largely through his eyes. In subsequent novels, where such a narrating "I" does not appear, his place is taken by characters about whom we can say that they are more "conscious" than the others; that is to say, we know their reactions, rather than their behavior as it would appear to another, we know their feelings, rather than their physique. These characters with whom the reader most consistently and closely joins, through whom above all he himself participates in the action, may be characterized without too much violence to the facts as "centers of consciousness." The term "ego" is to be avoided because of connotations that would be entirely false in the present connection.

The narrating "I" in The White Peacock is Cyril Beardsall. Cyril has a sister, Lettie, who, but for Cyril's presence, would rank as this central conscious sort of character. The two are very much alike and very intimate with each other. It is not only that they are brother and sister and physically similar: they are reciprocally very affectionate; he admires her and speaks of his "old brother-love, shielding, indulgent"(11, 228); she invites him to go walking with her

even when her lover is along (52). Cyril and Lettie are scarcely to be differentiated, save for the fact that they are of different sex; and even this difference fades out when it is realized that their sexual interests are concentrated primarily on a male object. Lettie is described thus: "She was tall, nearly six feet in height, but slenderly formed. Her hair was yellow, tending toward a sun brown. She had beautiful eyes and brows, but not a nice nose. Her hands were very beautiful."(11) Cyril is tall, thin, and "delicate" in health, and occupies himself with painting. At the beginning of the story they are both about twenty, the sister younger.

The male character to whom they are both attracted sexually, Cyril more consistently than Lettie, is a farm-youth, George Saxton. George is a powerfully built man, brunet, with a skin darkened by the sun (3, 5, 54, 55, 248). When he is at work on the farm his movements are rhythmical and effective (54), but in social contacts he is awkward, constrained, and inarticulate. Lettie, who is graceful and socially brilliant, calls him a "great brute"(107), a "primitive man"(31), "mon Taureau"(25). It is especially sexual passion which makes him tongue-tied and ineffectual (34), but his ox-likeness is attributed to a general animal carelessness and love of comfort by both Lettie (19) and Cyril (3). He is most fully alive in violent physical activity, like dancing a polka (106), and in bloody pursuits like

catching and killing rabbits with his bare hands (ch. "The Scent of Blood"). In short, George is scarcely more than a full-bodied, full-blooded animal. Yet he often exhibits a peculiar sensitiveness, or softness; his dark brown eyes have "that vulnerable look so peculiar to the Saxtons in their emotional moments"(267).

George has a sister, Emily, younger than he (as Lettie is younger than Cyril), who shares in George's characteristics. Brunette and socially awkward like him, she differs from him in being much less gross and not at all cruel. She is thus described in contrast to Lettie: "The other is shorter, much heavier. In her every motion you see the extravagance of her emotional nature. She quivers with feeling; emotion conquers and carries havoc through her, for she has not a strong intellect, nor a heart of light humour; her nature is brooding and defenceless; she knows herself powerless in the tumult of her feelings, and adds to her misfortunes a profound mistrust of herself."(108)

In George and Emily we have a pair of characters balancing and contrasting with Cyril and Lettie, contrasting indeed very sharply - for even in respect to their emotional relations there is missing that intimacy of mutual love and admiration which exists between Cyril and Lettie.

There is one other major character. This is Leslie Tempest, member of a socially and financially prominent family, and George's rival for Lettie. One full description

of him is given: "He had that fine, lithe physique, suggestive of much animal vigour; his person was exceedingly attractive; one watched him move about, and felt pleasure. His face was less pleasing than his person. He was not handsome; his eyebrows were too light, his nose was large and ugly, and his forehead, though high and fair, was without dignity. But he had a frank, good-natured expression, and a fine wholesome laugh." (50-51) He has "crisp hair of the 'ginger' class" (23). This, it should be noted, is in contrast to George, whose hair is black, and who is on the whole "ruddy" and "dark". (23) His oppositeness to George is not simply in coloration. He is wealthy, and a master of industry; whereas George is poor, and a farmer. He dresses well and moves in the higher social circles: a "mean fop" Lettie calls him when she is out of sorts with him. (85) George affects contempt for his "ladies' accomplishments," like tennis (22); Leslie, on his side, can dismiss George as a "common fellow." (23) This tone of superiority, it may be said, is habitual with Leslie.

It will be observed from this description of Leslie that, physically, he is more like Lettie (and probably Cyril) than George is. It should be added that, socially also, they are more on the same level, and that Leslie's superior tone is matched by Lettie's haughtiness and imperiousness, referred to passim.

A glance over the characteristics of the above persons of Lawrence's novel suggests at once the possibility of a tripartite division, as follows: a) those having a predominantly large share of consciousness (Cyril, Lettie); b) those who are physically dark, pronouncedly sexual and emotional, and who have associations with animals and the earth (George, Emily); c) those who are physically blond, and occupied with industry and society (Leslie, Lettie?). This preliminary classification can be no more at present than a summary statement of the qualities of the above five characters. It rests with further analysis to decide whether the scheme is comprehensive enough, to what extent the defining qualities mentioned are sufficient, and to what extent the qualities tend to cluster together as suggested by the above scheme. But keeping the suggested scheme in mind as a possibility, we may now turn to a discussion of the relations between these characters, and their respective fates.

At the core of the emotional relations with which the novel deals is the love of Cyril for his sister Lettie and for the farmer George. The quality of Cyril's love for his sister is given in the following paragraph:

On an afternoon a short time after our visit to Cossethay, Lettie sat in the window-seat. The sun clung to her hair, and kissed her with passionate splashes of colour brought from the vermillion, dying creeper outside. The sun loved Lettie, and was loath to leave her. She looked out over Nethermere to Highclose, vague in the September mist. Had it not been for the scarlet light on her face, I should have

thought her look was sad and serious. She nestled up to the window, and leaned her head against the wooden shaft. Gradually she drooped into sleep. Then she became wonderfully childish again - it was the girl of seventeen sleeping there, with her full, pouting lips slightly apart, and the breath coming lightly. I felt the old feeling of responsibility; I must protect her, and take care of her.(50)

Lettie reciprocates. It is not surprising, then, that Leslie's attentions to his sister arouse Cyril's jealousy. The expression of that jealousy is sometimes direct, as when he says, "I don't know what you see in him"(11), but more striking when shown indirectly. Thus, on the occasion of Leslie's engagement to her, Cyril is overcome with depression.

I sat by my window and watched the low clouds reel and stagger past. It seemed as if everything were being swept along - I myself seemed to have lost my substance, to have become detached from the concrete things and the firm trodden pavement of everyday life. Onward, always onward, not knowing where, nor why, the wind, the clouds, the rain and the birds and the leaves, everything whirling along - why?

.....
All the lapwings cried, cried the same tale: 'Bitter, bitter, the struggle - for nothing, nothing, nothing'
(93-94)

On the other hand, Cyril supports George's courtship. In the first pages of the book he suggests to Lettie that George is his candidate for her love.(11) And up until the last moment before his sister marries Leslie, he is continually encouraging George and helping to arrange situations that will bring the two together. Nor is this surprising, either; for George is Cyril's friend, and the friendship is

very passionate.

No relationship in the book matches this friendship for ardency. In a chapter devoted to the intimacy, a chapter full of atmospheric details which lend themselves readily to interpretation as phallic symbols, the culminating experience of the relation is richly described. The relevant passage bears full quotation.

...He began to play with the dog, and directly they were rolling on the fine turf, the laughing, expostulating, naked man, and the excited dog, who thrust his great head on to the man's face, licking, and, when flung away, rushed forward again, snapping playfully at the naked arms and breasts. At last George lay back, laughing and panting, holding Trip by the two forefeet which were planted on his breast, while the dog, also panting, reached forward his head for a flickering lick at the throat pressed back on the grass, and the mouth thrown back out of reach. When the man had thus lain for a few moments, and the dog was just laying his head against his master's neck to rest too, I called, and George jumped up, and plunged into the pond with me, Trip after us.

The water was icily cold, and for a moment deprived me of my senses. When I began to swim, soon the water was buoyant, and I was sensible of nothing but the vigorous poetry of action. I saw George swimming on his back laughing at me, and in an instant had flung myself like an impulse after him. The laughing face vanished as he swung over and fled, and I pursued the dark head and ruddy neck. Trip, the wretch, came paddling toward me; then all bewildered with excitement, he scudded to the bank. I chuckled to myself as I saw him run along, then plunge in and go plodding to George. I was gaining. He tried to drive off the dog, and I gained rapidly. As I came up to him and caught him, with my hand on his shoulder, there came a laughter from the bank. It was Emily.

I trod the water, and threw handfuls of spray at her. She laughed and blushed. Then Trip waded out to her and she fled swiftly from his shower-bath. George was floating just beside me, looking up and laughing.

We stood and looked at each other as we rubbed our-

selves dry. He was well proportioned, and naturally of handsome physique, heavily limbed. He laughed at me, telling me I was like one of Aubrey Beardsley's long, lean, ugly fellows. I referred him to many classic examples of slenderness, declaring myself more exquisite than his grossness, which amused him.

But I had to give in, and bow to him, and he took on an indulgent, gentle manner. I laughed and submitted. For he knew how I admired the noble, white fruitfulness of his form. As I watched him, he stood in white relief against the mass of green. He polished his arm, holding it out straight and solid; he rubbed his hair into curls, while I watched the deep muscles of his shoulders, and the bands stand out in his neck as he held it firm; I remembered the story of Annable.

He saw I had forgotten to continue my rubbing, and laughing he took hold of me and began to rub me briskly, as if I were a child, or rather, a woman he loved and did not fear. I left myself quite limply in his hands, and, to get a better grip of me, he put his arm round me and pressed me against him, and the sweetness of the touch of our naked bodies on against the other was superb. It satisfied in some measure the vague, indecipherable yearning of my soul; and it was the same with him. When he had rubbed me all warm, he let me go, and we looked at each other with eyes of still laughter, and our love was perfect for a moment, more perfect than any love I have known since, either for man or woman. (247-48)

On the basis of this passage alone it is justifiable to describe the relation between Cyril and George as approaching homosexuality in the strict sense. The fullness and intensity of Cyril's passion for George is somewhat obscured by the fact that, in many of their contacts, Cyril is playing the part of a go-between for his sister, whom he desires George to marry. The apparent motive, therefore, for much of Cyril's bantering criticism of him is the wish to stimulate him to sexual activity in the direction of Lettie, and thereby to supplement Lettie's own sexual

play, which takes much the same form. The result, however, is that George tends to regard them both in the same light, saying, for instance, "It would need Cyril or Lettie to keep me alive in Canada."⁽²¹⁰⁾¹ The near identity of Cyril and Lettie in their relation to George is further proved by the perfectly logical outcome that, when George fails in his sexual suit for Lettie, the intimacy between him and Cyril also practically disappears.

It becomes clear, then, that in the triangle of mutual love formed by Cyril, Lettie and George, the weak point is at that angle where male and female meet in a definitely sexual relation. At this point, as the success of George's rival Leslie is made evident, the triangle gives way, and Cyril, Lettie and George are scattered apart - Cyril to become a mere phantom, George to descend gradually to ruin. About Cyril we are given little information; he withdraws from the scene of activity, and looks on from a safe distance at the remainder of the drama. But the stages of George's decline are fully delineated, and it is of interest to us to observe how the decline occurs.

When George perceives that Lettie definitely prefers his rival Leslie, he throws away the inhibitions which cripple him in the face of the rather high lady she is (cf.152), and begins courting his cousin Meg. Meg is an exact opposite to the haughty, intellectual Lettie; she is a voluptuous female animal.(155, 159) Shortly after Lettie marries

Leslie, George marries Meg, and goes to live in the inn or public house she keeps. This is a come-down for him, he confesses, but a pleasant come-down (266), and it seems such a natural and happy match that one wonders why it should not work out satisfactorily. It is true that living in an inn throws certain temptations in George's way - drink, dissolute men -, but these do not affect him at first. Cyril admits, when he sees George after five months of marriage, at Christmas, that he "looked very healthy and happy, and sounded well pleased with himself"(282), though he thinks it a fault in George that he treats his wife with "an amused indulgence"(280). Shortly after this, however, during Cyril's visit, Lettie re-enters George's life, and by flirting with him and stimulating him in the old way succeeds in making him dissatisfied with his lot; with the image of her before him, "wonderful in her culture and facility"(286), he becomes critical of his wife, yields to the temptations of drink and gambling and dissolute company that have hitherto been ineffective, and by the end of May, when Meg bears him twin boys, has become desperately brutal.(295-96) During this period his old interest in horses expands into a reckless passion for horse-dealing, and it is in the company of horses and his horse-dealing cronies that he spends most of his time.

The responsibility for the beginning of George's fall is thus clearly Lettie's. But there is another factor:

the arrival of George's children. Their presence in the house raises Meg from her former humble position to one of dominance. Cyril, visiting them in September, notes this new state of affairs:

George sat looking glum and listening to us. Meg was quite indifferent. She listened occasionally, but her position as mother made her impregnable. She sat eating calmly, looking down now and again at her baby, holding us in slight scorn, babblers that we were. She was secure in her high maternity; she was mistress and sole authority. George, the father was first servant; as an indifferent father, she humiliated him and was hostile to his wishes.

(306)

It is not primarily Meg's assumption of power which George complains of, however; it is rather the fact that she loves these boy children more than she loves him.(309) As a defense against his jealousy and subordination, he betakes himself more and more to his horses and his horse-dealing friends. "The Hollies became a kind of club for the disconsolate 'better-off' men of the district.. There they discussed horse and made mock of the authority of women."(311)

About two years after George's fatal meeting with Lettie, he goes down to London and has a visit with Cyril. There, their old intimacy, "very uncertain, very sensitive and wavering"(313), flares up again for a moment; and in each other's company they see the miseries of the poor in the city, and on the other hand the futile life of the reigning class, to which Lettie, now a little hardened and dis-

illusioned but still brilliant, belongs. The contrast between these two states of life arouses George to the essential cruelty of Lettie and her kind, and he reacts by becoming an active socialist, with "a wild devotion to the cause of the downtrodden"(324). His reaction away from Lettie into socialism serves him well, as Cyril has opportunity to observe on their next contact five years later.

George had a new tone of assurance and authority. In the first place he was an established man living in a large house, having altogether three men working for him. In the second place he had ceased to value the conventional pleasures of social position and ostentatious refinement. Very, very many things he condemned as flummery and sickly waste of time. The life of an ordinary well-to-do person he set down as adorned futility, almost idiocy. He spoke passionately of the monstrous denial of life to the many by the fortunate few.(328)

Steadied by his rejection of Lettie and her ideals, George is now undisturbed by the fact that Meg, as the mother of five children, is in a stronger position than ever. Upon her full maternity Cyril comments: "A woman who has her child in her arms is a tower of strength, a beautiful, unassailable tower of strength that may in its turn stand quietly dealing death."(325-26) Nevertheless, George lives under this formidable threat in perfect contentment. The only real threat against George is still Lettie. On his first contact with her it becomes obvious that his socialism continues to be, as it was in its origin, a defense against her. In Cyril's words: "All his passion, and heat, and rude speech, analysed out, was only his terror at her threat-

ening of his life-interest."(329) Lettie will not let him rest: "She felt a driving force which impelled her almost against her will to interfere in his life."(329) Thus, she invites him to dinner, and sets him against her husband, who, as a capitalist, is politically a conservative; then, when George is triumphing in argument, she takes some subtle jab at him which completely deflates.(329) This amounts to forcing George to use his socialism, not only as a defense against Lettie's persistent charms, but also - quite contradictorily - as a means for continuing his ancient rivalry with ~~Lea~~ George. Gradually Lettie gets under George's weakened guard by inserting herself also into the socialist movement, and continues the attack from that vantage point, pretending sympathy for the socialist aims and at the same time mocking them. It is the old game. Her intentions are brought out vividly in a letter to Cyril, in which the "Life" she defends against George's socialism strikingly resembles George himself.

Of course, I am in sympathy with the socialists, but I cannot narrow my eyes till I see one thing only. Life is like a large, rather beautiful man who is young and full of vigour, but hairy, barbaric, with hands hard and dirty, the dirt ingrained. I know his hands are very ugly, and I know his mouth is not firmly shapen, I know his limbs are hairy and brutal: but his eyes are deep and very beautiful. That is what I tell George.(330)

The result of this subtle courtship is to destroy George's interest in socialism and bring him again under the full sway of the egotistic Lettie. The equilibrium he had former-

ly achieved thrown out of balance in this way, he is once more vulnerable to the "devouring mother" in Meg; and when he has finally decided, for the sake of Lettie's two children, to terminate the illicit connection between Lettie and himself, his day of assurance and strength is over. He says:

In the marital duel Meg is winning. The woman generally does; she has the children on her side. I can't give her any of the real part of me, the vital part that she wants - I can't, any more than you could give kisses to a stranger. And I feel that I'm losing - and don't care.(335)

After George's second failure with Lettie, Lettie's husband, as if symbolically, wins out in the elections as a Conservative over the Labor Party man whom George supports. Then George goes steadily down, drinking more and more and becoming more and more inadequate as a husband and father. At the end of the book he is ruined, both physically and morally.

The above account brings out two factors as responsible for George's downfall: his failure with Lettie, and his failure with his wife. Behind his failure with his wife lies the fact that her preoccupation with the children excludes him from his original dominance in her affections. His failure with Lettie appears at first sight to rest simply on a defect in his own make-up, a lack of push and cleverness. She, the intellectual, egotistic woman, confronted by a man who is almost pure animal, is fascinated; but when she has played with him and aroused his passion, he is un-

able to possess her. That leaves them both disappointed: she, because he does not cease to be a slow, stupid animal; he, because she rejects his speechless desire for her. A closer examination, however, reveals something else: it is that the mechanism of his failure with her is the same as in the case of his failure with his wife. Not only does George terminate his relations with Lettie because of her two children the second time; but the first time, also, the definite interruption of their relations depends upon the fact that, while George appeals to Lettie as a sexually mature man, Leslie appeal to her as a child. The evidence for this is to be found in the chapter, "An Arrow from the Impatient God." At a critical point in their courtship when Lettie is on the verge of breaking their engagement, Leslie meets with a serious accident, in an automobile. Lettie has some reason to feel responsible, and for a time she is self-reproachful; yet, even so, during his convalescence her previous doubts surge up again, and she actually begs him to let her go. But when she speaks of breaking the engagement, Leslie is "like a child that cannot understand, and is afraid, and wants to cry"(218), and her reluctance is overcome. Leslie perceives the effect of his weakened condition on her. He asks her, "Do you think I shall be strong in a month? Stronger than you?" And when she replies, "I hope so," he says very acutely: "Why I don't believe you do, I believe you like me like this - so that

you can lay me down and smooth me - don't you, quiet girl?"
(219)

Any reader of The White Peacock will be struck by the fact on which E.T. comments when she says, in her book on Lawrence: "It seems to me not without significance that in this first novel Lawrence should portray no fewer than three men whose lives come to complete frustration, while Cyril is a purely negative figure."¹ The three men to whom she undoubtedly refers are George, and two others which have not been considered thus far - the gamekeeper Ansable, and Cyril's father Frank Beardsall.

Frank Beardsall, Cyril's father, is supposed to have deserted his wife, Lettice Beardsall, when Cyril was five (38); and so Cyril, when he meets him in the woods near his home a few days before his death, meets him as a total stranger. The next time Cyril sees him - this time knowing who he is - he is dead. His death is attributed to dissipation. But the cause of his dissipation and his years of lonely wandering is the fact that his wife leagued with their three children against him. "I have set them against him," she confesses, "I have kept them from him, and he wanted them." (38) Besides that, she has kept herself from him: "He would have come - he wanted to come - I have felt it for years. But I

¹ E.T., D.H. Lawrence: A Personal Record (London, 1936), p. 119.

kept him away. I know I have kept him away. I have felt it, and he has." (38) This is an exact parallel to the history of George as a married man. It is to be remarked that Cyril feels little or no regret at the death of his father.

The other character mentioned, Annable, tells his life-story to Cyril one evening a few days before his death. It runs thus: As a young man, after some schooling at Cambridge, Annable became a curate in Leicestershire, where he lived a rather gentlemanly life. A cousin of the rector's, a Lady Christabel, made love to him in what he thought was a perfectly naive fashion and got him to marry her and live with her in the Hall. He found out later that she had got the whole idea from a "sloppy French novel - the Romance of a Poor Young Man." (167) At first she was madly in love with him.

"..Lord! - we were an infatuated couple - and she would choose to view me in an aesthetic light. I was Greek statues for her, bless you: Croton, Hercules, I don't know what! She had her own way too much - I let her do as she liked with me.

"Then gradually she got tired - it took her three years to be really gluttoned with me. I had a physique then - for that matter I have now."

He held out his arm to me, and bade me try his muscle. I was startled. The hard flesh almost filled his sleeve.

"Ah," he continued, "you don't know what it is to have the pride of a body like mine. But she wouldn't have children - no, she wouldn't - said she daren't. That was the root of the difference at first. But she cooled down, and if you don't know the pride of my body you'd never know my humiliation. I tried to remonstrate - and she looked simply astounded at my cheek. I never got over that amazement.

"She began to get souly. A poet got hold of her,

and she began to affect Burne-Jones - or Waterhouse - it was Waterhouse - she was alot like one of his women - Lady of Shelott, I believe. At any rate, she got souly, and I was her animal - son animal - son boeuf. I put up with that for above a year. Then I got some servants' clothes and went.

"I was seen in France - then in Australia - though I never left England. I was supposed to have died in the bush. She married a young fellow. Then I was proved to have died, and I read a little obituary notice on myself in a woman's paper she subscribed to. She wrote it herself - as a warning to other young ladies of position not to be seduced by plausible 'Poor Young Men.'"(167-68)

Such is the story. Deeper implications of it are suggested by the background against which it is told. Before Cyril meets Annable this last time - it is an evening in early April - he has gone into an old abandoned church and scared himself by throwing bits of plaster at the bell and stirring up all sorts of vague evil presences in the gloom. When he comes out it is sunset. He can see the Hall below with its great windows shining in the yellow light.

A peacock, startled from the back premises of the Hall, came flapping up the terraces to the churchyard. Then a heavy footstep crossed the flags. It was the keeper. I whistled the whistle he knew, and he broke his way through the vicious rose-boughs up the stairs. The peacock flapped beyond me, on to the neck of an old bowed angel, rough and dark, an angel which had long ceased sorrowing for the lost Lucy, and had died also. The bird bent its voluptuous neck and peered about. Then it lifted up its head and yelled. The sound tore the dark sanctuary of twilight.(164)

The keeper nods toward the peacock, saying, "Hark at that damned thing!"

Again the bird lifted its crested head and gave a cry, at the same time turning awkwardly on its ugly legs, so that it showed us the full wealth of its

tail glimmering like a stream of coloured stars over the sunken face of the angel.(164)

Annable curses it as it perches there.

"That's the very soul of a lady," he said, "the very, very soul. Damn the thing, to perch on that old angel! I should like to wring its neck."(165)

When it screams again, Annable is so enraged that he throws clods at it - clods kicked from the graves - and it flaps away, "over the tombs, down the terraces."

"Just look!" he said, "the miserable brute has dirtied that angel. A woman to the end, I tell you, all vanity and screech and defilement."(166)

Against this background, and after remarking that he is "like a good house, built and finished, and left to tumble down again with nobody to live in it," Annable tells his story; and it concludes with the revelation that Lady Christabel is herself now dead. "So she's dead - your poor peacock!" Cyril murmurs. It is little consolation, on gathers, that Annable can say: "I was a good animal before everything, and I've got some children." Four or five days later Cyril discovers Annable's dead body lying in the quarry pit near which he lived, buried under a mass of stone which had fallen from the quarry wall. It is decided at the inquest that the death was accidental. But - "there were vague rumours in the village that this was revenge which had overtaken the keeper."(172)

The resemblance between the histories of George and Beardsall has been pointed out. That resemblance related to the

last part of George's life. In the story of Annable we have another parallel to George's history, with the emphasis this time laid on events which repeat the story of the relations between George and Lettie. Not only is the gross dramatic movement the same; the actors themselves are similar, and their intimate connection is further shown by symbolic means. Connecting Lettie and Lady Christabel is the symbol of the peacock. The peacock is, in Annable's words, "the very soul of a lady, the very, very soul." Cyril makes the analogy specific by calling the dead Lady Christabel a peacock, "a white peacock, we will say"(168). How important the symbol is is indicated by its use in the title of the book. When we have these facts in mind, the significance of the following description of Lettie on the occasion of the renewal of her flirtation with George strikes us with full force.

As she turned laughing to the two men, she let her cloak slide over her white shoulder and fall with silk splendour of a peacock's gorgeous blue over the arm of the large settee. There she stood, with her white hand upon the peacock of her cloak, where it tumbled against her dull orange dress. She knew her own splendour, and she drew up her throat laughing and brilliant with triumph.(234)

The connection of Annable with George is equally clear. both are distinguished by their magnificent bodies, and Cyril explicitly states their resemblance in a passage quoted above, where he is describing George:

As I watched him, he stood in white relief against the mass of green. He polished his arm, holding it

out straight and solid; he rubbed his hair into curls, while I watched the deep muscles of the shoulders, and the bands stand out in his neck as he held it firm; I remembered the story of Annable.(243)

Again, just as Annable is Lady Christabel's "boeuf," so George is Lettie's "Teureau": both are "animals." And again still, when they are jilted by ladies of station, they both take the course of marrying a common woman and begetting numerous children. Even in their reflections on themselves they use the same image - that of a building exposed to ruin (cf. 165-66 with 266).

In view of the similar fate of these three characters - George, Beardsall and Annable - it is of some interest to note that they are similar in respect to individual qualities. They are all physically dark: Cyril's childhood memory of his father is of "a tall, handsome, dark man with pale grey eyes"(38); while Annable is described as "a broad, burly, black-faced fellow"(49); and George, as has been indicated, is a brunet who has been further darkened by the sun. They are all sexually potent, and what is more important, sex-driven. Enough has been said about George to make that abundantly clear in his case, while the fact that Beardsall has to be actively fought off by his wife and that after years of wandering he has to return for a last glance at his children is presumptive evidence of the same thing in him. But it is especially Annable who typifies the sexual male. Annable's motto is: "Be a good animal, true to your animal instinct," a motto which he lives out by propagating numerous

children, and which he illustrates by the terms in which he praises his wife: "She breeds well, the owd lass - one every two years - nine in fourteen years - done well, hasn't she?"(146) It should be noted that Annable, who is so coarsely sexual that he disgusts and frightens Lettie and Leslie (145-47), in some of his appearances is more than human - "a demon"(70), "a devil of the woods"(162), "like some malicious Pan"(145). Probably to be associated with the sexuality of these characters is their connection with animals, stamping them as primitive and profoundly natural. Thus George is a man of the soil who says he might as well be a horse (207) and who finds his best companionship in horses (303); Annable is a Pan-figure, half-human, half-demon, who lives in the woods and begets children like the whelps of wild animals; and Beardsall, who is the most disagreeable of the three to Cyril, is seen by him in the woods under such circumstances that when his lips are "opened in a grimace showing the yellow teeth behind the beard" we are inevitably reminded of a weasel catching a rabbit (26). By virtue of their similarity to George, as well as because of the dramatic connections which have been adduced, Beardsall and Annable obviously may be grouped with him, and fall readily under b in our suggested scheme of character-types.¹

¹ See p. 47 above.

Beardsall and Annable are unknown to each other and have only the slightest contact with George. Cyril alone has emotional relations with all three. It is interesting to compare his attitude toward them with the severity of their fate. Beardsall lives a disgraced life, and dies lingeringly and painfully; Annable is ostracized, but willingly, and dies instantaneously and in a way heroically; while George, wrecked as he is, is not wrecked so utterly that he dies. If we may regard these three fates as successively less severe, it appears that they correlate positively with Cyril's attitude toward the involved persons. His father, Beardsall, he hates, or at least is contemptuous of; Annable he at first hates (on their first encounter he attacks him and calls him "a damn brute" - 70), and then loves and associates with (Annable treating him "as an affectionate father treats a delicate son" - 163); and George he for a time passionately loves.

Cyril, who tells the story, represents all three of these men as coming to ruin as the result of, or at least after, their failure in sexual relations with women. The failure is not due to lack of sexual capacity or desire on the part of the men; quite the contrary. Leslie, indeed, who wins out in sexual rivalry over George and establishes a fairly satisfactory permanent relationship with Lettie, does so at the sacrifice of his manhood - the state to which his accident reduces him, and which has been referred to previous-

ly, is such as to constitute a symbolic castration; while, as Lettie's husband, he is said to have "lost his assertive self-confidence"(438), which was his dominant male attribute before marriage. The tendency indicated by these facts receives further expression in the behavior of Cyril. Cyril is faintly engaged to Emily, George's sister, though as a matter of fact his interest in George leaves little room for interest in Emily. When, for instance, he seeks refuge from the jealousy that overtakes him on the occasion of Leslie's proposal to Lettie, and goes to the Saxton farm, he speaks of Emily, George and himself as forming "a grateful, dispassionate love trio"(93); but the passage that describes that moment leaves us in no doubt that it is George with whom he is most in love. Indeed, when he is alone with Emily his attitude is very equivocal; he tortures her more than he makes love to her. His feeling for her is briefly summed up thus: "Emily had the gift of sorrow. It fascinated me, but it drove me to rebellion."(73) He dislikes her, too, for what he considers her over-solicitous fondness for babies (cf. "Domestic Life at the 'Ram'"). That, fundamentally, he is afraid of her sexual appeal seems to be proved by passages like the following:

"No," I answered, overcome by a sudden hot flush of tenderness. "No - not vulnerable. To have such soft, vulnerable eyes as you used makes one feel nervous and irascible. But you have clothed over the sensitiveness of yours, haven't you? - like naked life, naked defenceless protoplasm they were,

is it not so?"

She laughed, and at the old painful memories she dilated in the old way, and I felt the old tremour at seeing her soul flung quivering on my pity. (302)

In the end, Emily marries another man; and Cyril is evidently as much relieved as he is surprised by this turn of events. (341-43)

To sum up very briefly on The White Peacock. The Characters may be grouped in the three classes suggested on page 47, as follows: a) Cyril, and less definitely Lettie; b) George, Beardsall, Annable, and less definitely Meg and Emily; c) Leslie, and probably Lettie. The female characters, it should be noted, do not so readily fall into the classification; there is a tendency for the women to be simply women. But there is certainly a fairly sharp difference between Lettie and the Lady Christabel on the one hand, and Meg and Emily on the other.

Tragedy overtakes the male characters in b, and leaves those in a and c virtually untouched. The female characters are consistently unhurt. While the male a character shows affection for members of b, his love for the female ac character, who attaches herself to the male c character, and his own conduct with respect to sexual activity point to an alignment with c.

Analysis of Lady Chatterley's Lover

Lawrence wrote the novel we have just considered between

his twentieth and twenty-fifth year. About sixteen years later, when he was nearing the end of his career, he wrote Lady Chatterley's Lover, and in such terms that it has an unmistakable connection with the earlier novel. In bare outline, the plot is this: A gamekeeper, Mellors, in the employ of a certain Lord Chatterley, becomes the lover of Chatterley's wife, gets her with child, and thus succeeds in taking her entirely away from her husband. Mellors has characteristics connecting him with Annable and George, and Chatterley characteristics connecting him with Leslie. Apparently, in this novel we encounter something like a reversal of the relations between the male character types of The White Peacock, a sort of belated turning of the tables. The question naturally arises as to whether the intervening novels contain hints as to this change; but before entering upon that question it is best to examine somewhat closely the state of affairs in Lady Chatterley's Lover.

Sir Clifford Chatterley is another Leslie Tempest, but with Leslie's qualities very much sharpened up. Like Leslie he belongs in the upper social and financial stratum; he has a big country place, and owns and operates coal mines in the Midlands of England. Like Leslie he dresses in the top of fashion, and goes in for culture; in fact, he is a fashionable litterateur for a time, making some-

thing of a reputation as a story-writer and essayist. Like Leslie he is a decided blond, of athletic build. But he has a defect which Leslie does not have. He is paralyzed from the waist down, and is thus sexually incapacitated. This, again, is merely an exaggeration of the state Leslie is in for a while as the result of his automobile accident. Lord Chatterley's affliction, sustained as the result of war-wounds after a brief honeymoon with his wife Connie, does not depress him much, except when he thinks that he will be unable to leave an heir, and he is perfectly willing for Connie to arrange with another man for that. Even while he is whole, during his honeymoon, sex appeals to him as being "merely an accident, or an adjunct, one of the curious obsolete, organic processes which persisted in its own clumsiness, but was not really necessary"(18); and afterwards, he takes up his life without sex in perfect comfort, holding out for the view that the important thing is "the slow building up of an integral personality" and that sex should be "used" merely as a means to achieving that goal.(56) He is of the opinion that "the habit of each other" is the secret of marriage, not sex (53); and for him, indeed, Connie is as necessary as a habit, keeping up his morale, even inspiring him to write, making him "sensitive and conscious of himself and his own states"(125) In short, Lord Chatterley is a pure egotist, using his

wife as a simple instrument for the maintenance of himself and his ideas in the world.

What Lord Chatterley most desires is worldly success. At first, the habit of his life with Connie encourages him to produce sensitive, introspective stories, which have a certain vogue - enough to make him feel he has caught on in the realm of art. But when Mrs. Bolton, an older woman, comes into his life as his nurse, to replace Connie in that function, he wakes up to a new ambition: the ambition to make money in industry; for Mrs. Bolton, with her unceasing talk about money and the coal mines, turns his naturally scientific mind toward the technical side of mining, and he begins applying his intellect to the task of extracting more wealth from the earth. The effect of this new activity on Chatterley is to associate him more closely with machines, and to make him himself machine-like, with a hard emotionless exterior. Internally, he goes flaccid and dependent. His wife becomes a "higher being," an object of worship (130); while to Mrs. Bolton he turns as to a mother in whose presence he can talk freely and feel himself "a lord and master" (128). We recognize in Clifford Chatterley's relations to Mrs. Bolton something very similar to Leslie's relations to Lettie during the period of his illness before their marriage. The most important emotional relationship into which Chatterley enters is this child-mother relationship, which is also exceedingly important for Leslie.

Utterly opposed to Lord Chatterley is his gamekeeper, Oliver Mellors, and just in the same way that Annable and George are opposed to Leslie. Points of resemblance between Mellors and Annable are that they are both gamekeepers, preferring to live in the woods and talk "broad" (i.e., dialect) though both know what it is to live like gentlemen, and that they are entirely at odds with society. A connection with George may be made out in Mellors' interest in wild things, his great fondness for horses (165), and his desire (prominent toward the end of the book) to settle down on a farm. He shares with both George and Annable the essential characteristic of being predominantly sexual. Nothing, in fact, is more patent than this. The phallicism of this "nice and tender phallic novel"¹ is concentrated in remarkable intensity in Mellors.

Mellors, then, appears as a reincarnation of Annable and George, men who in the earlier novel come to ruin as a result of sexual defeat. In physical characteristics, however, he is unlike either of them. He is moderately tall, and thin (259); frail but full of vitality (59); quick and subtle, like a weasel (79); has warm blue eyes (58), a red moustache and "almost fair" hair (57); and has rather small,

¹ The Letters of D.H. Lawrence, ed. Aldous Huxley (London, 1937), p. 708.

sensitive hands (261). If there is any character in The White Peacock with whom he may be compared physically, making due allowance for the difference in age, it is Cyril. (Mellors is thirty-eight or thirty-nine, Cyril around twenty) Mellors, referring to a photograph of himself as a young man, "a clean-shaven, alert, very young-looking man in a rather high collar"(207), calls himself as he was then a "young curate" and a "prig"(208) - terms that aptly fit Cyril and that correspond to the impression one of George's rough, horse-dealing friends has of him when he calls him "a damned parson"^{WP}(313). More important for us at the moment is the fact that Mellors, rather than Chatterley or any other male character, is subjective, and thus again in line with Cyril. It is true that the chief center of consciousness in the story is Connie; but Mellors is a close second.

The root-difference between Lord Chatterley and Mellors is that the former is sexually impotent and the latter not. Their outlook on the world is accordingly different, their valuations different. What the one desires the other detests. Money, machinery, science, and all that may be characterized as intellectual are high values for Chatterley; for Mellors, on the contrary, all these things are anathema. Mellors would like to destroy all modern civilization, from modernistic abstract art to the economic

structure, and even the human beings themselves, since they, according to him, are being transformed into "little twiddling machines"(238) by their habituation in a manner of life opposed to his own. What he stands for is sex, and the tenderness and unthinking, non-egotistic impulsiveness derived therefrom, and exemplified in unspoiled state in infra-human wild animals. The following tirade gives the quality of the man, when he finds himself contemplating Lord Chatterley's world.

Their spunk is gone dead. Motor cars and cinemas and aeroplanes suck that last bit out of them. I tell you every generation breeds a more rabbit generation, with indiarubber tubing for guts and tin legs and tin faces. Tin people! It's all a steady sort of bolshevism just killing off the

human thing, and worshipping the mechanical thing. Money, money, money! All the modern lot get their real kick out of killing the old human feeling out of men, making mincemeat of the old Adam and the old Eve. They're all alike. The world is all alike: kill off the human reality. Pay money, money, money to them that will take spunk out of mankind, and leave 'em all little twiddling machines.

.....
To contemplate the extermination of the human species and the long pause that follows before some other species crops up, it calms you more than anything else. And if we go on in that way, industrialists and workers all frantically killing off the last human feeling, the last bit of their intuition, the last healthy instinct; if it goes on in algebraical progression, as it is going on: then ta-tah! to the human species! Good-bye! darling! the serpent swallows itself and leaves a void, considerably messed up, but not hopeless. Very nice! When savage wild dogs bark in Wragby, and savage wild pit-ponies stamp on Tevershall pit-bank! te deum laudamus!(237-39)

The violent and insoluble antipathy between Chatterley and

Mellors is shown in many subtle ways throughout the novel, but it is expressed in its basic form in the above passage. The opposition is between a castrated man and one who is not; and the latter accuse the other, in a roundabout fashion, of desiring that he should be castrated as well. Chatterley does, in fact, agree with the view that the course of evolution, in which he as an up-to-date intellectual believes, is in the direction of a less physical and a more spiritual universe. "Believe me," he says to his wife (251), "whatever God there is is slowly eliminating the guts and the alimentary system from the human being, to evolve a higher, more spiritual being."

Whenever Chatterley and Mellors meet face to face, Chatterley is careful to maintain the distant bearing of a superior. This trait, the superior air verging on contempt, which Chatterley shows toward Mellors is exactly that which Leslie shows in his brief encounter with Annable. There, however, this forerunner of Lord Chatterley has the complete sympathy of Lettie. (WP 145-47)

Quite different is the attitude of Lady Chatterley, on a somewhat ~~different~~ ^{similar} occasion.

She had had fugitive dreams of friendship between these two men: on her husband, the other the father of her child. Now she saw the screaming absurdity of her dreams. The two males were as hostile as fire and water. They mutually exterminated one another. And she realised for the first time what a queer subtle thing hate is. For the first time, she had consciously and definitely hated Clifford, with

vivid hate: as if he ought to be obliterated from the face of the earth. And it was strange, how free and full of life it made her feel, to hate him and admit it fully to herself. - "Now, I've hated him, I shall never be able to go on living with him," came the thought into her mind.(213)

This entirely different orientation of the woman in a situation so closely like the one in The White Peacock just referred to leads us to ask whether Lady Chatterley differs from Lettie as an individual.

The contrast between the two turns out to be rather complete. In place of the tall blonde with the haughty air, the entirely fashionable intellectual woman, which is Lettie, we find Connie Chatterley described as follows:

Being a soft, ruddy, country-looking girl, inclined to freckles, with big blue eyes, and curling, brown hair, and a soft voice, and rather strong, female loins she was considered a little old-fashioned and "womanly." She was not a "little pilchard sort of fish," like a boy. She was too feminine to be quite smart.(26)

She had been supposed to have a rather good figure, but now she was out of fashion: a little too female, not enough like an adolescent boy. She was not very tall, a bit Scottish and short; but she had a certain fluent, down-slipping grace that might have been beauty. Her skin was faintly tawny, her limbs had a certain stillness...(83)

According to our suggested categories, she belongs in b with the characters like Meg and Emily; and there Mellors also probably belongs, with Anabelle and George and Beardsall, in spite of the fact that his hair is "almost fair" and his moustache reddish - and not in c, where Chatterley indubitably belongs. But as a woman Connie is desirable to

both Chatterley and Mellors, regardless of categories; and, as shown by the quotation above, she feels attracted in certain ways to both. She does, that is, up to a certain point. Then she rebels against her husband, and goes over entirely to his rival. That is to say, in spite of the categorial difference between Connie and Chatterley, and in spite of the fact that he is unable to satisfy her sexually, she would have found it in her heart to stick by him in what he calls the "habit" of marriage (notwithstanding brief excursions into love-affairs with other men) had it not been for the arrival of Mellors on the scene.

Here we may ask a group of mutually related questions. What is the nature of the relationship between Connie and Chatterley? What is the nature of her relationship with other men who are, or wish to be, her lovers? What is it that Mellors offers her which other lovers cannot?

First of all, it is self-evident that her relations with her husband must be impaired sexually. But this, we find, is demanded by his very nature, even setting aside the fact of his impotence. He has no "masculine glow"(85), and this is asserted to be true of his whole kith and kin. "They were all inwardly hard and separate, and warmth to them was just bad taste."(85) When Connie wakes up to her long suppressed body under the influence of Mellors, she begins to feel rebellious against this sort of life-attitude. She reflects:

What was the good of it all? What was the good of her sacrifice, her devoting her life to Clifford? What was she serving, after all? A cold spirit of vanity, that had no warm human contacts, and that was as corrupt as any low-born Jew, in craving for prostitution to the bitch-goddess, Success. Even Clifford's cool and contactless assurance that he belonged to the ruling class didn't prevent his tongue lolling out of his mouth, as he panted after the bitch-goddess.(85)

But previous to her rebellion against her husband's egotism, she has been fairly well satisfied with her marriage, it has had some meaning for her after all. The bond between them has been the same as that which induced Lettie to marry Leslie: namely, the child-mother relationship, in which Chatterley appeals to her for kindness and protection. "He was a hurt thing. And as such Connie stuck to him passionately."(22) From the first, she feels that she has no real contact with him; but she feels his need of her, and she pours out her life to him.

Yet he was absolutely dependent on her, he needed her every moment. Big and strong as he was, he was helpless. He could wheel himself about in a wheeled chair, and he had a sort of bath-chair with a motor attachment, in which he could puff slowly around the park. But alone he was a lost thing. He needed Connie to be there, to assure him he existed.(22-23)

Thus he depends on her, both physically, and for the preservation of his faint emotional life. The latter is the source of the stories he turns out; and in the production of these stories Connie has some share in the creative life which she, as a woman, needs. "It was as if her whole soul and body and sex had to rouse up and pass into these stories of his. This thrilled her and absorbed her."(23) In this last relation

she is more than a mother, she is almost his sexual mate. But as the relation exists at the level of consciousness merely, and not in the body, it might as well have been maintained by his sister. So, at least, Chatterley's sister, who is bitterly against his marriage to Connie, feels.

She would never forgive Connie for ousting her from union in consciousness with her brother. It was she, Emma, who should be bringing forth the stories, these books, with him; the Chatterley stories, something new in the world, that they, the Chatterleys had put there. (24)

It is clear that in both these relations to him, the mother-relation and the sister-relation, the sexual resources of Connie's body are drawn upon; but drawn upon in such a way that a residuum of pure sexual desire remains unsatisfied. This is the verdict of the doctor who is finally called in because of her physical condition, as well as the verdict of her father.

But Connie has her opportunities for "the sexual thing," as Chatterley calls it. There is, for instance, her affair with the poet-adventurer Michaelis. Why does this not prove satisfactory? Here again the fault lies with the man's sexual incapacity; only, this time, it is mainly emotional incapacity, not physical. The trouble is that Michaelis, for all his rather desperate courage and for all his financial success, is little more than a child, emotionally. It is this fact which constitutes a large part of his appeal for Connie, and in the end leaves her still unsatisfied. From

the outset his sexual approach is mixed with this infantile appeal, the appeal of the "infant crying in the night"(34). And her response again, as in Chatterley's case, is that of the mother who gives herself, and receives little in return. "From her breast flowed the answering, immense yearning over him; she must give him anything, anything."(35) He is not ungrateful.

On the contrary, he was burningly, poignantly grateful for a piece of natural, spontaneous kindness: almost to tears. Beneath his pale, immobile, disillusioned face, his child's soul was sobbing with gratitude to the woman, and burning to come to her again...(38)

This infantile emotional attitude reacts unfavorably, from Connie's viewpoint, on the physical relation.

He was the trembling excited sort of lover, whose crisis soon came, and was finished. There was something curiously child-like and defenceless about him. His defences were all in his wits and cunning, his very instincts of cunning, and when these were in abeyance he seemed doubly naked and like a child, of unfinished, tender flesh, and somehow struggling helplessly.(38)

In short, Michaelis has little more to offer Connie than Chatterley has. They are both children, and she finds that the mere excitement of contact which Michaelis gives her is scarcely enough to justify her marrying him, as he proposes. Other men are equally defective. The younger ones, especially, are "like great dogs in white flannel trousers, waiting to be patted, waiting to wallow, waiting to plaster some woman's form against their own, in jazz."(276) The exceptional Tommy Dukes, on the other hand, whom Connie admires, cannot get be-

yond liking her and liking to talk to her, regarding her as more or less a superior sort of companion. "Be damned to the artificial sex-compulsion!" (69) he says, maintaining a kind of isolated human integrity, for which Connie admires him; but honest admiration is still not enough to quiet the real yearning for a man which possesses her. The infantile eroticism of Michaelis, the doggy prostitution of the men at the resorts, the cool companionship neutralizing the sex-difference which Tommy Dukes offers - none of these is satisfactory; nor is the relationship they imply essentially different from that which exists between her and her husband. For that reason, there is nothing better than her husband for Connie until Mellors arrives, with his dark, quiet, profound passion.

It becomes evident that the other male characters of the novel, with the exception of Mellors, are simply Lord Chatterleys on a reduced scale. All of them stand, willingly or unwillingly, for the same things he does, and in their relations with women are as incapable as the castrated Chatterley of genuine sexual passion. It might be said of them all as it is said of Chatterley: "He needed Connie to be there, to assure him he existed." But Chatterley needs her to be there as a mother rather than as a wife. Her relationship with Mellors is entirely different from this, and is made possible by the fact that Mellors has a source of life within himself, non-derivative, which enables him to stand alone.

When Connie cuts loose from Chatterley and casts in her lot with Mellors, it does not destroy him, because there is another woman to whom he can turn, a woman who has gradually been working herself into his favor as Connie is being won over by Mellors; but it brings him closer than ever before to the state of a mere dependent child in his emotional life. Mrs. Bolton, his nurse, a woman between forty and fifty, who has always found her charges among the colliers to be "just big babies"(115), discovers the same thing to be true of Sir Clifford, and makes the most of it. When the time comes that Connie announces her intention of leaving him and marrying Mellors, Chatterley finds it very easy to fall back on Mrs. Bolton as a child who has been hurt might fall back for comfort on its mother. He has an attack of hysteria, cries like a baby, and is comforted and soothed by his nurse.

After this, Clifford became like a child with Mrs. Bolton. He would hold her hand, and rest his head on her breast, and when she once lightly kissed him, he said: "Yes! Do kiss me! Do kiss me!" And when she sponged his great blond body, he would say the same: "Do kiss me!" and she would lightly kiss him, half in mockery.

And he lay with a queer, blank face like a child, with a bit of the wonderment of a child. And he would gaze on her with wide, childish eyes, in a relaxation of Madonna-worship. It was sheer relaxation on his part, letting go all his manhood, and sinking back to a childish position that was really perverse.

Mrs Bolton was both thrilled and ashamed, she both loved and hated it. Yet she never rebuffed nor rebuked him. And they drew into a closer physical intimacy, an intimacy of perversity, when he was a child stricken

with an apparent candour and an apparent wonderment, that looked almost like a religious exaltation: the perverse and literal rendering of "except ye become again as a little child." - While she was the Magna Mater, full of power and potency, having the great blond child-man under her will and her stroke entirely. (313-14)

The sequel to this emotional regression on the part of Chatterley, as already briefly indicated, is that he acquires sharper business wits than before.

The curious thing was that when this child-man, which Clifford was now and which he had been becoming for years, emerged into the world, it was much sharper and keener than the real man he used to be. This perverted child-man was now a real business man; when it was a question of affairs, he was an absolute he-man, sharp as a needle, and impervious as a bit of steel. When he was out among men, seeking his own ends, and "making good" his colliery workings, he had an almost uncanny shrewdness, hardness, and straight sharp punch. It was as if his very passivity and prostitution to the Magna Mater gave him insight into material business affairs, and lent him a certain remarkable inhuman force. The wallowing in private emotion, the utter abasement of his manly self, seemed to lend him a second nature, cold, almost visionary, business-clever. In business he was quite inhuman. (314)

We find, therefore, that in Lady Chatterley's Lover, as in The White Peacock sixteen years before, the child-mother relation is of considerable importance. Lord Chatterley, who depends on it for his existence, is a real force in the business and industrial world, is indeed one of the worldly masters. And Mellors, on the contrary, is a subordinate, one of Chatterley's servants. But in that realm which is opposed to the intellectual and mechanical, in the realm of the emotions, Mellors is the master; and he

triumphs over Chatterley in taking his wife away from him, and in assuring the continuance of what ~~hh~~ represents (as Chatterley cannot) by getting her with child. Chatterley and all his world, therefore, are doomed to perish without issue. His sterility is the symbol of his weakness, and his inability to hold the woman who is his wife is the proof of it.

Nevertheless, Mellors is afraid of this world of Chatterley's of which he is so defiant. His fear is that it will destroy that on which his relation with Connie depends. He writes to her: "I feel great grasping white hands in the air, wanting to get hold of the throat of anybody who tries to live, to live beyond money, and squeeze the life out." (325) More specifically, the fear is the fear of castration. Because he feels that the whole world joins in this persecution against life, Mellors wants all of humanity to be destroyed and the earth left to wild animals. But he picks out two individuals in particular as his enemies: these are Clifford Chatterley and Bertha Coutts. He names them both in a conversation with Connie.

"I could wish the Cliffords and Berthas all dead," he said.

"It's not being very tender to them," she said.

"Tender to them? Yea, even then the tenderest thing you could do for them, perhaps, would be to give them death. They can't live. They only frustrate life. Their souls are awful inside them. Death ought to be sweet to them. I ought to be allowed to shoot them."

"But you wouldn't do it," she said.

"I would though! and with less quins than I shoot a weasel. It anyhow has a prettiness and a loneliness. But they are legion. Oh, I'd shoot them."(300-01)

Mellors might want to shoot Chatterley for no other reason than that he was a rival. But the desire to shoot Bertha Coutts rests more exclusively on the castration-threat. Bertha is Mellors' wife, from whom he has been separated for years. He married her when he was a young man, after other unsuccessful affairs with women, and did so largely because she gave promise of being "common" as the other women were not. The passage below, in which Mellors tells his story to Connie, leaves no doubt about the active castration-fear which Bertha arouses.

So I took on with Bertha, and I was glad she was common. I wanted her to be common. I wanted to be common myself. Well, I married her, and she wasn't bad. Those other "pure" women had nearly taken all the balls out of me, but she was all right that way. She wanted me, and made no bones about it. And I was as pleased as Punch. That was what I wanted: a woman who wanted me to fuck her. So I fucked her like a good gun. And I think she despised me a bit, for being so pleased about it, and bringin' her her breakfast in bed sometimes. She sort of let things go, didn't get me a proper dinner when I came home from work, and if I said anything, flew out at me. And I flew back, hammer and tongs. She flung a cup at me, and I took her by the scruff of the neck and squeezed the life out of her. That sort of thing! But she treated me with insolence. And she got so's she'd never have me when I wanted her: never. Always put me off, brutal as you like. And then when she'd put me right off, and I didn't want her, she'd come all lovey-dovey, and get me. And I always went. But when I had her, she'd never come-off when I did. Never! She'd just wait. If I kept back for half an hour, she'd keep back longer. And when I'd come and really finished, then she'd start on her own account, and I had to stop inside her till she brought herself off, wriggling and shouting, she'd

clutch clutch with herself down there, an' then she'd come off, fair in ecstasy. And then she'd say: That was lovely! Gradually I got sick of it; and she got worse. She sort of got harder and harder to bring off, and she'd sort of tear at me down there, as if it was a beak tearing at me. By God, you think a woman's soft down there, like a fig. But I tell you the old rampers have beaks between their legs, and they tear at you with it till you're sick. Self! Self! Self! all self! tearing and shouting. They talk about men's selfishness, but I doubt if it can ever touch a woman's blind beakishness, once she's gone that way. Like an old trull! And she couldn't help it. I told her about it, I told her how I hated it. And she'd even try. She'd try to lie still and let me work the business. She'd try. But it was no good. She had to work the thing herself, grin her own coffee. And it came back on her like a raving necessity, she had to let herself go, and tear, tear, tear, as if she had no sensation in her except in the top of her beak, the very outside top tip, that rubbed and tore. That's how old whores used to be, so men used to say. It was a low kind of self-will in her, a raving sort of self-will: like in a woman who drinks. Well in the end I couldn't stand it. We slept apart.

Obviously, Mellors would have less fear of the world if he were not conscious of such a sexual harpy as this lurking in the background, to reinforce the threat of those like Lord Chatterley who were ready to pay "a quid for every fore-skin, two quid for each pair of balls."

The analysis has revealed that the threat against Mellors proceeds in large part from the same arrangement of forces (i.e., the child-mother relation) which played the determining role in the destruction of the three male b-characters

¹ From the unexpurgated Paris edition. The corresponding place in the Heinemann (London) edition used elsewhere throughout this section is p. 224.

of The White Peacock. The radical difference here is that the successor to these characters, Mellors, survives, and even enjoys a kind of triumph, in spite of the great difficulties which stint and depress him. It must be particularly noted that Mellors is not only a b-character, a successor to George, Annable and Beardsall, but that he is also an a-character, a successor to Cyril; and further, that the heroine Connie is also both an a- and a b-character, and that she repudiates her mother-relation to the c-character Chatterley in order to become the sexual mate of an ab-character, whose b-characteristics are marked (except for the matter of coloration) and who evidently has historical connections with the previous b-characters.

CHAPTER THREE

Continuation of Analyses

The last analysis gives us a firmer hold on the question with which it was introduced: the question, namely, whether it is possible to discover in the novels between The White Peacock and Lady Chatterley's Lover traces of the changes eventuating in the success of the b-character in the latter, as contrasted to the situation in the former, where the b-characters (male) meet with destruction. This reversal of the situation seems, in the light of the foregoing analysis, to involve two things: 1) the freeing of the a-character from the child-mother relationship; and 2) the union of the a-character with the b-character, the representative of the sex urge. Here the reference is primarily to the male characters. As pointed out in the case of The White Peacock there is a tendency for the women to be simply women, rather than easily differentiable types. The two novels now treated, however, suggest a difference between the women partially coinciding with the clearer difference between the men.

In the following analyses, the novels that remain will be taken up in chronological order, and the procedure will be much the same as previously, though the treatment will be briefer and attention will be focussed on certain possibilities suggested by the two preceding analyses.

The Trespasser

The Trespasser, written in a few weeks time not long after the completion of The White Peacock, presents the tragedy of a man who attempts to escape from an unsatisfactory marriage by contracting a liaison with a young single woman, many years younger than his wife and himself; unable to solve the conflicts thus set up, he ends his life by Hanging.

The effort of Siegmund MacNair, the hero, to enter into a satisfactory sexual relation with the young woman, Helena, involves more than the patent effort to extricate himself from bondage to his wife and children: it involves also his running up against a strong incest-barrier; for in Helena he sees the embodiment of both mother and sister. It is just this incest-barrier which accounts for Siegmund's failure.

The strongest evidence for regarding Helena as a sister-representative to Siegmund is that, on the background of references to Wagner's operatic version of the Nibelungenlied, Helena is referred to as Sieglinde.(24) Now, Siegmund and

Sieglinde in this version of the legend are brother and sister; and it is as the result of his incestuous relations with Sieglinde that Siegmund dies. There appears to be, therefore, a vague but indubitable parallel between Lawrence's story and the Siegmund legend. This suspicion is upheld by the fact that the original title of The Trespasser was The Saga of Siegmund.¹ Another bit of evidence is that the moon, which is frequently used as a symbol of Helena (14, 141), is referred to by Siegmund as "a sister"(44). This conception of Helena, however, is completely overwhelmed in the crucial experience where Siegmund perceives her as a mother. Here, too, she is closely associated with the moon, which seems to unite in one symbol both Helena and Siegmund's mother, as well as the sacred mother of Jesus. The two - Siegmund and Helena - are out in the open together, under the moon, when the following scene takes place:

She looked down at Siegmund. He was drawing in great heavy breaths. He lay still on his back, gazing up at her, and she stood motionless at his side, looking down at him. He felt stunned, half-conscious. Yet as he lay helplessly looking up at her some other consciousness inside him murmured: "Hawwa - Eve - Mother!" She stood compassionate over him. Without touching him she seemed to be yearning over him like a mother. Her compassion, her benignity, seemed so different from his little Helena. This woman, tall and pale, drooping with the strength of her compassion, seemed stable, immortal, not a fragile human being,

¹ Letters of D.H. Lawrence, p. 15.

but a personification of the great motherhood of woman.

"I am her child, too," he dreamed, as a child murmurs unconscious in sleep. He had never felt her eyes so much as now, in the darkness, when he looked only into deep shadow. She had never before so entered and gathered his plaintive masculine soul to the bosom of her nurture. (93-94)

This scene (which should be compared with the descriptions of the Clifford Chatterley - Mrs. Bolton relationship) marks a crisis in the relations between Siegmund and Helena. Thereafter, apparently, he ceases to have intercourse with her. His passion is replaced by a more brotherly attitude: they are merely "children" together (99), and he feels toward her as Cyril felt toward his sister in The White Peacock - tender and protective.¹ After the momentary complete mother-Helena fusion, Siegmund's thoughts turn to his actual mother (96-97ff.), and eventually to his wife (124-26ff.). Then he gradually becomes aware that he has failed as a lover to Helena. There are angry scenes between them; he accuses her of rejecting him (157-58). It is abundantly clear, however, that the failure is his fault, not Helena's. Fundamentally, it is due to the great strength of the child-mother relationship in which he is involved. On the basis of that, and by

¹ Compare T100 ("his heart softened with protecting tenderness towards her, and grew heavy with responsibility") with WP50 ("I felt the old feeling of responsibility; I must protect her and take care of her").

means of the identification of Helena with his mother, the strongest of all incest-barriers is raised fatally between them.

Siegmund is definitely an a-character; he is almost the sole locus of conscious processes in the story. But, on the other hand, his close identification with Jesus, as expressed both directly (101) and indirectly, and his character as a gentleman (114) are facts which point to a connection with Leslie Tempest and Lord Chatterley; and, on the other hand, his black hair (49), his strong physique (49, 109), his emotional nature and sexual potency - as indicated by his position as father of a large family and his pursuit of sensual pleasures with Helena -, and his longing to be a farmer with "a simple, slow-moving mind and an active life" (116) are facts which point to a connection with George, Annable, et alii. In brief, Siegmund appears to be primarily an a-character attempting to effect a combination of qualities belonging to b- and c-characters, as we have known them in The White Peacock. It proves to be an impossible combination, and in the end Siegmund commits suicide. This fact must be particularly noticed, because Siegmund is the only a-character in Lawrence's novels, as we shall see, who suffers so unhappy a fate.

Not much need be said about Helena except that she is a blonde woman who plays the violin, and that she is twenty-six years old as compared to Siegmund's thirty-eight. There is

just the same age-difference between Connie and Mellors in Lady Chatterley's Lover. It is interesting to note, whatever its significance, that when Mellors is telling the history of his experiences with women, he says, talking of the time before he married Bertha Coutts: "Then I took on with another girl, a teacher, who had made a scandal by carrying on with a married man and driving him nearly out of his mind. She was a soft, white-skinned, soft sort of woman, older than me, and played the fiddle. And she was a demon." (BEE-223) It is to be noted further that the successor to Siegmund's place with Helena is a slender, aesthetic young man, who is several years younger than she. The story of Siegmund, as a matter of fact, is framed, as it were, in brief references at the beginning and the end of the book to her relations with this young man, who feels the ghost of Siegmund with them as they play their game of love.

It can be concluded in regard to The Trespasser that it shows the a-character still deeply involved in the child-mother relationship. The mature Siegmund, who is supposed to be nearly forty but whose body, he confesses, looks as "young as twenty-six, says to himself not long before he takes his own life:

I used to think that, when I was forty...I should find everything straight as the nose on my face, walking through my affairs as easily as you like. Now I am no more sure of myself, have no more confidence than

a boy of twenty. What can I do? It seems to me that a man needs a mother all his life. I don't feel much like a lord of creation.(211)

In respect to the fusion of a and b into one character, it must be said that Siegmund is in some degree such a fusion, but that his death by his own hand indicates how unsuccessful that fusion is. It must not be overlooked that Siegmund's decision to commit suicide is phrased in such a manner as to suggest that the suicide is equivalent to castration.

He sighed petulantly, pressing back his shoulders as if they ached. His arms, too, ached with irritation, while his head seemed to be hissing with angry irritability. For a long time he sat with clenched teeth, merely holding himself in check. In his present state of irritability everything that occurred to his mind stirred him with dislike or disgust. Helena, music, the pleasant company of friends, the sunshine of the country, each, as it offered itself to his thoughts, was met by an angry contempt, was rejected scornfully. As nothing could please or distract him, the only thing that remained was to support the discord. He felt as if he were a limb out of joint from the body of life: there occurred to his imagination a disjointed finger, swollen and discoloured, racked with pains. The question was, How should he reset himself into joint? The body of life for him meant Beatrice, his children, Helena, the Comic Opera, his friends of the orchestra. How could he set himself again into joint with these? It was impossible. Towards his family he would henceforward have to bear himself with humility. That was a cynicism. He would have to play strenuously, night after night, the music of "The Saucy Little Switzer," which was absurd. In fine, it was all absurd and impossible. Very well, then, that being so, what remained possible? Why, to depart. "If thine hand offend thee, cut it off." He could cut himself off from life.(246-47)

The justification for this interpretation lies not only in the context of the above passage but also in the fact that Siegmund has a noticeable habit, frequently indulged, of clasping his fingers over his thumbs, sometimes until they

are quite cramped with the pressure.(227-28) The first time this habit is mentioned, it is said that: "Instinctively, with a wave of self-love, he closed his fists over his thumbs." (109) Judging from this, and from circumstances surrounding subsequent repetitions of the habit, it has the meaning of a substitute masturbatory act.¹ The meaning of the above passage becomes specifically what is here suggested if the thumb-squeezing gesture (cf. esp. 227-28) is linked with the lines: "there occurred to his imagination a disjointed finger, swollen and discoloured, racked with pains." The interpretation, incidentally, connects the impulse behind Siegmund's suicide with Mellors' castration-fear.

Sons and Lovers

The next of Lawrence's novels, Sons and Lovers, brings to a head all that the preceding novels have tried to tell about the child-mother relation. The best brief summary of the story is undoubtedly Lawrence's own, given in a letter to Edward Garnett (Nov 14, 1912)² announcing the dispatch of the

¹ A poem of Lawrence's belonging approximately to the period of The Trespasser treats undisguisedly of masturbation. This is "Virgin Youth" - to be found in Collected Poems.

² Letters of D.H. Lawrence, pp. 76-77.

MS. to the publishers. Lawrence says in the letter: "It follows this idea: a woman of character and refinement goes into the lower class, and has no satisfaction in her own life. She has had a passion for her husband, so the children are born of passion, and have heaps of vitality. But as her sons grow up she selects them as lovers - first the eldest, then the second. These sons are urged into life by their reciprocal love of their mother - urged on and on. But when they come to manhood, they can't love, because their mother is the strongest force in their lives, and holds them. It's rather like Goethe and his mother and Frau von Stein and Christiana - As soon as the young men come into contact with women, there's a split. William gives his sex to a fribble, and his mother holds his soul. But the split kills him, because he doesn't know where he is. The next son gets a woman who fights for his soul - fights his mother. The son loves the mother - all the sons hate and are jealous of the father. The battle goes on between the mother and the girl, with the son as object. The mother gradually proves stronger, because of the tie of blood. The son decides to leave his soul in his mother's hands, and, like his elder brother, go for passion. He gets passion. Then the split begins to tell again. But, almost unconsciously, the mother realises what is the matter, and begins to die. The son casts off his mistress, attends his mother dying. He is left

in the end naked of everything, with the drift towards death."

We find that in this novel the a-character, far from being united with the b-character, is in violent opposition. There are two conspicuous b-characters: Morel, the a-character's father; and Daves, a burly blacksmith. Morel, especially, has the appropriate attributes: physical darkness - black hair and a full black beard -, a darkness which is intensified by the fact that as a collier he is habitually covered with coal-dust; passion and sexual potency, showing themselves in later stages, as the result of sexual frustration, in outbursts of anger and in drunkenness; mindlessness (Morel can scarcely read); and the use of dialect. This man of the people, this hearty liver, is married to a puritanical bourgeois "lady," who is educated and superior, likes to read and have philosophical discussions with the gentlemanly young vicar, and who, after the novelty wears off, looks down on her husband and reviles him bitterly for his brutishness.

The a-character, Paul, born into this tense environment, hates his father from early childhood.

Paul hated his father. As a boy he had a fervent private religion.

"Make him stop drinking," he prayed every night. "Lord, let my father die," he prayed very often. "Let him not be killed at pit," he prayed when, after tea, the father did not come home from work.(77)

The background for this hate is the father's sexual aggression, often brutal, against the mother. One intense passage sums

up in a general impression the sexual strife that receives detailed treatment in the course of the story. It runs:

In front of the house was a huge old ash-tree. The west wind, sweeping from Derbyshire, caught the houses with full force, and the tree shrieked again. Morel liked it.

"It's music," he said. "It sends me to sleep."

But Paul and Arthur and Annie hated it. To Paul it became almost a demoniacal noise. The winter of their first year in the new house their father was very bad. The children played in the street, on the brim of the wide, dark valley, until eight o'clock. Then they went to bed. Their mother sat sewing below. Having such a great space in front of the house gave the children a feeling of night, of vastness, and of terror. This terror came in from the shrieking of the tree and the anguish of the home discord. Often Paul would wake up, after he had been asleep a long time, aware of thuds downstairs. Instantly he was wide awake. Then he heard the booming shouts of his father, come home nearly drunk, then the sharp replies of his mother, then the bang, bang of his father's fist on the table, and the nasty snarling shout as the man's voice got higher. And then the whole was drowned in a piercing medley of shrieks and cries from the wind-swept ash-tree. The children lay silent in suspense, waiting for the lull in the wind to hear what their father was doing. He might hit their mother again. There was a feeling of horror, a kind of bristling in the darkness, and a sense of blood. They lay with their hearts in the grip of an intense anguish. The wind came through the tree fiercer and fiercer. All the cords of the great harp hummed, whistled, and shrieked. And then came the horror of sudden silence, silence everywhere, outside and downstairs. What was it? Was it a silence of blood? What had he done?(76-77)

Paul devotes himself to his mother, and against his father. The mother responds to his devotion by making him her intimate in all matters, and by treating him with special tenderness. After the death of her first son, William, when she has recovered from her deep mourning, her dependence on Paul, the second son, increases. Thus Paul comes more and more to

occupy the place in the home which belongs by rights to the father. The father becomes so isolated from his wife, indeed, that when she is dying he feels like a stranger around her, embarrassed when he is near her, not knowing what to say. It is the son who attends her. In the days of her fatal illness the following conversation takes place between them:

The next day he kissed her before going back to work. It was very early in the morning, and they were alone.

"You won't fret, my boy!" she said.

"No, mother."

"No; it would be silly. And take care of yourself."

"Yes," he answered. Then, after a while: "And I shall come next Saturday, and shall I bring my father?"

"I suppose he wants to come," she replied. "At any rate, if he does you'll have to let him."

He kissed her again, and stroked the hair from her temples, gently, tenderly, as if he were a lover.(463)

In the end, when she is dead, he finds himself absolutely alone in the world, with no attachment but to his dead mother.

Where was he? - one tiny upright speck of flesh, less than an ear of wheat lost in the field. He could not bear it. On every side the immense dark silence seemed pressing him, so tiny a spark, into extinction, and yet, almost nothing, he could not be extinct. Night, in which everything was lost, went reaching out, beyond stars and sun. Stars and sun, a few bright grains, went spinning round for terror, and holding each other in embrace, there in a darkness that outpassed them all, and left them tiny and daunted. So much, and himself, infinitesimal, at the core a nothingness, and yet not nothing.

"Mother!" he whimpered - "mother!"

She was the only thing that held him up, himself, amid all this. And she was gone, intermingled herself.(516-17)

This is when Paul is twenty-five years old.

In his struggle to have exclusive possession of his mother, Paul comes into conflict with and triumphs over both his

father and his elder brother, William. The latter rivalry is rather subtly described, but it is unmistakably there, and from very early.(87) Up till the time when he succeeds by his own desperate illness in diverting Mrs. Morel's thoughts from William, then dead, Paul occupies the second place in her affections; after that, he is supreme. This is interesting, because William has definite points of resemblance with Leslie Tempest of The White Peacock and Lord Chatterley of Lady Chatterley's Lover; in short, he is a c-character. As a boy, he is described as "very active .., fair-haired, with a touch of the Dane or Norwegian"(5). Again, at a later age - thirteen -, as "a very clever boy, frank, with rather rough features and real viking blue eyes"(66). He is something of an athlete (67), and develops into "a fine fellow, big, straight, and fearless-looking"(102), six feet and four inches tall at the time of his death at twenty-three (173). Early fired with ambition, largely on behalf of his mother, he sets out to make a commercial success, and advances rapidly from position to position, finally at twenty taking a good job in a London shipping office. At the same time, he moves in the best society within his reach and dresses in style (149), so that when he returns home to Bestwood for visits people say of him that he is "such a gentleman, and such a fine fellow, my word!"(103) It is no accident that William endeavors to make his mark in the business world. Mrs. Morel has been concerned about money all her life, continually

criticizing her husband because he makes so little and spends the very small amount she allows him to keep so unthriftily. Even Paul, with his sensitive artist's nature (he paints - like Cyril in The White Peacock), is proud to be able to present his small earnings to her, hard-won in uncongenial employment. As a business man in London, William is, for Mrs. Morel, almost "her knight who wore her favour in the battle"(99). It may be that in this fact -(William's ambition to make money because his mother wanted it) we have a key to the rather strange connection adduced in Lady Chatterley's Lover between the child-mother relation and business ambition and success.

The exclusive relation which Paul establishes with his mother, by his triumph over his father and his brother, proves to be costly when he comes to manhood. It prevents him, as Lawrence points out in his summary, from establishing satisfactory relations with other women. The bitterest struggle centers upon the brown-eyed Miriam, the successor to Emily of The White Peacock. Mrs. Morel openly resents her son's interest in Miriam - an interest which begins about the time of Paul's serious illness (i.e., when he is sixteen) -, and most obviously because Miriam, with her spiritual and sympathetic attentions to him, usurps the mother's place in his life. When, relatively late in their friendship, Paul tries to force himself to have sexual relations with her,

he finds that it goes against the grain. Up against the same barrier that Siegmund experiences in The Trespasser, Paul tries to get relief by giving more of his time to Miriam's brother Edgar (successor to George of The White Peacock) and by forming an almost purely physical attachment with another woman, Clara Dawes. Interestingly enough, Mrs. Morel accepts and approves of Clara as she never does with reference to Miriam. Apparently the explanation of this is that Clara takes only that portion of her son's love, the straight sexual, which in the nature of the case is forbidden to Mrs. Morel. Nevertheless, after a short time, Paul gives up Clara as well as Miriam. Now, in Lawrence's summary it is stated that Paul "casts off his mistress." But this misses the exact truth. The exact truth is that Paul has a rival for Clara's love - her estranged husband, the blacksmith Dawes - and that he loses out in the rivalry. Clara begins expressing dissatisfaction with Paul, comparing him unfavorably as a sexual mate to her husband; and at the same time these complaints are going on, one night when he is returning home from a rendezvous with her, Paul is accosted by Dawes and given a terrific beating. It is after this that Paul decides to give up Clara. He even goes to some pains to reunite Dawes with her. Here, apparently, we have a repetition of the older rivalry between Paul and his father, but at a different level - a level at which Paul finds himself inadequate. Paul's triumph over his father,

then, is reversed and balanced in Dawes' triumph over Paul. This conclusion gains justification from the fact that there is an essential likeness between Dawes and Morel. They are both working-men, Dawes a smith, Morel a collier; and Dawes like Morel is passionate, rather brutal, and a drunkard. The parallel is strengthened, also, by the consideration that both Dawes and Clara are older than Paul, though not as much older as his father and mother.

In regard to the two points chiefly under attention - the separation of the a-character from the child-mother relation, and the union of the a-with the b-character - Sons and Lovers shows an advance in certain respects over the two preceding novels. For one thing, the more or less implicit causes behind the failure of the b-characters in the previous novels here become explicit; the attachment of the a-character to the mother, and his opposition to the father (who is a strong b-character), are openly acknowledged. On the other hand, the bond between the a-character and his mother, strong as it is, is weakened by various sexual attractions, and finally subjected to the disintegrating effect of the death of the mother. The a-character is thus forced into making a choice between the dead mother - which, if taken seriously, would mean following her into death - and living in the world that remains after her removal. The a-character, somewhat waveringly, chooses the latter, and in so doing asserts his independence. Toward the last, also, the opposition of the a-character to one b-

character, Dawes, is modified into something approaching love for him. The restitution of Dawes is the first instance, in the three first novels, of a b-character achieving anything resembling success. Even the fact that the a-character's father survives indicates the greater strength of the b-characters, as contrasted with the state of affairs in The White Peacock where the father of the a-character dies. The death of the c-character, William, must also be noted.

There is a striking similarity between the structure of the emotional relationships in Sons and Lovers and in The White Peacock. For example, the emotional attitude of Paul to his father, to Dawes, and to Edgar corresponds remarkably with the emotional attitude of Cyril to his father, to Annable, and to George - i.e., hate for the first, mixed love-hate for the second, and love for the third; and these characters respectively resemble each other to a recognizable degree. Where in The White Peacock, however, great emphasis falls on George and little on Cyril's father, in Sons and Lovers the reverse occurs - the emphasis is on Paul's father rather than on Edgar. The fact of such parallelism between the novels throws into stronger relief the change in the b-characters' fate.

The Rainbow and Women in Love

The two companion novels which follow, The Rainbow and Women in Love, present us with three important male a-charac-

ter. The most prominent of these, Rupert Birkin, does not appear until the second novel; he then takes the center of the stage. Up till his appearance the main subjective characters are two women - Anna Brangwen, and her daughter Ursula, especially the latter. But in the first novel it is two male characters - William Brangwen and Anton Skrebensky - who interest us most in the present connection. Brangwen is Anna's husband and Ursula's father; Skrebensky is Ursula's first lover. Ursula is the object not only of Skrebensky's love, but also the rather passionate love of her father, whose favorite child she is, and finally of Rupert Birkin. She serves, therefore, to establish continuity between these three characters.

Ursula is aware of a kind of identity between Brangwen, her father, and Skrebensky, her lover. Yet the two men are, at the same time, quite different. The difference may be summarized as that which exists between the b-character and the c-character in the novels previously discussed. For Ursula, also, there is the difference of age. It is as if the a-character, in these two, took up both the position of b-character and c-character; or, in terms of Sons and Lovers, the position of Paul's father, Morel, and the position of Paul's brother, William. The reason for putting the matter in this way is that Ursula does identify the two in her own thinking, and that they both have qualities which make the reader familiar with Sons and Lovers feel their

resemblance to Paul. It is, however, not necessary to acknowledge this interconnectedness to be convinced that they are both a-characters (i.e., centers of consciousness), and that the sort of difference that separates them is the same as that between Morel and William, or Annable and Leslie, though surely not so extreme. Brangwen tends to be a dark, mindless, sensual, almost brutal person; and yet he has certain traits - interest in art and in the aesthetic and mystical side of religion - which tone down the merely animal qualities. Skrebensky, on the other hand, in spite of the blondness and mechanicalness associated with Chatterley, for instance, is not anything like so pure a c-type.

A few quotations from The Rainbow will give the distinguishing qualities of the two. The following refer to Will Brangwen:

He had ~~down~~ clothes and was thin, with a very curious head, black as jet, with hair like sleek, thin fur. It was a curious head: it reminded her [Anna] she knew not of what: of some animal, some mysterious animal that lived in the darkness under the leaves and never came out, but which lived vividly, swift and intense. (97-98)

[His moustache was] a black, finely shapen line marking his wide mouth. It rather repelled her. (98)

[He was] tall and uncouth and yet self-possessed. (100)

He sat amongst them, his dark face glowing, an eagerness and a touch of derisiveness on his wide mouth, something grinning and twisted, his eyes always shining like a bird's, utterly without depth. There was no getting hold of the fellow, Brangwen [Anna's father] irritably thought. He was like a grinning young tom-cat, that came when he thought he would, and without cognizance of the other person. (104-05)

[He], blind as a subterranean thing, just ignored the human mind and ran after his own dark-souled desires, following his own tunneling nose.(162)

He arrogated the old position of master of the house.
(162)

The following refer to Anton Skrebensky, who is an Engineer in a cavalry troop under a certain Colonel Hepburn:

[He was, when Ursula first met him] twenty-one, with a slender figure and soft brown hair, brushed up in the German fashion straight from his brow.(272)

His face was irregular, almost ugly, flattish, with a rather thick nose. But his eyes were pellucid, strangely clear, his brown hair was soft and thick as silk, he had a slight moustache. His skin was fine, his figure slight, beautiful. Beside him..her father seemed unscathed. Yet he reminded her of her father, and he seemed to be shining.(274)

[He was] an aristocrat.(274)

[He had] a loose, slightly horsey appearance, that made him seem very manly and foreign.(290)

[He reflected]: Why did he never really want a woman? not with the whole of him: never loved, never worshipped, only just physically wanted her?(290)

To his own intrinsic life, he was dead. And he could not rise again from the dead. His soul lay in the tomb. His life lay in the established order of things. He had his five senses too. They were to be gratified. Apart from this, he represented the great, established, extant Idea of life, and as this he was important beyond question.(309)

Mechanical registering took place in him, no more. He had no being, no content.(432)

The key-note of the difference between Skrebensky and Brengwen is struck in the statement that Skrebensky "represented the great, established, extant Idea of life." The description of his face suggests a close connection with William of Sons

and Lovers.

Since according to our view both Brangwen and Skrebensky are a-characters, descended from Paul of Sons and Lovers, though at the same time they have b and c qualities respectively, it is of interest now to examine their relations with women for traces of the child-mother relation so prominent in the case of Paul.

Reminiscent of Sons and Lovers is the scorn of Brangwen's wife after he, in a fit of anger, has run off for the day to Nottingham: "To your mother?" she asked, in a flash of contempt?"(155) This sarcastic remark is the strongest evidence we have for the existence of the relation in question, in Brangwen's case. However, it is hard to avoid the interpretation that Brangwen's interest in religion and church buildings, in which he takes refuge from the battle that rages intermittently between him and his wife, is a survival of such a relation, at a quite primitive level. Consider the following eloquent passage:

Here in the church, "before" and "after" were folded together, all was contained in oneness. Brangwen came to his consummation. Out of the doors of the womb he had come, putting aside the wings of the womb, and proceeding into the light. Through daylight and day-after-day he had come, knowledge after knowledge, and experience after experience, remembering the darkness of the womb, having prescience of the darkness after death. Then between-while he had pushed open the doors of the cathedral, and entered the twilight of both darknesses, the hush of the twofold silence, where dawn was sunset, and the beginning and the end were one.

Here the stone leapt up from the plane of the earth, leapt up in a manifold, clustered desire each time, up, away from the horizontal earth, through twilight

and dusk and the whole range of desire, through the swerving, the declination, ah, to the meeting and the consummation, the meeting, the clasp, the close embrace, the neutrality, the perfect, swooning consummation of the timeless ecstasy. There his soul remained, at the apex of the arch, clinched in the timeless ecstasy, consummated.

.....

She too was overcome, but silenced rather than tuned to the place. She loved it as a world not quite her own, she resented his transports and ecstasies. His passion in the cathedral at first awed her, then made her angry....(189-90)

Anns, resenting this interest of Brangwen's, resenting it with irritation especially because such a building was to him "she"(188), fights against it, and wins after a fashion; that is to say, she causes a split in Brangwen's life, so that the part with which she is in contact becomes subordinate to her, and the other part - the part that is held by religious art and religious worship - lies outside her ken.

Brangwen occupied himself with the church, he played the organ, he trained the choir-boys, he taught a Sunday-school class of youths. He was happy enough. There was an eager, yearning kind of happiness in him as he taught the boys on Sundays. He was all the time exciting himself with the proximity of some secret he had not yet fathomed.

In the house, he served his wife and the little matriarchy. She loved him because he was the father of her children. And she always had a physical passion for him. So he gave up trying to have the spiritual superiority and control, or even her respect for his conscious or public life. He lived simply by her physical love for him. And he served the little matriarchy, nursing the child and helping with the housework, indifferent any more of his own dignity and importance. But his abandoning of claims, his living isolated upon his own interest, made him seem unreal, unimportant.(195)

Brangwen's devotion to the church, running on side by side with his physical union with his wife, reminds us of Paul's

devotion to his mother in the days when he is having his purely fleshly affair with Clara, who, like Anna, is a blonde. It reminds us, too, of a passage in The Trespasser, where, when Siegmund is at war with Helena's sexual attraction for him, he perceives the starry night as a cathedral in which Helena is the bitter bread of the Communion. (T 132)

Ursula is her father's child, dark, loving the dark sensuous animal in him, but stranger, having her mother's sense of responsibility and independence. (Ch. VIII.) It is foreordained that Skrebensky, with his streak of the opposite kind of character, the kind of person who does not live from the sensual depths but resists them in the name of "the great, established, extant Idea of life," must fail as her lover. When he is rejected, he cries like a baby, and she treats him as if he were one. (440-42) Indeed, she feels more tenderness for him treating him in that way. The final ordeal through which she forces him to pass, to his complete humiliation, is what we may call the moon-test. On the seashore, in the full light of the moon, by which she is possessed as if by a demon, she forces him to have intercourse with her - a straightforward, harsh physical coupling with not the least trace of tenderness in it.

There in the great flare of light, she clinched hold of him, hard, as if suddenly she had the strength of destruction, she fastened her arms round him and tightened him in her grip, whilst her mouth sought his in a hard, rending, ever-increasing kiss, till his body was powerless in her grip, his heart melted in

fear from the fierce, beaked, harpy's kiss. The water washed again over their feet, but she took no notice. She seemed unaware, she seemed to be pressing in her beaked mouth till she had the heart of him.(452)

He wants to go into the shadows, but she leads him to a slope directly under the moon; and there, without preliminaries, he tries to conquer her. But he fails, he cannot satisfy her.

He seemed to swoon. It was a long time before he came to himself. He was aware of an unusual motion of her breast. He looked up. Her face lay like an image in the moonlight, the eyes wide open, rigid. But out of the eyes, slowly, there rolled a tear, that glittered in the moonlight as it ran down her cheek.

He felt as if the knife were being pushed into his already dead body. With head strained back, he watched, drawn tense, for some minutes, watched the unaltering, rigid face like metal in the moonlight, the fixed unseeing eyes, in which slowly the water gathered, shook with glittering moonlight, then surcharged, brimmed over and ran trickling, a tear with its burden of moonlight, into the darkness, to fall in the sand.

He drew gradually away as if afraid, drew away - she did not move. He glanced at her - she lay the same. Could he break away? He turned, saw the open foreshore, clear in front of him, and he plunged away, on and on, ever further from the horrible figure that lay stretched in the moonlight on the sands with the tears gathering and travelling on the motionless, eternal face.

He felt, if ever he must see her again, his bones must be broken, his body crushed, obliterated forever.(452-53)

In The Trespasser the moon is used quite definitely as a symbol of the mother. That is a basis for the suspicion that here, too, the same symbolism is intended. Whether or not the suspicion is correct, there can be no doubt as to the supreme importance of the moon as a symbol all through Lawrence, especially in The Rainbow and Women in Love. A

similar ordeal to the above Brangwen, before Skrebensky, has to undergo with Anna.

She set her sheaves against the shock. He saw her hands glisten among the spray of the grain. And he dropped his sheaves and he trembled as he took her in his arms. He had overtaken her, it was his privilege to kiss her. She was sweet and fresh with the night air, and sweet with the scent of the grain. And the whole rhythm of him beat into his kisses, and still he pursued her, in his kisses, and still she was not quite overcome. He wondered over the moonlight on her nose! All the moonlight upon her, all the darkness within her! All the night in his arms, darkness and shine, he possessed of it all! All the night for him now, to unfold, to venture within, all the mystery to be entered, all the discovery to be made.

Trembling with keen triumph, his heart was white as a star as he drove his kisses nearer.

"My love!" she called, in a low voice, from afar. The low sound seemed to call him from far off, under the moon, to him who was unaware. He stopped, quivered, and listened.

"My love," came again the low, plaintive call, like a bird unseen in the night.

He was afraid. His heart quivered and broke. He was stopped.

"Anna," he said, as if he answered her from a distance, unsure.

"My love."

And he drew near, and she drew near.

"Anna," he said, in wonder and birthpain of love.

"My love," she said, her voice growing rapturous. And they kissed on the mouth, in rapture and surprise, long, real kisses. The kiss lasted, there among the moonlight. He kissed her again, and she kissed him. And again they were kissing together. (113-14)

The end of the moon-test for Brangwen is marriage with Anna; for Skrebensky, however, it is the final break, which nearly destroys him. The relative strength of the two characters can be judged thereby, the one with b qualities, the other with c.

It is finally Birkin, in Women in Love, who succeeds with

Ursula. Birkin, though with him the attribute is more in reference to feelings and intentions than inreference to the body, is no less "dark" than Brangwen. He is not perfectly the b-character, but his intense though reluctant interest in a certain African fetish, a statuette of a black woman which is "one of his soul's intimates"(288) and which symbolizes for him "sensual, mindless, dreadful mysteries, far beyond the phallic cult"(289), points to a connection with other b-characters. The difference between Birkin, and say Morel or Annable, is that where they are sensual unconsciously and without effort he merely longs to be, and simultaneously resists the longing, so that the result is something like a disease. He is not only sick in body, in contrast to the health of previous b-characters; he is sick in mind. Ursula is aware of the contradiction in his soul, the contradiction between "a certain priggish Sunday-school stiffness over him"(146) and "his wonderful, desirable life-rapidity"(146), which, when taken together, make her in a moment of rage cry out: "You are foul, foul - and you must know it. Your purity, your candour, your goodness - yes, thank you, we've had some. What you are is a foul, deathly thing, obscene, that's what you are, obscene and perverse. You, and love! You may well say, you don't want love. No, you want yourself, and dirt, and death - that's what you want. You are so perverse, so death-eating,"(351)

This confusion of principles in Birkin's soul which gives

him his peculiar qualities receives objectification in the tormenting decision he has to make between Hermione Roddice, the woman to whom he is attached at the opening of the story, and Ursula. Ursula blames Hermione for the things in Birkin that she detests (350); Birkin replies that "Hermione's spiritual intimacy is no rottener than your emotional-jealous intimacy"(352). In the crisis of decision Birkin hates both women: "Hermione saw herself as the perfect Idea, to which all men must come: And Ursula was the perfect Womb, the bath of birth, to which all men must come! And both were horrible."(353) But, while Birkin thinks of them both as dominating Mothers, it is primarily Hermione who compels him to feel thus.

He had a horror of the Magna Mater, she was detestable.

She was on a very high horse again, was woman, the Great Mother. Did he not know it in Hermione. Hermione, the humble, the subservient, what was she all the while but the Mater Dolorosa, in her subservience, claiming with horrible, insidious arrogance and female tyranny, her own again, claiming back the man she had borne in suffering. By her very suffering and humility she bound her son in chains, she held him her everlasting prisoner.(227)

Hermione Roddice is a tall, blonde, sophisticated, intellectual woman of the Lettie-type. Birkin rebels against her, and she tries actually to kill him (116-20). He holds her at bay by magical power, and retreats to the woods, where he revels in the delicious coolness and subtlety of trees and grass, thinking, "Here was his world, he wanted nobody and nothing but the lovely, subtle, responsive vegetation, and

himself, his own living self."(121)

It is after this rebellion against Hermione that Birkin begins making advances toward Ursula, the emotional, dark woman, utterly different from Hermione. But there is one other striking thing he does before he is free to propose marriage. One night of full moon, observed by Ursula (of whose presence he is unaware), he throws stone after stone like a madman at the reflection of the moon in a mill-pond. It is clear from the context that he is trying to destroy the moon, which he calls "Cybele ... The accursed Syria Dea!"(281) This moon which he tries to destroy, probably to be connected with Hermione and the Magna Mater, is not only a symbolic barrier for Birkin, but also something which Ursula herself has to fear. This is her experience with it, just before Birkin's stone-throwing:

She started, noticing something on her right hand, between the tree trunks. It was like a great presence, watching her, dodging her. She started violently. It was only the moon, risen through the thin trees. But it seemed so mysterious, with its white and deadly smile. And there was no avoiding it. Night or day, one could not escape the sinister face, triumphant and radiant like this moon, with a high smile. She hurried on, cowering from the white planet.(279)

Whatever the connection between Hermione and the moon, whether or not it is that they are both Mother-images, it seems clear that both the rebellion against Hermione and the throwing of stones at the moon's reflection are simply two phases of the same movement that takes Birkin ultimately to Ursula.

The not quite intelligible consummation of Birkin's

passionate attraction toward Ursula is described in the chapter "Excuse." It is a mystical union which combines magic power and (apparently) anal and urethral elements. Perhaps one should not be so precise about it, but some such conclusion seems to proceed inevitably from passages like the following:

It was a perfect passing away for both of them, and at the same time the most intolerable accession into being, the marvellous fulness of immediate gratification, overwhelming, outflooding from the source of the deepest life-force, the darkest, deepest, strangest life-source of the human body, at the back and base of the loins.

After a lapse of stillness, after the rivers of strange dark fluid richness had passed over her, flooding, carrying away her mind and flooding down her spine and down her knees, past her feet, a strange new flood, sweeping away everything and leaving her an essential new being, she was left quite free, she was free in complete ease, her complete self.....He stood there in his strange, whole body, that had its marvellous fountains, like the bodies of the sons of God who were in the beginning. There were strange fountains of his body, more mysterious and potent than any she had imagined ~~before~~ or known, more satisfying, ah, finally, mystically-physically satisfying. She had thought there was no source deeper than the phallic source. And now, behold, from the smitten rock of the man's body, from the strange marvellous flanks and thighs, deeper, further in mystery than the phallic source, came the floods of ineffable darkness and ineffable riches.(359)

He sat still like an Egyptian Pharaoh, in the car. He felt as if he were seated in immemorial potency, like the great carven statues of real Egypt, as real and fulfilled with subtle strength, as these are, with a vague inscrutable smile on the lips. He knew what it was to be awake and potent in that other basic mind, the deepest physical mind. And from this source he had a pure and magic control, magical, mystical, a force in darkness, like electricity.(363)

The suggestion that this new sort of experience which Birkin and Ursula have is connected somehow with excremental

functions may be dismissed as wild speculation without affecting the present analysis. The important thing here is that the experience is a finally satisfying one for Ursula and brings her at last under submission to Birkin, so that she is willing to marry him - a fact which demonstrates Birkin's superiority to Skrebensky. But the suggestion abovementioned ties in with the frequent preoccupation of Birkin with matters like the sacred dung-beetles of Egypt, death and corruption, and the African statuette with "protuberant buttocks, so weighty and unexpected below her long slim loins"(288).

A striking recrudescence of homosexuality in Lawrence's work occurs in these two books, after the lapse of The Trespasser and Sons and Lovers. Ursula has an affair in The Rainbow with an intellectual, advanced woman, Winifred Inger, her teacher (described in the chapter "Shame"), and Birkin has an even intenser passion for Gerald Crich in Women in Love. Gerald Crich is a pure c-character, a big, very blond, athletic English gentleman, with "a northern kind of beauty, like light refracted from snow"(311); socially of the first rank, he dresses expensively and scrupulously, even to silk underclothing (311); he manages successfully large coal mines, and, as the book progresses, is himself given the attributes of the machinery he controls and operates as an industrialist. From the first of the book, Birkin and he are represented as attracted to each other, though

in their principles they tend to be hostile. At the same time, Gerald feels attracted to Ursula's sister, Gudrun, whom for rather vague reasons Birkin does not like.

Apparently Birkin's dislike for her corresponds to his hostility (in principle) to Gerald; it seems to arise because they both (Gerald and Gudrun) tend to be hyper-conscious about their human relations and disposed to subject their impulses to conscious control: thus, they are bullies, bullies of the conscious will, like Hermione.¹ Nevertheless, Birkin cannot help liking Gerald, and Gerald is in turn fond of Birkin. Birkin presses his suit with Gerald, he pleads for a Blutbruderschaft, for a binding oath to love each other - "to stand by each other - be true to each other - ultimately - infallibly - given to each other, organically - without possibility of taking back"(235). The climax of their relationship (Gerald refuses to precipitate himself into a Blutbruderschaft) is reached in a manner reminiscent of The White Peacock. Birkin and Gerald wrestle together, naked; and in the end, exhausted, Birkin

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This is symbolized in Gerald's case by his forcing the mare he is riding to stand near a railroad crossing, in spite of her frenzy of terror, while a train is passing (124-27); and in Gudrun's case, by her advancing willfully advancing on a herd of bullocks and forcing them back and into rout (189-93).

finds himself lying in a semi-conscious state on top of Gerald, and there, for a moment, the hands of the two men meet and clasp in a passionate embrace.(307-10) But the deeper intimacy Birkin has been seeking with him never materializes, and he turns more positively to Ursula, while Gerald takes refuge in Gudrun. Gerald's union with Gudrun, however, lacks the depth and reality that characterizes that between Birkin and Ursula. He is not an independent, full-grown individual. In his sexual contacts with her, he is "like a child at the breast infinitely grateful, as to God, or as an infant is at its mother's breast"(394-95), and never touches her deeply. And, finally, in the Alps, in the high region of eternal snow, Gerald finds Gudrun unconquerable, as Ursula was to Skrebensky; and after an attempt on her life, he wanders off blindly in the snow, under a small bright moon that "shone brilliantly just ahead, on the right, a painful brilliant thing that was always there, unremitting, from which there was no escape,"(539) and, after seeing fearfully a little Christ on a crucifix and feeling that somebody was going to murder him (540), falls in the snow and dies. This is according to the prophecy implied in Birkin's questioning thought earlier in the book: "He was one of these strange white wonderful demons from the north, fulfilled in the destructive frost mystery. And was he fated to pass away in this knowledge, this one process of frost-knowledge, death by perfect cold? Was he

a messenger, an omen of the universal dissolution into whiteness and snow?"(290)

But there is a little more to Gerald's death than this. The immediate cause of his defeat with Gudrun is a new attachment she forms - with a certain Loerke, a diabolic, dark little sculptor with "brown, gnome's eyes"(480) and black hair and a spirit like a bat's (481), whose chief work known to us is a statuette of an enormous horse ridden by a tender young girl (488-89). Birkin speaks of this fellow in the most despising terms.

"He lives like a rat, in the river of corruption, just where it falls over into the bottomless pit. He's further on than we are. He hates the ideal more acutely. He hates the ideal utterly, yet it still dominates him. I expect he is a Jew - or part Jewish."

"Probably," said Gerald.

"He is a gnawing little negation, gnawing at the roots of life."

"But why does anybody care about him?" cried Gerald.

"Because they hate the ideal, also, in their souls. They want to explore the sewers, and he's the wizard rat that swims ahead."(487-88)

In spite of Birkin's reviling use of the word "rat," nothing is more evident than that Loerke and he resemble each other. Not only does Loerke have the "darkness", whether corrupt or not, of Birkin; but when the party meets him and Gudrun begins eyeing him with interest, he is in the company of a fresh, very blond German youth with whom, it is made clear, he has been having the most intimate homosexual relations - which places him in very much the same position as Birkin. This Loerke plays a decisive role in the defeat of Gerald

by attracting Gudrun to himself. Indeed, when Gerald makes the assault on Gudrun's life, she is having a picnic in the snow with Loerke; and Gerald's first move is to incapacitate Loerke with two blows of the fist to the head.

If we consider now, on top of these facts, that Gudrun is Ursula's sister, that the two are very fond of each other, and that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other really, we become aware of a distinct parallel between the story of Ursula's relations with Skrebensky and with Birkin on the one hand, and the story of Gudrun's relations with Gerald and with Loerke on the other. In both cases, it is the "dark" protagonist, the b-character, who emerges victorious over the blond c-character. But right in the center of the two stories, as if it were a pivot, is the story of the relations between Birkin and Gerald - pivotal, for if Gerald had accepted Birkin's love as he wished the tragedy of Gerald's death, Birkin infers, would have at least been made less grievous if not averted. (546-47) As a matter of fact, it could be easily argued that Gerald's death is the result not simply of his failure in opposition to Loerke, to a distorted image of Birkin, but of his opposition to the homosexual wishes of Birkin himself. The reasonableness of this argument appears when we read the passage following, describing Birkin's reaction at the sight of Gerald's corpse, especially if we remember two things about Birkin: 1) that he possesses magical powers;

and 2) that very early in the book the cry of Cain crosses his mind in reference to Gerald - "Am I my brother's keeper?"(23)

But when he went in again, at evening, to look at Gerald between the candle, because of his heart's hunger, suddenly his heart contracted, his own candle all but fell from his hand, as, with a strange whimpering cry, the tears broke out. He sat down in a chair, shaken by a sudden access. Ursula who had followed him, recoiled aghast from him, as he sat with sunken head and body convulsively shaken, making a strange, horrible sound of tears.

"I didn't want it to be like this - I didn't want it to be like this," he cried to himself. Ursula could not but think of the Kaiser's: "Ich habe es nicht gewollt." She looked almost with horror on Birkin.

Suddenly he was silent. But he sat with his head dropped, to hid his face. Then furtively he wiped his face with his fingers. Then suddenly he lifted his head, and looked straight at Ursula, with dark, almost vengeful eyes.

"He should have loved me," he said. "I offered him."
(546)

A possible clue to the understanding of these two obscure novels is obtained in Sons and Lovers, which precedes them. There, when the opposition between Paul and his father is more or less resolved in Paul's obtaining the greater part of his mother's love, another and more serious conflict remains to be worked out between Paul and his older brother William, who has just those characteristics which put him in the same line of descent with Gerald of Women in Love. Paul eventually triumphs over William, but only because William is dead. Now, in Women in Love, the conflict with the father does not reappear, because the a-character, Birkin, has taken on qualities which justify us in speaking of him

as a b-character also - that is to say, qualities which exist in a pure state in Morel, the father in Sons and Lovers. But the effect of this fusion of a and b should naturally be to increase the hostility between the thus modified a-character and any c-character, in conformity with the fact that in Sons and Lovers William is opposed by both the father and Paul.

In regard to our two leading questions, the period of The Rainbow and Women in Love is notable for the decrease in the attachment of the a-characters, especially Birkin, to the mother; and for the first appearance of successful ab-characters, especially again Birkin. The mounting strength of the b-characters (Brangwen, Birkin, Loerke) as opposed to the c-characters (Skrebensky, Gerald) is also notable.

The Lost Girl

The novel we shall consider at this point, The Lost Girl, makes a break in the series of novels in at least one respect: it contains no male character which fits into the line of male a-characters of the preceding novels. The central subjective character is a woman, Alvina Houghton.

The setting of the story is Woodhouse - a mining town resembling Bestwood of Sons and Lovers -, and the theme is the struggle of a young woman, who seems destined to be an old maid, to escape from the stifling environment and her up-

bringing. In some respects, then, it seems a proper sequel to Sons and Lovers. This impression fits in with the fact that the novel was actually begun in 1913, shortly after Sons and Lovers was finished; but it was put aside for the two novels discussed above, and not resumed until 1919. The lapse of time between the beginning and the completion of the novel was thus filled with the developments of the above two novels, without which it seems doubtful that a b-character of quite the extreme quality of Ciccio would have entered to carry off the heroine from Woodhouse into the utterly different world which Ciccio belongs to.

The essential conflicts of The Lost Girl are those with which we are already familiar. Alvina, reared with care by a Miss Frost, who is strong and high-minded and at the same time loving, in proxy for the invalid mother, grows up a well-behaved, even too well-behaved young woman; but there is that about her, something in the "odd ironic tilt of the eyelids" (27), in the "odd, derisive look at the back of ~~her~~ eyes" (29), in the "curious bronze-like resonance" of her voice (30), that does not quite belong in the stuffy atmosphere of Woodhouse, and that scares away the young men (29). It is the influence of Miss Frost, with her "Do you love him, dear?" (31), which persuades her to give up her first suitor, a young Australian doctor. He - Alexander Graham - is a typical b-character.

Mrs. Houghton did not like him. She said he was creepy. He was a man of medium height, dark in

colouring, with very dark eyes, and a body which seemed to move inside his clothing. He was amiable and polite, laughed often, showing his teeth. It was his teeth which Miss Frost could not stand. She seemed to see a strong mouthful of cruel, compact teeth. She declared he had dark blood in his veins, that he was a man not to be trusted, and that never, never would he make any woman's life happy.(29)

Under that familiar pressure - the pressure of the mother (and mother-proxy) - Alvina gives way, and breaks off the engagement at the last minute. But this first contact with a man with "dark blood in his veins," a b-character, has brought to the surface of consciousness Alvina's own different nature, her un-Woodhouseian passionateness, and revealed the young men, the young men of Woodhouse, in a definitely unfavorable light: "They were all either blank or common."(35) In reaction to this defeat of her passionate under-nature, kept under by her attachment to the beloved and moral Miss Frost, Alvina braves the family criticism to go in training for a maternity nurse. The life, marked by the constantly repulsed attacks on her virtue by the young doctors, agrees with her: to the shocked surprise of her family.

Imagine that this ~~frail~~, pallid, diffident girl, so lady-like, was now a rather fat, warm-coloured young woman, strapping and strong-looking, and with a certain bounce. Imagine her mother's startled, almost expiring:

"Why, Vina dear."(43)

Rather desperately, Alvina has tried to go back on "high-mindedness," since, in her, "high-mindedness was already stretched beyond the breaking-point."

So Alvina spun the medal, and her medal came down tails. Heads or tails? Heads for generations. Then tails. See the poetic justice.(43)

But she has to come back, after her training period, to Woodhouse to live, and under the familiar pressure there and the lack of the proper young men, "she lost her bounce, her colour, and her flesh. Gradually she shrank back to the old, slim, reticent pallor, with eyes a little too large for her face."(49) Then her mother dies, then Miss Frost also wilts and dies; after which little remains in life for Alvina but a long wait for the dissolution of Manchester House, her home, where still the fantastic father and the insidious, mouse-colored Miss Pinnegar - both wrapped up in money and practical affairs - linger on. Under this sad regime, Alvina almost welcomes her next beau, Albert Witham. Albert Witham is a strange fish, a caricature of a c-character. The following quotations describe him:

He was tall and thin and brittle, with a pale, rather dry, flattish face, and with curious pale eyes. His impression was one of uncanny flatness, something like a lemon sole... His teeth were sound, but rather large and yellowish and flat.(75)

He walked stiff and erect, with his head pressed rather back... His manner was oddly gallant, with a gallantry that completely missed the individual in the woman.(78)

..there he sat, rather stiff and brittle in the old Withams' pew, his neck pressed a little back, so that his face and neck seemed slightly flattened. He wore very low, turn-down starched collars that showed all his neck.(79)

[He was an Oxford man] quite nicely dressed, in the regulation tweed jacket and flannel trousers and brown shoes.

He was even rather smart, judging from his yellow socks and yellow-and-brown tie.(85)

[He had] a broad, pleased, pale-gleaming smile (82)
[and delivered himself of] broad-mouthed speeches (76)

It seemed as if his words came off him without affecting him at all. He did not think about what he was feeling, and he did not feel what he was thinking about.(84)

In his world, as in a fish's, there was but his own swimming self.(78)

In the family of three brothers there was one - not black sheep, but white. There was one who was climbing out, to be a gentleman. This was Albert, the second brother.(72)

In her desperation, Alvina almost succumbs to this fellow - but not quite; in the end her irony saves her, she sees him as common and superficial and cold, and she laughs at him and dismisses him. Following him comes Mr. May, an adjunct of her father's in his cinema venture. Mr. May is very nearly, if not quite, an invert: a caricature of the mother-bound child-man. Thus:

He liked the angel, and particularly the angel-mother in woman. Oh! - that he worshipped. But coming-on-ness! (120)

..so fond of Alvina because she was like a sister to him, poor, lonely, harassed soul that he was: a pure sister who really hadn't any body. For although Mr. May was rather fond, in an epicurean way, of his own body, yet other people's bodies rather made him shudder. So that his grand utterance on Alvina was: "She's not physical, she's mental."(130)

[He objected to his wife's loving him in the morning when he was] on the alert for business.(131)

He bought himself a new, smart overcoat, that fitted his figure, and a new velour hat. And she even noticed,

one day when he was curling himself up cosily on the sofa, that he had pale blue silk underwear, and purple silk suspenders.(131)

Alvina is even interested in Mr. May, until he dresses up as an Indian squaw for a show in the theater, and is afterwards ridiculed unmercifully by one of the members of the "Indian" troupe visiting there, in such a way that his narcissism and effeminacy are ludicrously brought out to Alvina.(167)

The arrival of this theatrical troupe, who get themselves up as Red Indians, marks the turning-point in Alvina's career. It is Ciccio, an Italian, the darkest member (literally and symbolically) of the troupe, who first releases her from her long-preserved virginity; and later, after she has taken a final fling at "independence" and gotten herself engaged to a doctor who is another, more blatant version of Albert Witham, it is Ciccio whom she marries, and with whom she goes into the mountain fastnesses of Italy, where she experiences the ultimate "darkness" in the primitive people and in the "mysterious influence of the mountains and valleys themselves which seemed always to be annihilating the Englishwoman" that she is.(Ch. XV.)

Before taking up one or two interesting points that have to do with Ciccio's relations to the troupe and to Alvina, it is well to compare his qualities with those of the last-mentioned g-character, Dr. Mitchell. The following quotations refer to Dr. Mitchell:

..about fifty-four years old, tall, largely-built, with a good figure, but with extraordinarily large feet and hands. His face was red and clean-shaven, his eyes blue, his teeth very good. He laughed and talked rather mouthingly.(281)

[Alvina] disliked him: the great, red-faced bachelor of fifty-three, with his bald spot and his stomach as weak as a baby's, and his mouthing imperiousness and his good heart which was as selfish as could be.(285)

From being a lofty creature soaring over her head, he was now like a big fish poking his nose above water and making eyes at her.(286)

A complete contrast to Dr. Mitchell is his rival, Ciccio:

He was dark, rather tall and loose, with yellow-tawny eyes. He was an Italian from the south.(140)

Strange fine black hair, he had, close as fur, animal, and naked, frail-seeming, tawny hands.(143)

..looked down at Alvina from under his dusky eye-lashes, as if watching her sideways, and his mouth had the peculiar, stupid, self-conscious, half-jeering smile... For him, it was not yet quite natural to express himself in speech.(157)

His eyes glowed with lustrous secrecy, like the eyes of some victorious, happy wild creature seen remote under a bush.. The depth of his warm, mindless, enveloping love was immeasurable. She felt she could sink forever into his warm, pulsating embrace.(324)

Ciccio, who was the crack horseman, having served a very well-known horsey Marchese in an Italian cavalry regiment.(151)

Some of Ciccio's qualities, it will be noticed, hark back to Will Brangwen of The Rainbow, but Ciccio is far more animal.

In the brief rough sketch of the story given here it is indicated that Alvina is thwarted in her love-affair with the b-character Alexander Graham by her family, particularly by the mother-proxy Miss Frost, to whom she is deeply attached.

Afterwards, Alvina's mother and Miss Frost die. This leaves Alvina freer; and finally, the death of her father - which coincides with Ciccio's presence on the scene - snaps the last thread binding her to the old ways. But there is another obstacle between Alvina and Ciccio: it is the vivacious little Frenchwoman, called simply "Madame," who controls the Natcha-Kee-Tawaras, the "Red Indian" theatrical troupe to which Ciccio belongs. Ciccio and Madame are not on the best of terms, and yet he is curiously bound to her, in his hostility: it requires an effort for him to assert himself against her. Now, Madame's control over her troupe depends on her position as mother-mistress to them, and that position, though she is made sensible and practical by her desire for a good income, necessarily involves her in jealousies. She is jealous herself of Alvina for being attractive to Ciccio, though she despises him; and within the troupe there is no little friction because she shows favoritism to Max and tries to mother Ciccio at the same time. Ciccio feels rebellious. The time comes when he openly rebels. The origin and manner of his rebellion are both worth inspecting.

The troupe is composed of Madame, and two pairs of men - Max and Louis, Ciccio and Geoffrey. Only Max need be described here. Max is "a tall Swiss with almond eyes and a flattish face and a rather stiff, ramrod figure"(140), with brown hair "brushed up in the German fashion"(147). His physical resemb-

lance to Albert Witham and to Skrebensky of The Rainbow is fairly evident, and suggests that he belongs with the c-characters. Other facts pointing in the same direction are that in a little play the troupe puts on he takes the part of the White Prisoner instead of an Indian brave, and that in another of his roles - that of a yodeler - Alvina recognizes in him the sort of "fieree, icy passion"(153) which would seem particularly fitting for a c-character, recalling Gerald of Women in Love.

Max, as has been said, is Madame's favorite ("My faithful Max, my support" she calls him - 150), and he shows constant solicitude and affection for her.(141-43) Ciccio, on the other hand, she calls "a dirty Eytalian"(202-05), and he, on his side, is callous and indifferent to her (cf. 142). The following conversation of Ciccio with Alvina gives his feeling for her:

"But you have Madame for a mother," she said.

He made another gesture this time: pressed down the corners of his mouth as if he didn't like it. Then he turned with the slow, fine smile.

"Does a man want two mothers? Eh?" he said, as if he posed a conundrum.

"I shouldn't think so," laughed Alvina.

He glanced at her to see what she meant, what she understood.

"My mother is dead, see!" he said. "Frenchwomen - Frenchwomen - they have their babies till they are a hundred -"

"What do you mean?" said Alvina, laughing.

"A Frenchman is a little man when he's seven years old - and if his mother comes, he is a little baby boy when he's seventy..."(159)

The contrast between Ciccio and Max as individuals is felt vividly by Alvina as she watches them on the stage:

The fine sharp uprightness of Max seemed much finer, clearer, and more manly. Ciccio's velvety, suave heaviness, the very heave of his muscles, so soft and softly powerful, sickened her.(182)

The categorical opposition between the two men reaches overt expression now and then, and on one occasion, a short time before a performance of "Kishwegin's Wedding" is to take place (a play in which Madame is Kishwegin and Max is the bridegroom), they have a violent clash.

Though very quiet and unobtrusive as a rule, Max could suddenly assume an air of hauteur and overbearing which was really very annoying. Geoffrey always fumed under it. But Ciccio it put into unholy, ungovernable tempers. For Max, suddenly, would reveal his contempt of the Hyetalian, as he called Ciccio, using the Cockney word.(170)

Ciccio's response on this occasion to Max's insult is to spring on him like a wild animal and stab him with a stage-knife. Then he runs away, and Madame experiences difficulty in luring him back to complete their engagement with the theater; it is finally only Alvina who can persuade him to return.(179-80) And after this incident, Ciccio introduces a significant variation in the playlet where Kishwegin (Madame) rescues the White Prisoner (Max) and one of the braves (Ciccio) is killed as he wrestles with an attacking bear. This time Ciccio, as he falls from the arms of the bear, asserts that he still lives. The revised scene runs thus:

She was the clue to all the action, was Kishwegin. And her dark braves seemed to become darker, more secret, malevolent, burning with a cruel fire, and at the same time wistful, knowing their end. Ciccio laughed in a strange way, as he wrestled with the bear, as he had never laughed on the previous evenings. The sound went out into the audience, a soft, malevolent, derisive sound. And when the bear was supposed to have crushed him, and he was to have fallen, he rolled out of the bear's arms and said to Madame, in his derisive voice:

"Vivo sempre, Madame." And then he fell.

Madame stopped as if shot, hearing his words: "I am still alive, Madame." She remained suspended motionless, suddenly wilted. Then all at once her hand went to her mouth with a scream:

"The Bear!"

So the scene concluded itself. But instead of the tender, half-wistful triumph of Kishwegin, a triumph electric as it should have been when she took the white man's hand and kissed it, there was a doubt, a hesitancy, a nullity, and Max did not quite know what to do. (183-84)

Afterwards, when Louis asks Ciccio why he changed the scene, spoiling the play, Ciccio answers: "I am tired of being dead, you see." (184)

As the story of this series of events is told there can be little doubt that what inspires Ciccio to rebel against Madame is, for one thing, his hatred of her favorite, Max, and, for another, his awakening love of Alvina. That Ciccio's rebellion begins with an attack on Max is interesting, because it carries on the opposition between the b-character and the c-character which is so prominent a feature of the just preceding novel; but it is equally interesting that Ciccio, the b-character, finds it necessary to rebel at all - thus demonstrating that he, like the ab-character of the previous novel, Birkin, is subject to some extent to the old

mother-dominance. But the power of the mother-image is relatively slight, as is also the power of the male c-characters (Albert Witham, Dr. Mitchell, Mr. May, Max), and the b-character succeeds as never before in the sexual relation. Even Ursula was unable to descend so deep into the sensual "darkness," in submission to the desires of a man, although she is continually haunted by proposals from within and without.¹ In harmony with this trend toward the supremacy of the b-character and his principles is the rather extreme caricaturing of persons like Albert Witham, Mr. May, and Dr. Mitchell. Only Max of the c-characters has any dignity, and he is injured physically at the hands of Ciccio.

Aaron's Rod

The theme of male comradeship, important in Women in Love, again emerges to prominence in Aaron's Rod. The theme is not neglected in The Lost Girl (Ciccio has a warm, passionate friend in Geoffrey), but it is there subordinated to the story of Alvina's search for sexual fulfillment. The culmi-

¹ One of Ursula's proposals comes from Anthony Schofield, a minor figure in The Rainbow. He is like a faun, a satyr, a goat, is brunet, and a farmer, etc. (R 390), traits marking him as a b-character. She refuses him, and he takes it like "an animal that knows that it is subdued." (R 393)

nating passages of Aaron's Rod, however, are just those which treat of the relations between men - more particularly Rawdon Lilly and Aaron Sisson. The "eternal union" proposed in Women in Love was to be of the nature of a homosexual relation between equals, "brothers"; the proposition in Aaron's Rod is that one man should submit himself to another, much as it was proposed in the former novel and continues to be proposed in the present novel that the wife should submit to the husband. This requires a certain superiority in one of the men, a touch of God, and in Aaron's Rod it is Rawdon Lilly who comes nearest filling the bill. Now, Rawdon Lilly is a combined ab-character, the unmistakable successor to Rupert Birkin of the earlier novel; but Aaron Sisson, who succeeds to the role assigned to Gerald Crich there, is also an a-character - inasmuch as he is the chief center of consciousness in the novel - and resembles Lilly a great deal more than Gerald resembled Birkin. It must be confessed at once that it is not easy to distinguish Aaron from Lilly in many respects. The task may be facilitated by first considering Lilly's relations with Jim Bricknell, a character of momentary importance.

Jim Bricknell is a "tall, fine, soldierly figure" with a "little sandy moustache and bald forehead"(66), thirty-eight years old (30), the son of a well-to-do colliery owner (29). Constantly "a little tipsy, a little satyr-like"(30), he is

nevertheless inescapably self-conscious (37). He sorts with a Bohemian crowd, forever seeking sensations, particularly the sensation of being in love, which he describes as a great inrush of energy at the pit of his stomach (67). He says:

I only live when I fall in love. Otherwise I'm dying by inches. Why, man, you don't know what it was like. I used to get the most grand feelings - like a great rush of force, or light - a great rush - right here, as I've said, at the solar plexus. And it would come any time - any where - no matter where I was. And then I was all right. (85-86)

To alleviate his constant craving for this sensation, which becomes more and more difficult to get with women, he eats at all hours - bread, to keep his stomach solid and prevent the life from going out of his body. (82) The meaning of these peculiar traits is that Jim is like a child, dependent on mother-love, and lacking in the independent selfhood of the adult man.¹ Another salient trait of Jim's is his self-conscious adulation of Christ, who is for him "the principle of love" (82). Lilly, who has a "certain belief in himself as a saviour" (73), and who permits Jim to appeal to him as

¹ Cf. Fantasia of the Unconscious, p. 31: "And it is from the great sympathetic centre of the solar plexus that the child rejoices in the mother and in its own blissful centrality, its unison with the as yet unknown universe. Look at the pictured of Madonna and Child, and you will even see it. It is from this centre that it draws all things unto itself, winningly, drawing love for the soul, and actively drawing in milk."

such, nevertheless finds Jim's outstanding characteristics detestable. The clash between the two begins at an abstract level:

"Ha, I think Love and your Christ detestable," said Lilly. "A sheer ignominy."

"Finest thing the world has produced," said Jim.

"No. A thing which sets itself up to be betrayed! No, it's foul. Don't you see it's the Judas principle you really worship. Judas is the real hero. But for Judas the whole show would have been manqué."

"Oh yes," said Jim. "Judas was inevitable. I'm not sure that Judas wasn't the greatest of the disciples - and Jesus knew it. I'm not sure Judas wasn't the disciple Jesus loved."

"Jesus certainly encouraged him in his Judas tricks," said Tanny. *[Lilly's wife.]*

Jim grinned knowingly at Lilly.

"Then it was a nasty combination. And anything which turns on the Judas climax is a dirty show, to my thinking. I think your Judas is a rotten, dirty worm, just a dirty little self-conscious sentimental twister. And out of all Christianity he is the hero today. When people say Christ they mean Judas. They find him luscious on the palate. And Jesus fostered him -" said Lilly.

"He's a profound figure, is Judas. It's taken two thousand years to begin to understand him," said Jim, pushing the bread and marmalade into his mouth. (82-83)

The upshot of this conversation is that, when Jim asks Lilly to let him stay a few days, Lilly tells him he must leave the next morning. Afterwards, the talk between Lilly and Jim grows more personal, Lilly telling him he ought to stiffen his backbone and gather himself together at the tail,¹

¹ Cf. *Fantasia*, p. 31: "And it is from the great voluntary centre of the lumbar ganglion that the child asserts its distinction from the mother.....And it is from this centre too that the milk is urged away from the infant bowels, urged away towards excretion."

finally growing so condemnatory and scornful that Jim, in reaction, hits him two or three times with his fists in the region of his own solar plexus.(87) "Judas!" is the thought that flashes through Lilly's mind at this.(88) As for his own role in the drama, the comment of Tanny is almost superfluous: "You shouldn't try to make a little Jesus of yourself, coming so near to people, wanting to help them."(90)¹

Lilly makes an unconventional Jesus, but as a kind of religious leader on the make it is clear that he belongs in the same category. He takes himself religiously, and it is evident that other people receive the impression that he expects them to take him the same way. But he stands for the "dark" power-urge in opposition to the love-urge, and for isolation rather than for the mingling in love. Let him speak for himself:

We've got to accept the power motive, accept it in deep responsibility, do you understand me? It is a great life motive. It was that great dark power-urge which kept Egypt so intensely alive for so many centuries. It is a vast dark source of life and strength in us now, waiting either to issue in true action, or to burst into cataclysm. Power - the power-urge. The will-to-power - but not in Nietzsche's sense. Not intellectual power. Not mental power. Not conscious

¹ In Women in Love Ursula dislikes Birkin's "Salvator Mundi touch" (WL 147). The likeness of Lilly to Birkin is very close. Birkin's preoccupation with Egypt, magic and power, however, reaches the point of conscious doctrine in Lilly, whereas in Birkin it shows itself in scarcely formulated feelings (as in the union with Ursula).

will-power. But dark, living, fructifying power The urge for power does not seek for happiness any more than for any other state. It urges from within, darkly, for the displacing of the old leaves, the inception of the new. It is powerful and self-central, not seeking its centre outside, in some God or some beloved, but acting indomitably from within itself.

And, of course, there must be one who urges, and one who is impelled. Just as in love there is a beloved and a lover: the man is supposed to be the lover, the woman the beloved. Now, in the urge of power, it is the reverse. The woman must submit, but deeply, deeply submit. Not to any foolish fixed authority, not to any foolish and arbitrary will. But to something deep, deeper. To the soul in its dark notion of power and pride. (310-11)

It seems, from this obscure vaticination, that the power-urge, which Lilly represents, is associated with the "lumbar ganglion" of the Fantasia, which controls defaecation and makes independence from the mother possible.¹ Apparently,

¹ Cf. the language of the passage already referred to more briefly: "And it is from the great voluntary centre of the lumbar ganglion that the child asserts its distinction from the mother, the single identity of its own existence, and its power over its surroundings. From this centre is born the violent little pride and lustiness which kicks with glee, or crows with tiny exultance in its own being, or which claws the breast with a savage little rapacity, and an incipient masterfulness of which every mother is aware. This incipient mastery, this sheer joy of a young thing in its own single existence, the marvellous playfulness of early youth, and the roguish mockery of the mother's love, as well as the bursts of temper and rage, all belong to infancy. And all this flashes spontaneously, must flash spontaneously from the first great centre of independence, the powerful lumbar ganglion, great dynamic centre of all the voluntary system, of all the spirit of pride and joy in independent existence. And it is from this centre too that the milk is urged away down the infant bowels, urged away towards excretion. The motion is the same, but here it applies to the material, not to the vital relation. It is from the lumbar ganglion that the dynamic vibrations are emitted which thrill from the stomach and bowels" (FU 31)

then, Lilly, though "dark" enough in all conscience, does not represent quite the same thing that Ciccio in the last novel does. Ciccio is purely a sexual animal; Lilly is something else. Ciccio does two things Lilly proposes not to do: for one, he makes love to a woman, crying despairingly, "Ma nun me lasciar' -"(LG 310); and for another, he gets Alvina with child (LG 357-58). Contrast with the blindly impulsive Ciccio the far more conscious Lilly, saying: 1) "there will be profound, profound obedience in place of this love-crying, obedience to the incalculable power-urge"(312), not only on the part of the woman, but men as well (311); and 2) "Tanny wants children badly. I don't. I'm thankful we have none."(105) Lilly has gone far in the direction marked out by Birkin in Women in Love - i.e., beyond the "phallic source."

For full comprehension of Lilly and Lilly's obscure doctrine, it is necessary now to examine his relations with Aaron Sisson.

But we must first get a notion of the kind of man Aaron is. Aaron starts his adventures in the world - which turn out to be a vague search for "something" - by deserting his wife and children, at the age of thirty-two. Suddenly, one night, for no special reason, a "terrible obstinacy" locates itself in him, and he leaves the old life.

Bah, the love-game! And the whiskey that was to help the game. He had drowned himself once too often in

the whiskey and in love. Now he floated like a corpse in both, with a cold, hostile eye.

And at least half of the inward fume was anger because he could no longer drown. Nothing would have pleased him better than to have felt his sense swimming and flowing into darkness. But impossible! Cold, with a cold white fury inside him, he floated wide-eyed and apart as a corpse. He thought of the gentle love of his first married years, and became only whiter and colder, set in a more intense obstinacy. A wave of repulsion lifted him.(25)

In this reaction, Aaron deserts his wife, and rejects the advances of a lustful Jewish landlady.(24-25) Then, with his flute - for Aaron is a flautist, as well as a miners' check-weighman - he goes wandering about, giving recitals to small groups of the élite, picking up a job now and then, and depending on his personal charm a good deal to keep him afloat. In all this he has no clear aim, except the negative one of avoiding the love-game, especially with his wife. He nevertheless soon has an affair with Jim Bricknell's fiancée, Josephine Hay - a very modern young woman, with an "odd, round, dark muzzle" and "very black" hair.(70-71) It is this affair which breaks his nerve, and brings him, a sick man, to Lilly's door, then living alone in London while his wife is away visiting her people in Norway. Lilly undresses him and puts him to bed, and Aaron says, referring to Josephine¹: "I gave in to her - and afterwards I cried,

¹ In Women in Love Gerald likewise warms up to Lilly's predecessor, Birkin, after intercourse with the Pussum, who is equally as "dark muzzled" as Josephine Hay.

thinking of Lottie and the children. I felt my heart break, you know. And that's what did it. I should have been all right if I hadn't given in to her -"(94-95).

It becomes apparent that Aaron's resolution not to "give in" to women can be broken only at the cost almost of life itself.¹ This is, of course, in line with Lilly's doctrine; and so, in that respect, Aaron is at one with Lilly. The agreement goes deeper still, as the following conversation shows. (The first speaker is Lilly.)

"...Sacred children, and sacred motherhood, I'm absolutely fed stiff by it. That's why I'm thankful I have no children. Tanny can't come it over me there."

"It's a fact. When a woman's got her children, by God, she's a bitch in the manger. You can starve while she sits on the hay. It's useful to keep her pups warm."

"Yes."

"Why, you know -" Aaron turned excitedly in the bed, "they look on a man as if he was nothing but an instrument to get and rear children. If you have anything to do with a woman, she thinks it's because you want to get children by her. And I'm damned if it is. I want my own pleasure, or nothing: and the children be damned."

"Ah women! - they must be loved at any price!" said Lilly. "And if you just don't want to love them - and tell them so - what a crime!"

"A crime!" said Aaron. "They make a criminal of you. Them and their children be cursed. Is my life given me for nothing but to get children, and work for a woman? See them all in hell first, - they'd better die while they're children, if childhood's all that's important."

"I quite agree," said Lilly. "If childhood is more important than manhood, then why live to be a man at all? Why not remain an infant?"(106)

¹ Birkin tells Gerald he (Gerald) cannot love a woman. (WL Ch. "Gladiatorial")

Here again we see the struggle against the child-mother relation; and Lilly is Aaron's superior because he has not given his wife any children, so that she "can't come it over" him there. Furthermore, he has a solution to the problem, which they both face in differing degrees. As he puts it in words, it is a question, an invitation:

"The man's spirit has gone out of the world. Men can't move an inch unless they can grovel humbly at the end of the journey."

"No," said Aaron, watching with keen, half-amused eyes.

"That's why marriage wants readjusting - or extending - to get men on their own legs once more, and to give them the adventure again. But men won't stick together and fight for it. Because once a woman has climbed up with her children, she'll find plenty of grovellers ready to support her and suffocate any defiant spirit. And women will sacrifice eleven men, fathers, husbands, brothers and lovers, for one baby - or for her female self-conceit."

"She will that," said Aaron.

"And can you find two men to stick together, without betraying one another? You can't. One is sure to go fawning round some female, then they both enjoy giving each other away, and doing a new grovel before a woman again."

"Ay," said Aaron.

After which Lilly was silent.(106-07)

This is as direct and personal as Lilly ever shows himself, in speech; but in act, previous to this speech, he has been much less reticent. Aaron, in his sickness, in harmony with the assumption that he is controlled by the "lumbar ganglion," has a stoppage of the bowels. Hence the following:

Suddenly Lilly rose and went to the dressing-table.

"I'm going to rub you with oil," he said. "I'm going to rub you as mothers do their babies whose bowels don't work."

Aaron frowned slightly as he glanced at the dark, self-possessed face of the little man.

"What's the good of that?" he said irritably. "I'd rather be left alone."

"Then you won't be."

Quickly he uncovered the blond lower body of his patient, and began to rub the abdomen with oil, using a slow, rhythmic, circulating motion, a sort of massage. For a long time he rubbed finely and steadily, then went over the whole of the lower body, mindless, as if in a sort of incantation. He rubbed every speck of the man's lower body - the abdomen, the buttocks, the thighs and knees, down to the feet, rubbed it all warm and glowing with camphorated oil, every bit of it, chafing the toes swiftly, till he was almost exhausted. Then Aaron was covered up again, and Lilly sat down in fatigue to look at his patient.(101-02)

Aaron goes to sleep, much better, and Lilly sits and reflects on the folly of assuming the Jesus-role toward any man, since that eventuates in the other taking the Judas-role. Nevertheless he is at that moment assuming the Jesus-role toward Aaron. But now we have a better idea of what the Jesus-role, in Lilly's case, means. It means a close, even homosexual, relation between himself and another man, in which the other is the submissive partner. By that it is not meant that the other man is to wait for Lilly's solicitations. Not at all. The other man is to make the advances, in accordance with the dictum of Lilly's in regard to the relations of man and woman. From that position which has hitherto belonged to the woman - the beloved - Lilly intends to rule his devotee. Since, therefore, Aaron takes the liberty to disagree with Lilly on a certain point - i.e., Lilly's assertion that the World War was merely a bad dream -, Lilly tells him coldly, as he has told Jim Bricknell before, to leave his presence at the earliest possible moment. As

for Aaron:

..he knew perfectly well that Lilly had made a certain call upon his, Aaron's, soul: a call which he, Aaron, did not intend to obey. Rather he curled his fine nose, worldly-wise. People who make calls on other people's souls are bound to find the door shut. If in return the soul-caller chooses to shut his worldly house-door in the face of the world-caller, well, it is nearly quite even. Aaron accepted the quid pro quo. He was not sure whether he felt superior to his unworldly enemy or not. He rather felt he did.(128)

But this is not the end of Aaron's relations with Lilly. After drifting around a while longer, Aaron sets out for Italy with his flute, really in search of Lilly. On the way there, and in Florence where Lilly is, he has three experiences (among others) which change him sufficiently to make him fit to be a disciple of Lilly's. (1) He is entertained en route by a wealthy Englishman, Sir William Franks, against whose wealth and whose principles he conceives a violent dislike. While he is under Sir William's roof, in a moment of homesickness, he realizes his genuine isolation from his deserted wife, and that it is best to be so isolated.

He realised that he had never intended to yield himself fully to her or to anything: that he did not intend ever to yield himself up entirely to her or to anything: that his very being pivoted on the fact of his isolate self-responsibility, aloneness. His intrinsic and central aloneness was the very centre of his being. Break it, and he broke his being. Break this central aloneness, and he broke everything. It was the great temptation, to yield himself: and it was the final sacrilege. Anyhow, it was something which, from his profoundest soul, he did not intend to do. By the innermost isolation and singleness of his own soul he would abide though the skies fell on top of one another, and seven heavens collapsed.

Vaguely he realised this. And vaguely he realised

that this had been the root cause of his strife with Lottie: Lottie, the only person who had mattered at all to him in all the world: save perhaps his mother.
(173)

(2) Later, in Florence, he is robbed as he passes through the crowded streets at night. He considers this a penalty exacted of him for losing hold on his "central aloneness" for a while, in consequence of allowing a woman, the Marchesa del Torre, to arouse the old love-glow in him. His reaction is the following self-counsel:

Never expose yourself again. Never again absolute trust. It is a blasphemy against life, is absolute trust...Sleeping or waking, man or woman, God or the devil, keep your guard over yourself, lest worse befall you. No man is robbed unless he incites a robber. No man is murdered unless he attracts a murderer. Then be not robbed: it lies within your power. And be not murdered. Or if you are, you deserve it. Keep your guard over yourself, now, always, and forever.(245)

(3) The last of the three experiences here singled out appears to be one of the results of his yielding, in spite of all former resolutions, to the desire to have a love-connection with the Marchesa del Torre. To the success of this venture his flute, which is especially here given a phallic significance, contributes a very great deal. The Marchesa accepts him as a lover. It is the magic of his flute which wins her over. Then, being accepted, Aaron turns on the woman and rejects her. Shortly after that, in a café where Lilly is defending himself and his doctrines against a Jewish socialist, the bitter conversation is ended by a mysterious explosion, and in the explosion Aaron's flute is

broken to pieces.

He looked at it, and his heart stood still. No need to look for the rest.

He felt utterly, utterly overcome - as if he didn't care what became of him any further. He didn't care whether he were hit by a bomb, or whether he himself threw the next bomb, and hit somebody. He just didn't care any more about anything in life or death. It was as if the reins of his life slipped from his hands, and he would let everything run where it would, so long as it did run.

Then he became aware of Lilly's eyes on him - and automatically he joined the little man.(296)

The destruction of Aaron's flute - "Aaron's rod" - is a highly significant event, though the significance must remain obscure unless we are justified ~~in~~ in regarding the flute as a phallic symbol, as it undoubtedly is in Aaron's adventure with the Marchesa.

It is after these events that Aaron decides there is "a thread of destiny attaching him to Lilly"(301), and finds himself willing to yield himself to Lilly, "yielding to the peculiar mastery of one man's nature rather than to the quicksands of woman or the stinking bog of society"(302). The last scene leaves the fulfillment of the decision not quite achieved, but imminent. (Lilly begins:)

"All men say, they want a leader. Then let them in their souls submit to some greater soul than theirs. At present, when they say they want a leader, they mean they want an instrument, like Lloyd George. A mere instrument for their use. But it's more than that. It's the reverse. It's the deep, fathomless submission to the heroic soul in a greater man. You, Aaron, you too have the need to submit. You, too, have the need livingly to yield to a more heroic soul, to give yourself. You know you have. And you know it isn't love. It is life-submission. And you know

it. But you kick against the pricks. And perhaps you'd rather die than yield. And so, die you must. It is your affair."

There was a long pause. Then Aaron looked up into Lilly's face. It was dark and remote-seeming. It was like a Byzantine eikon at the moment.

"And whom shall I submit to?" he said.

"Your soul will tell you," replied the other.(312)

The comment remains to be made that the destruction of Aaron's "rod", if it is a phallic symbol, particularly well fits Aaron for the role Lilly wants him to assume - the role of the submitter, the woman.

Granted, however, that the relation which is sought between Lilly and Aaron is a homosexual one, the question arises as to what the meaning of this is. Now, both Aaron and Lilly are a-characters, and hard to differentiate in essence. A clue is perhaps found in Aaron's blondness and Lilly's brunetness. Of Aaron it is said: "He looked so English - yet he might be - he might perhaps be Danish, Scandinavian, or Dutch"(201) Lilly, on the other hand, is "a little, dark, thin, quick fellow"(78), with a "dark, ugly face, which had something that lurked in it as a creature under leaves"(301) - a description which recalls Will Brangwen of The Rainbow. Another clue is found in the following paragraph:

The two men had an almost uncanny understanding of one another - like brothers. They came from the same district, from the same class. Each might have been born into the other's circumstances. Like brothers, there was a profound hostility between them. But hostility is not antipathy.(112)

The district referred to is the Midlands of England, and

the class the working-class - that is, the class of colliers. What these bits of information suggest is just that Aaron is the successor to William of Sons and Lovers and Gerald of Women in Love, and that the relations between Lilly and Aaron is a new attempt to replace the hostility existent between Paul and William and between Birkin and Gerald with an amity amounting to identification. But a condition of this identification is that the "darkness" of Lilly shall remain undiluted, and dominant. The "darkness" of Lilly, however, though plainly derived historically from the b-characters of previous novels, who are primarily sexual animals, is explained as having something other than sexual meaning, apparently some connection with the "lumber"ganglion" which "promotes the excremental function of digestion." If either Lilly or Aaron in the present novel can be described as a sexual animal, it is surely Aaron. But Aaron's sex is spoiled by his excessive need for love, typically mother-love. It is from this that submission to the "devilish little Lilly"(302) is to save him. The "dark, living, fructifying power"(310) which Lilly stands for is evidently non-phallic, though not anti-sexual.

Kangaroo

Kangaroo is a continuation of Aaron's Rod in the sense that the principal character, Richard Lovat Somers, is the

very similar successor to Rawdon Lilly, and that the theme of establishing an important relation between men is still uppermost. For Somers no less than for Lilly only one sort of relationship with men seems acceptable, i.e., "the mystic recognition of difference and innate priority, the joy of obedience and the sacred responsibility of authority"(115), with himself the authority. However, in his past as in Lilly's there is the desire for "blood-brotherhood," the equal homosexual relation which Birkin in Women in Love tries to obtain with Gerald. Again in Australia, as before in Europe, Somers is offered exactly that kind of friendship, the friendship of "an absolute friend a blood-brother" (114). But Somers is scared by this offer, and rejects it. The man who makes it is Jack Callcott, an Australian Working-man, Somers' first acquaintance in the new country. A couple of quotations will reveal the nature of Jack's tender of friendship.

"..Well, well, and your father was a working-man! And you now being as you are! Wonderful what we may be, isn't it?"

"It is indeed," said Somers, who was infinitely more amazed at the present Jack, than ever Jack could be at him.

"Well, well, that brings us a great deal nearer than ever, that does," said Callcott, looking at Somers with glowing, smiling eyes with something desirous, and something perhaps fanatical in them. Somers could not understand. As for the being brought nearer to Callcott, that was apparently entirely a matter of Jack's own feeling. Yet he trembled at the other man's strange fervour. He vibrated helplessly in some sort of troubled response.

The vibration from the two men had by this time

quite penetrated into the other room and into the consciousness of the two women. Harriet [Somers' wife] came in all wondering and full of alert curiosity. She looked from the one to the other, saw the eyes of both men shining, saw the puzzled, slightly scared look on her husband's face, and the glowing handsomeness on Jack's ... (46-47)

In the next quotation Jack is telling Somers passionately that it is fate which has brought them together.

"..Tell me now, can I trust you?"

Somers watched him. Was it any good making reservations and qualifications? The man was in earnest. And according to the standards of commonplace honour, the so-called honour of man to man, Somers felt that he would trust Callcott, and that Callcott might trust him. So he said simply:

"Yes."

A light leaped into Jack's eyes.

"That means you trust me, of course?" he said.

"Yes," replied Somers.

"Done!" said Jack, rising to his feet and upsetting the chessmen. Somers also pushed his chair, and rose to his feet, thinking they were going across to the next house. But Jack came to him and flung an arm round his shoulder and pressed him close, trembling slightly, and saying nothing. Then he let go, and caught Somers by the hand.

"This is fate," he said, "and we'll follow it up." He seemed to cling to the other man's hand. And on his face was a strange light of purpose and of passion, a look at once exalted and dangerous.¹

.....

They still sat for some time by the fire, silent; Jack was pondering. Then he looked up at Somers.

"You and me," he said in a quiet voice, "in a way

¹ Cf. *Fantasia*, p. 133: "...say to yourself: 'My soul is my own. My soul is with myself, and beyond implication.' And wait, quietly, in possession of your own soul, till you meet another man who has made the choice, and kept it. Then you will know him by the look on his face: half a dangerous look, a look of Cain, and half a look of gathered beauty. Then you two will make the nucleus of a new society."

we we're not. In a way - it's different."

With which cryptic remark he left it.(58)

Against the intimacy Jack offers Somers has a quick revulsion, heartily supported by his wife, Harriet. She says, disgustedly:

Wives are supposed to have to take their husbands back a little damaged and repentant from their love affairs with other women. And I'm hanged if it wouldn't be more fun than this business of seeing you come back once more fooled from your attempts with men - the world of men, as you call it.(71)

Now, Jack in this novel is somewhat the same thing that Jim Bricknell is in Aaron's Rod. Both are big shambling men, with a tendency to appear drunk even when they are not (AR 86, K 327); both have the peculiar expression at times of a leering satyr (AR 30, K 47); both stand for Love, with a capital letter (AR 82, K 379); and both, goaded and disappointed by their respective homosexual love-choices, either manhandle (AR 87) or threaten to manhandle them (K 327). That being so, it is interesting to find other traces of the structure of Aaron's Rod in the figure of Jaz Trewhella, a Cornish immigrant, who holds himself aloof and criticizes Somers in a way that is reminiscent of Aaron's earlier attitude to Lilly, the corresponding ab-character of that novel. Both these men, of course, are unsatisfactory subjects to Somers' mystic lordship, since neither of them submits to him. Jack offers an equal homosexual relation, in which Somers is afraid of being lost; and Jaz stands aside, essentially unimpressed, saying, "Why,

Mr. Somers! seems to me you just go round the world looking for things you're not going to give in to. You're as bad as we folk."(390)

But this novel is notable for the presence of one figure Aaron's Rod lacked. He is a peculiar embodiment of the love-principle. To this character, Ben Cooley (nicknamed Kangaroo), Richard Lovat Somers is himself tempted to submit. Instead of submitting to him, however, Somers destroys him. Somers' relations with Kangaroo are the main subject of the book.

Kangaroo, as has been said, is an embodiment of the love-principle, the principle of all-receptive, all-embracing love. This is stated both directly and symbolically. The main symbolic feature of Kangaroo is his stomach. Like the animal after which he is named, he has a big firm stomach, which is the center of his power.

His presence was so warm. You felt you were cuddled cosily, like a child, on his breast, in the soft glow of his heart, and that your feet were nestling on his ample, beautiful "tummy".(128)

When Kangaroo is trying to overcome Somers' resistance to him, it is from his stomach that the main attraction comes.

A sort of magnetic effusion seemed to come out of Kangaroo's body, and Richard's hand was almost drawn in spite of himself to touch the other man's body. He had deliberately to refrain from laying his hand on the near, generous stomach of Kangaroo, because automatically his hand would have lifted and sought that rest.(149)

The choice of this symbolism depends probably on the fact

that the stomach is the place where the kangaroo's maternal pouch is located; and thus Kangaroo's appeal to Somers is exactly that of the mother to her child. Kangaroo is Jewish, and Jehovah-like (119), and the love which he proclaims loudly and passionately (cf. 146) is spiritual love. When Somers and Kangaroo have become acquainted, therefore, a contest develops around the issue whether Kangaroo's spiritual love or Somers' "dark gods" shall survive; for Somers represents the "dark gods." Somers states the opposition between them thus:

"No," he said, in a slow, remote voice. "I know your love, Kangaroo. Working everything from the spirit, from the head. You work the lower self as an instrument of the spirit. Now it is time for the spirit to leave us again; it is time for the Son of Man to depart, and leave us dark, in front of the unspoken God: who is just beyond the dark threshold of the lower self, whom I fear while he is my glory. And the spirit goes out like a spent candle."(147-48)

As always, what is meant by "darkness" is more than a little obscure; but Somers equates it, in part, with the phallus: the "dark god," he says, stands "on the threshold of the phallic me."(147) The peculiar nature of the "phallic me" is demonstrated shortly after this pronouncement when Victoria, Jack's wife and a very charming woman, offers herself to Somers, "a comely desirous virgin offering herself to the wayfarer, in the name of the god of bright desire."(156) Somers is tempted, but puts temptation behind him. He reflects:

Why not know them all, all the great moments of the gods, from the major moment with Hera to the swift short moments of Io or Leda or Ganymede? Should not a man know the whole range? And especially the bright, swift, weapon-like Bacchic occasion, should not any man seize it when it offered?

But his heart of hearts was stubbornly puritanical. And his innermost soul was dark and sullen, black with a sort of scorn. These moments bred in the head and born in the eyes: he had enough of them. These flashes of desire for a visual object would no longer carry him into action. He had no use for them. There was a downslope into Orcus, and a vast, phallic, sacred darkness, where one was enveloped into the greater god as in an Egyptian darkness. He would meet there or nowhere.(157)

The black scorn which prevents Somers from accepting Victoria, and which is clearly related to his conflict with Kangaroo, to whose male, "impersonal" love he refuses to yield as well, increases as time goes on, aggravated by his wife's opposition to his claims of lordship and his insistence on male activity with Jack and Kangaroo.

Jack and Kangaroo are associated in a political organization which plans a revolution in Australia, without any visible aim beyond that. And Somers wishes to join in with this movement, principally in order to have some satisfactory relationship with men. To do this he thinks it necessary to isolate himself from his wife, and furthermore to demand that she not question or dispute with him. But Harriet knows her husband, and will have none of this foolishness.

He had nothing but her, absolutely. And that was why, presumably, he wanted to establish this ascendancy over her, assume this arrogance. And so that he could refute her, deny her, and imagine himself a unique male. He wanted to be male and unique, like

a freak of a phoenix. And then go prancing off into connections with men like Jack Callcott and Kangaroo, and saving the world. She could not stand these world-saviours. And she, she must be safely there, as a nest for him, when he came home with his feathers picked. That was it. So that he could imagine himself absolutely and arrogantly it, he would turn her into a nest, and sit on her and overlook her, like the one and only phoenix in the desert of the world, gurgling hymns of salvation.(195-96)

Thus, Somers feels himself thwarted on every hand: his wife will not submit to him, and he will not submit to Kangaroo. As a result, he finds himself "in a seethe of steady fury, general rage"(180). He is enceinte with "a bellyful of black devilishness"; he feels "like a woman who is with child by a corrosive fiend"(181). He reflects:

If Harriet let me alone, and people like Jaz really believed in me! Because they have a right to believe in me when I am at my best. Or perhaps he believes in me when I am my worst, and Kangaroo likes me when I am good. Yet I don't really like Kangaroo. the devil in me fairly hates him. Him and everybody. Well, all right then, if I am finally a sort of human bomb, black inside, and primed; I hope the hour and the place will come for my going off: for my exploding with the maximum amount of havoc. Some men have to be bombs, to explode and make breaches in the walls that shut life in. Blind, havoc-working bombs too. Then so be it.(183)

At the next meeting with Kangaroo, who this time calls Somers a "perverse child"(231), Somers resists him wickedly. Kangaroo catches Somers to his body, clasping him hard, and pleads: "Don't thwart me. Don't - or I shall have to break all connection with you, and I love you so. I love you so. Don't be perverse, and put yourself against me." (233) And Somers does just that. "Don't love me," he cries.

"Don't want me to love you." (235) He finds himself hating Kangaroo intensely, and wanting to kill him. He mocks at him: "But you're such a Kangaroo, wanting to carry mankind in your belly-pouch, cosy, with its head and long ears peeping out." (235) Finally, he flees from him, hating him, and fearing him. And this fear which he feels toward Kangaroo spreads out, as he goes into the dark streets of Sydney, and becomes a general fear, awaking in him the memory of all the fear he has experienced in his life, especially the fear he experienced during the World War when he was living in Cornwall, and elsewhere, in England.

The long chapter in which Somers' fear-arousing experiences during the War are described - "The Nightmare" - is a remarkable document. It cannot be adequately summarized here, but it is certainly no distortion to say that it represents Somers as under the sway of a persecution-complex motivated by his fear of homosexual aggression. The climax of the wrongs which he feels are done him by the military authorities comes on the last appearance he makes before them for medical examination. On this occasion he feels that everybody in the examination-room is talking about him, jeering at him, persecuting him. The particular and almost unbearable offense he suffers at their hands is that they touch his privates, and examine his anus. A young doctor performs the examination:

He put his hand between Somers' legs, and pressed it upwards, under the genitals. Somers felt his eyes going black.

"Cough," said the puppy. He coughed.

"Again," said the puppy. He made a noise in his throat, then turned aside in disgust.

"Turn round," said the puppy. "Face the other way."

Somers turned and faced the shameful monkey-faces at the long table. So, he had his back to the tall window: and the puppy stood plumb behind him.

"Put your feet apart."

He put his feet apart.

"Bend forward - further - further -"

Somers bent forward, lower, and realised that the puppy was standing aloof behind him to look into his anus. And that this was the source of the wonderful jesting that went on all the time.(285)

Somers' revenge on them is a terrible, though silent, curse.

Oh, foul dogs. But they were very close on him now, very close. They were grinning very close behind him, like hyaenas just going to bite. Yes, they were running him to earth. They had exposed all his nakedness to gibes. And they were pining, almost whimpering to give the last grab at him, and haul him to earth, a victim. Finished!

But not yet! Oh, no, not yet. Not yet, not now, nor ever. Not while life was life, should they lay hold of him. Never again. Never would he be touched again. And because they had handled his private parts, and looked into them, their eyes should burst and their hands should wither and their hearts should rot. So he cursed them in his blood, with an unrelenting curse, as he waited.(287)

With "The Nightmare" as background, we can understand Somers' resistance and wrath against Kangaroo, and against Jack, as a continuation of the resistance against homosexual aggression which the experiences described in that chapter have brought to the fore; for Kangaroo and Jack press too close upon Somers, both physically and emotionally.

After the clash with Kangaroo, Somers has to deal with

Jack, because Jack resents his backing out of the game he has begun with them. He calls Somers a spy, and Somers realizes that Jack would like to thrash him.

Jack looked at him slowly, with slow, inchoate eyes, and a look of contempt on his face. The contempt on Jack's face, the contempt of the confident he-man for the shifty she-man, made Richard flush with anger, and drove him back on his deeper self once more. (326)

The thought that Jack would like to thrash him is "horrible to Richard Lovat, who could never bear to be touched, physically." (327) Against this threat, and the contempt which Jack openly expresses for his shiftiness, Somers reacts in the characteristic way: he curses him, in silence.

He was too indignant to think of him any more. He only retreated into his own soul, and turned aside, invoking his own soul: "Oh, dark God, smite him over the mouth for insulting me. Be with me, gods of the other world, and strike down these liars." (328)

Somers' reaction against the love of Kangaroo and Jack does not stop here. Shortly afterwards, at a political rally a bomb explodes and a scene of bloody violence takes place. Somers himself is present on this occasion and but for the restraining hand of the cool Jaz would have contributed his share to the mêlée. "Somers tried to spring forward. In the blind moment he wanted to kill - to kill the soldiers." (353) The mysterious bomb wounds Jack (358), and some equally mysterious bullets find their way to Kangaroo's "marsupial pouch" (361). Kangaroo does not recover from his symbolic injury. Both Jack's wound - a nick

in the chin -, and Kangaroo's fatal injury and death are logically Somers' responsibility, although he apparently does not engage in the fight at the rally at all. Somers' part in the fray is a magical one.

It will be remembered that some time before this event Somers feels himself enceinte with "a bellyful of black devilishness," and like a "human bomb." It is of some interest, then, that the moment the bomb-explosion at the rally occurs, Somers becomes faint and is led away by Jaz to a place where he can rest - thus:

So he lay down, and at length fell into a sort of semi-consciousness, still pressing his fists into his abdomen, and feeling as he imagined a woman might feel after her first child, as if something had been ripped out of him.(355)

The logic of these facts is that the bomb-explosion certainly, and the general tumult perhaps, should be assigned to Somers, as a piece of magic. It is therefore he who injures Jack, according to the very words of his curse.

Somers is also responsible for the death of Kangaroo; Kangaroo, in fact, specifically accuses him.(377-78) Somers tells himself that it is not so (377), but it is clear that Kangaroo is right. The open charge that he can bring against Somers is that Somers refuses to obey his implorations to love him; and it is Somers' refusal to love him, as much as the bullet wound, which kills him. But, in a prophetic story which Jack tells Somers after the first meeting with

Kangaroo, there is evidence for regarding even the wounds in Kangaroo's stomach as magically determined by Somers. The story is about a tiger which, somehow getting loose in Australia, ripped the entrails out of a kangaroo. (125-26) What makes the story significant, and prophetic, is that just before it is told Kangaroo addresses Somers as a tiger - "Tiger, tiger, burning bright In the forests of the night." (123)

It will be observed that the conclusion of this novel is very similar to the conclusion of Aaron's Rod. In each case there is a mysterious bomb-explosion, caused by an "anarchist" or "criminal," which puts a stop to processes running counter to the wishes of the ab-character. In Kangaroo it is easy to assign the explosion directly to the ab-character himself. But there is one important difference in the ending of the novels. Whereas in Aaron's Rod we are left with the impression that a significant union is about to be formed between Lilly and Aaron, in Kangaroo the ab-character corresponding to Lilly leaves Australia quite as alone, as regards male companionship, as when he came. His mission there has been, apparently, to destroy the last remnants of subjection or connection to the love-principle, the principle that, as embodied in Kangaroo, has evident associations with the old child-mother relation. But in effecting that destruction the ab-character cuts himself off from the homosexual relation which, in Aaron's

Rod, was to have been the means of achieving the former purpose. How are we to understand this? The answer seems to be simple. It is that Somers finds in his relations with men, just as in his relations with women - particularly his wife and his mother, who are more or less fused into one¹ -, that he is compelled to assume the passive role; and this is an insult to the "dark" powers he intends to represent, the powers by virtue of which he should be master and aggressor. He therefore repudiates both relationships. The outcome of this double repudiation logically should be the most complete isolation of the a-character (or ab-character) yet attained. At the same time it should clear the ground for a fuller acceptance of the "dark god," who at this stage seems to combine quite a great deal of non-phallic (apparently anal) power with the phallic.

The Plumed Serpent

After the destruction of the c-character Gerald in Women in Love, there follows a novel in which there is no a-character to succeed Birkin of the former novel, but

1 Somers' dream, pp. 103-04. "Two women in his life he had loved down to the quick of life and death: his mother and Harriet. And the woman in the dream was so awfully his mother, risen from the dead, and at the same time Harriet..." Cf. Aeron (AR 173): "Lottie, the only person who had mattered at all to him in all the world: save perhaps his mother."

instead an extreme b-character, Ciccio. We have the same phenomenon in The Plumed Serpent, following on the destruction of the character Kangaroo, who, though not a typical c-character, has much the same orientation in the world.

The Plumed Serpent, a story laid in Mexico, has as its chief subjective character a woman, clearly in the line of Harriet of Kangaroo and Tanny of Aaron's Rod, whose husband, James Joachim Leslie, is dead. The story tells how the woman, Kate Leslie, after a brief struggle to escape from the cultural influences incorporated in American men and the sophisticated society of Mexico City (recalling Alvina's struggles in Woodhouse), and a longer struggle against her own European heritage of an independent modern woman, yields herself up to a demoniacal little Mexican Indian general, Cipriano, who is fully as extreme a b-character as Ciccio of The Lost Girl.

A new note is introduced into an old story, however, by the presence in this novel of a great religious leader, Don Ramon Carrasco, a Mexican of Spanish descent. He and Cipriano are the closest of friends; and their friendship has the distinguishing quality, a quality desired previously by Lily and Somers, that one of the men, Cipriano, is the disciple and subject of the other. As a matter of fact, they are both practically gods, reincarnations or earth-representatives of old Mexican gods; but Cipriano is the lesser god.

Without going into the circumstances which lead Kate to take up residence in Sayula, a lake-city of Mexico and the headquarters of the religious revival headed by Don Ramon, we shall examine at once the qualities of the two god-men, their activities, and Kate's relations with them.

First, as to the personal qualities of the two men. Don Cipriano Viedma is described thus:

Kate remembered the little general; he was a good deal smaller than herself. She remembered his erect, alert little figure, something birdlike, and the face with eyes slanting under arched eyebrows, and the little black tuft of an imperial on the chin: a face with a peculiar Chinese suggestion, without being Chinese in the least, really. An odd, detached, yet cocky little man, a true little Indian, speaking Oxford English in a rapid, low, musical voice, with extraordinarily gentle intonation. Yet those black, inhuman eyes! (31)

Don Ramon Carrasco is described thus:

Don Ramon Carrasco was a tall, big, handsome man who gave the effect of bigness. He was middle aged, with a large black moustache and large, rather haughty eyes under straight brows. (40)

It is said further of him that he is European in essence (43), in contrast to Cipriano, who is pure Indian. One more quotation will give the characteristics of both men further, and suggest the quality of the relationship between them.

Cipriano, with his rather short but intensely black, curved eye-lashes lowering over his dark eyes, watched his plate, only sometimes looking up with a black, brilliant glance, either at whomsoever was speaking, or at Don Ramon, or at Kate. His face was changeless and intensely serious, serious almost with a touch of childishness. But the curious blackness of his eye-lashes lifted so strangely, with such intense unconscious maleness from his eyes, the movement of his hand was so odd, quick, light as he ate, so easily

a movement of shooting, or of flashing a knife into the body of some adversary, and his dark-coloured lips were so helplessly savage, as he ate or briefly spoke, that her heart stood still. There was something undeveloped and intense about him, the intensity and crudity of the semi-savage. She could well understand the potency of the snake upon the Aztec and Maya imagination. Something smooth, and undeveloped, yet vital in this man suggested the heavy-ebbing blood of reptiles in his veins. That was what it was, the heavy-ebbing blood of powerful reptiles, the dragon of Mexico.

So that unconsciously she shrank when his black, big, glittering eyes turned on her for a moment. They were not, like Don Ramon's, dark eyes. They were black, as black as jewels into which one could not look without a sensation of fear. And her fascination was tinged with fear. She felt somewhat as the bird feels when the snake is watching it.

She wondered almost that Don Ramon was not afraid. Because she had noticed that usually, when an Indian looked to a white man, both men stood back from actual contact, from actual meeting of each other's eyes. They left a wide space of neutral territory between them. But Cipriano looked at Ramon with a curious intimacy, glittering, steady, warrior-like, and at the same time betraying an almost menacing trust in the other man.

Kate realised that Ramon had a good deal to stand up to. But he kept a little, foiling laugh on his face, and lowered his beautiful head with the black hair touched with grey, as if he would put a veil before his countenance. (71-72)

As has been said, Cipriano is a subordinate god to Ramon.

In the religious movement initiated by Ramon, a movement whose object is to replace the Christian divinities (particularly Jesus¹ and the Virgin Mary) with old Mexican

¹ Somers prophesies in Kangeroo: "now it is time for the spirit to leave us again; it is time for the Son of Man to depart.." (K 147)

gods, Ramon is the living Quetzalcoatl, while Cipriano is the living Huitzilopochtli. Quetzalcoatl is the greatest of the gods, "lord of both ways, star between day and dark," who comes back from his long absence to remove Jesus and take his place.(244) Huitzilopochtli is the blood-red god, the god of the knife and destruction to the enemies of Quetzalcoatl (Ramon). The manner in which the divine ordination of Cipriano is made by Ramon distinctly recalls the scenes of male intimacy in earlier novels; as the result of close and prolonged bodily contact, Ramon active, Cipriano passive, both men pass into unconsciousness.(392-95)

The ordination has a significance beyond the experience per se. It is, in effect, the union of Ramon with a man of blood, a soldier and killer, who is fit to defend him from future attacks and avenge him for past ones. For, after Ramon has Jesus and the other Christian divinities removed from the Sayula church ("Auto da Fe"), he is set upon in his home ~~here~~ by bandits and all but killed ("The Attack on Jamiltepec"). But for the interposition of Kate, who happens to be present with him at the time of the attack, he indubitably would have been killed. The ordination of Cipriano as the god Huitzilopochtli authorizes him to slay the surviving assassins and their accomplices - which he does with a will. He metes out a particularly ugly death to one of the bandits, a man named Guillermo, Ramon's second over-

seer (336), who is damned with the odious name of traitor (404). A further significance of the ordination is that it extends and supplements Cipriano's marriage to Kate, which is effected shortly after Ramon's recovery from his wounds and under his auspices. In this respect, then, the ambitions of Birkin and Lily and Somers are fulfilled to the letter.

Here it is in place to suggest that the union and subordination of Cipriano to Ramon should be regarded as the equivalent of a reconsideration of the proposition of the preceding novel, namely, that Somers should be united and subordinated to Kangaroo. In spite of the fact that Ramon is a dark-skinned and certainly not anti-sexual character, he is essentially kind (334) as Kangaroo was kind (K 119), and he is definitely on the side of "soul" (338) as Kangaroo was (K 120-22), both standing for the subtlety and authority of the spirit. Cipriano, on the other hand, corresponds with Somers in standing for the "dark god" of anal cruelty and phallic power. (K 149, 318; PS 331-33) Why the union should succeed in The Plumed Serpent and not in Kangaroo is too difficult a question to answer; but there may be a hint of an answer in the fact that there is none of the a-character in Cipriano, who is scarcely more at all than a phallus - "the ancient god-devil of the male Pan" (332).

Cipriano owes allegiance to no one but Ramon, certainly not to Kate. Such respect as he shows Kate is derived from the fact that Kate has been instrumental in saving Ramon's

life.(331) But Kate is compelled in spite of herself to accept Cipriano, and submit to him absolutely, as her sexual mate and master.

As he sat in silence, casting the old, twilit Pan-power over her, she felt herself submitting, succumbing. He was once more the old dominant male, shadowy, intangible, looming suddenly tall, and covering the sky, making a darkness that was himself and nothing but himself, the Pan male. And she was swooned prone beneath, perfect in her proneness.

It was the ancient phallic mystery, the ancient god-devil of the male Pan. Cipriano unyielding forever, in the ancient twilight around him. She understood now his power with his soldiers. He had the old gift of demon-power.

He would never woo; she saw this. When the power of his blood rose in him, the dark aura streamed from him like a cloud pregnant with power, like thunder, and rose like a whirlwind that rises suddenly in the twilight and raises a great pliant column, swaying and leaning with power, clear between heaven and earth.

Ah! and what a mystery of prone submission, on her part, this huge erection would imply! Submission absolute, like the earth under the sky. Beneath an over-arching absolute.

Ah! what a marriage! How terrible! and how complete! With the finality of death, and yet more than death

.....
Her world could end in many ways, and this was one of them. Back to the twilight of the ancient Pan world, where the soul of woman was dumb, to be forever unspoken.

The car had stopped, they had come to Janiltepec. He looked at her again, as reluctantly he opened the door. And as he stepped out, she realised again his uniform, his small figure in uniform. She had lost it entirely. She had only known his face, the face of the supreme god-demon; with the arching brows and the slightly slanting eyes, and the loose, light tuft of goat-beard. The Master. The ever-lasting Pan.(332-33)¹

¹ Birkin's appearance and effect on Ursula on their ride together (WL "Excuse", and see p. 115 above) should be compared with this.

Not since Annable of The White Pheasant has there been such a Pen-figure as this. And Cipriano is far stronger than Annable. Where Annable was persecuted, Cipriano is the general of an army of soldiers and a relentless dealer of death himself; where Annable was a demon, Cipriano is an invincible demon. The Lady Christabel defeated Annable in refusing to have sexual connection with him; and subsequent heroines have thwarted their lovers in various ways (for example, the ordeal under the moon through which Ursula destroys Skrebensky); but Cipriano knows no thwarting. Indeed, he teaches Kate a new mode of loving entirely.

She realised, almost with wonder, the death in her of the Aphrodite of the foam: the seething, frictional, ecstatic Aphrodite. By a swift dark instinct, Cipriano drew away from this in her. When, in their love, it came back on her, the seething electric female ecstasy, which knows such spasms of delirium, he recoiled from her. It was that which she used to call her "satisfaction." She had loved Joachim for this, that again, and again, and again he could give her this orgiastic "satisfaction," in spasms that made her cry aloud.

.....
And succeeding the first moment of disappointment, when this sort of "satisfaction" was denied her, came the knowledge that she did not really want it, that it was really nauseous to her.

And he, in his dark, hot silence would bring her back to the new, soft, heavy, hot flow, when she was like a fountain gushing noiseless and with urgent softness from the volcanic deeps. Then she was open to him soft and hot, yet gushing with a noiseless, soft power. And there was no such thing as conscious "satisfaction." What happened was dark and untellable. So different from the beak-like friction of Aphrodite of the foam, that friction which flares out in circles of phosphorescent ecstasy, to the last wild spasm which utters the involuntary cry, like a death-cry, the final love-cry. (451-52)

Between these two lovers there is no possibility of intimacy; they are perfect strangers to one another. (452-53) Neither is there any dependence on the part of Cipriano upon Kate; he does not cry like Cicco, "Do not leave me!" He is absolutely sure of her, exerting his magical power inevitably upon her. One cannot escape the feeling, to which Kate herself confesses (291), that she is a victim to him, a sacrifice on the altar of his pure lust.

Here we must pause to emphasize the importance for Lawrence at this time of the notion of woman as a sacrifice. It was while he was working on The Plumed Serpent that he wrote the short story "The Woman Who Rode Away." Basically, these two stories are very much alike: both represent a white woman of forty deliberately forsaking the white world to which she belongs and giving herself up to the "dark" world of the Indians. But in "The Woman Who Rode Away," in place of an overpowering sexual consummation, there occurs an actual sacrifice. The heroine, after a long period of religious purification imposed upon her by her captors, is sacrificed in the most awe-inspiring manner by the aged religious tribal father. In a cave in the side of a mountain facing the sunset, behind a long fang of ice hanging in the mouth of the cave, while all the people of the tribe look on, she is stretched out naked on an altar. The following quotation is from the conclusion of the story:

From the fire came the old, old priest, with an incense-pan. He was naked and in a state of barbaric ecstasy. He fumigated his victim, reciting at the same time in a hollow voice. Behind him came another robeless priest, with two flint knives.

When she was fumigated, they laid her on a large flat stone, the four powerful men holding her by the outstretched arms and legs. Behind her stood the aged man, like a skeleton covered with dark glass, holding a knife and transfixedly watching the sun; and behind him again was another naked priest, with a knife.

.....
 When the red sun was about to sink, he would shine full through the shaft of ice deep into the hollow of the cave, to the innermost.

.....
 They were anxious, terribly anxious, and fierce. Their ferocity wanted something, and they were waiting the moment. And their ferocity was ready to leap out into a mystic exultance, of triumph. But still they were anxious.

Only the eyes of the oldest man were not anxious. Black, and fixed, and as if sightless, they watched the sun, seeing beyond the sun. And in their black, empty concentration there was power, power intensely abstract and remote, but deep, deep to the heart of the earth, and the heart of the sun. In absolute motionless he watched till the red sun would send his ray through the column of ice. Then the old man would strike, and strike home, accomplish the sacrifice and achieve the power.

The mastery that man must hold, and that passes from race to race.(101-02)¹

Another story in the collection to which the above belongs, a story called "None of That," has fundamentally the same plot, without the religious trappings. In this story, an American woman of the same general type as Kate and the

¹ Page reference to the collection of stories entitled The Woman Who Rode Away (Heinemann).

woman of the sacrifice, attracted by a great animal of a Mexican Indian bull-fighter, goes to his house of her own free will and is there turned over by him to a half-dozen of his gang, to be brutally raped; in consequence of which she takes poison and dies. No such violent expressions of the conception of woman as a sacrifice to man's sexual (or religious) passion have occurred previously in Lawrence's work; but in a milder form the conception is an old one, appearing very definitely in The Trespasser, for instance. There, more than once, Helena is pictured as wanting to sacrifice herself to Siegmund (T 41-42, 63), and in one interesting passage (143), after it has been made clear that in some degree Siegmund and God are interchangeable terms for her, she stands "breathless and blinded, involuntarily offering herself for a thank-offering," feeling herself "confronting God at home in His white incandescence, His fire settling on her like the Holy Spirit." The extreme violence of the era of The Flamed Serpent may possibly be due to the fact that the male a-character is excluded. At any rate, when the a-character does return, to be reunited to b-character elements, in Lady Chatterley's Lover and The Man Who Died, his behavior toward the heroine is far more gentle than Cipriano's, or of any lover thitherto.

Something now remains to be said about Ramon. Ramon is the great man of the novel, and more like Kate's deceased

husband than Cipriano is. But just this fact of his resemblance to her former husband, which would seem to designate him as Joachim's successor, is responsible for Ramon's failure to choose Kate for himself. She is critical of him as she was critical of Joachim, and for the same reason: she considers them both visionaries, engaged in a foolish spiritual enterprise. (Cf. 355) Moreover, Ramon is critical of her, seeing in her the woman who wants to ravish a man ("I am sure you ravished your Joachim till he died" - 293), and he does not want that - especially as he has had some experience of it himself, with his wife Carlota. He says of his relations with that wife:

We never met in our souls, she and I. At first I loved her, and she wanted me to ravish her. Then after a while a man becomes uneasy. He can't keep on wanting to ravish a woman, the same woman. He has revulsions. Then she loved me, and she wanted to ravish me. And I liked it for a time. But she had revulsions too. And the eldest boy is really my boy, when I ravished her. And the youngest is her boy, when she ravished me. See how miserable it is! And now we can never meet; she turns to her crucified Jesus, and I to my uncrucified and uncrucifiable Quetzalcoatl, who at least can't be ravished. (291-92)

Thus, when Carlota dies, as a result of championing her de-throned Jesus against the omnipotent Quetzalcoatl (365-67), Ramon chooses a gentle little virgin, Teresa, who worships and loves him absolutely, without question. Teresa tells Kate later that if Kate had treated Joachim as she - Teresa - treats Ramon (i.e., by giving him her life and her soul, and not opposing him in any way), Joachim would never have

died.(440-41) Kate is thus made to feel humble before this little woman who cares nothing about herself, but only about her man.

In the story of Ramon, Carlota and Teresa, there appear very definite traces of the situation in which Paul Morel of Sons and Lovers found himself when his love for his mother and for the girl Miriam came into conflict. Carlota, being a Latin, is not physically entirely like Mrs. Morel, perhaps, but she does at least convey a sense of Englishness; and the refinement she combines with strength of will gives a reader familiar with Sons and Lovers the haunting feeling that he has known this woman before.

Dona Carlota was a thin, gentle, wide-eyed woman, with a slightly startled expression, and soft brownish hair. She was pure European in extraction, of a Spanish father and French mother: very different from the usual stout, over-powdered, ox-like Mexican matron. Her face was pale, faded, and without any make-up at all. Her thin, eager figure had something English about it, but her strange, wide brown eyes were not English. She spoke only Spanish - or French. But her Spanish was so slow and distinct and slightly plaintive, that Kate understood her at once.

The two women understood one another quickly, but were a little nervous of one another. Dona Carlota was delicate and sensitive like a Chihuahua dog, and with the same slightly prominent eyes. Kate felt that she had rarely met a woman with such a doglike finesse of gentleness. And the two women talked. Ramon, large and muted, kept himself in reserve. It was as if the two women rushed together to unite against his silence and his powerful, different significance.

Kate knew at once that Dona Carlota loved him, but with a love that was now nearly all will. She had worshipped him, and she had had to leave off worshipping him. She had had to question him. And she would never now cease from questioning him. (165-66)

Carlota is typically the mother, holding her two sons devotedly to her and against their father (373-79), and even regarding him as a child (176). The impression of resemblance between Carlota and Mrs. Morel mounts as we compare the dying words of condemnation Carlota utters against her husband with those of Mrs. Morel, both living and dying. Carlota cries: "Ah! I never married Ramon. No! I never married him! How could I? He was not what I would have him be." (370) And Mrs. Morel says to her son: "And I've never - you know, Paul - I've never had a husband - not really -" (SL 262) When Carlota dies she curses her husband, and Cipriano, who is at her bedside, curses her:

"A murderer, lost among the damned!" murmured Carlota. "The father of my children! The husband of my body! Ah no! It is better for me to call on the

Holy Virgin, and die."

"Call then, and die!" said Cipriano.

"My children!" murmured Carlota.

"It is well you must leave them. With your beggar's bowl of charity you have stolen their oil and their wine as well. It is good for you to steal from them no more, you stale virgin, you spinster, you born widow, you weeping mother, you impeccable wife, you just woman. You stole the very sunshine out of the sky and the sap out of the earth. Because back again, what did you pour? Only the water of dead dilution into the mixing-bowl of life, you thief. Oh die! - die! - die! Die and be a thousand times dead! Do nothing but utterly die!" (371)

If it is true that Carlota has some connection with Mrs. Morel, it should not be surprising to find that the woman Ramon selects to take her place, after thoroughly acquiescing in her death (367), should have traces of Miriam of Sons

and Lovers in her. As a matter of fact, there is some resemblance. Both live on farms, and both find their position humiliating because of the brutal treatment - the constant bullying insults - they receive at the hands of their brothers (PS 422-23; SL 178, 183): Miriam and Teresa, indeed, are the only two women in the novels of our list who are characterized by this latter fact (with the exception of Emily in The White Peacock, whose likeness to Miriam is nearly photographic). Again, Teresa has the abundant black hair, dark skin, and big, dark eyes (PS 423) which are, in turn, Miriam's chief physical characteristics (SL 155). A very noteworthy trait of both women is the concentration of their life in their eyes. Of Teresa it is said: "...she herself became inconspicuous, almost invisible, save for her great black eyes"(PS 425); of Miriam: "All the life of Miriam's body was in her eyes, which were usually dark as a dark church, but could flame with light like a conflagration"(SL 190). Again still, they are both alike in being like nuns, and both for the same reason - because they are intensely emotional. This is Teresa:

Teresa had a good deal of the nun in her. But that was because she was deeply passionate, and deep passion tends to hide within itself, rather than expose itself to vulgar contact.(PS 430)

While this is Miriam:

She seemed to need things kindling in her imagination or in her soul before she felt she had them. And she was cut off from ordinary life by her religious in-

tensity which made the world for her either a nunnery garden or a paradise, where sin and knowledge were not, or else an ugly, cruel thing. (SL 185)

To these palpable resemblances connecting Miriam and Teresa may be added the comment that if Ramon himself had searched through Lawrence's past writing for a suitable mate to himself in the role of a religious leader, it is certain that he could not have found any one more suitable than Miriam.

With The Plumed Serpent we reach the maximum assertion of the "dark gods" in Lawrence. The c-element, so far as it is represented in Ramon, is so darkened over by the sensual body of Ramon and by his association with the Pandemon Cipriano, who is a self-contained phallic deity, that it almost escapes notice; while in opposition to Ramon and Cipriano, the c-element as represented in the religion of Jesus (which Carlota supports) yields place with scarcely a struggle. The Ramon-Cipriano combination also easily prevails over the child-mother relation which Carlota represents. The repudiation of the child-mother relation seems all the more profound for being stated in terms of the situation described in Sons and Lovers. The absence of a male a-character makes it impossible to speak legitimately of a continued union of a and b elements, as we have previously been doing (i.e., in terms of male characters combining the two sorts of character). Nevertheless, we may assume the possibility

of such a union from the fact that Kate, the chief locus of consciousness in the novel, though not without much criticism and wavering, finally throws in her lot absolutely with Cipriano, a strong b-character.

St. Mawr and The Virgin and the Gipsy

Two more novels, both short, must be considered before this study of processes leading up to the situation in Lady Chatterley's Lover is at an end. These shall be treated very briefly, because they are in a way merely chips from the workshop which produced that novel and The Plumed Serpent. The two novels are: St. Mawr, and The Virgin and the Gipsy.

St. Mawr was written in the summer of 1924 when The Plumed Serpent was under way. It too lacks a male a-character, the chief conscious character being a woman, Lou Witt Carrington, who starts in the direction of the "dark" world as does Kate but does not get so far. The clue to the story is to be found in a conversation carried on chiefly by a minor figure, an artist named Cartwright, who has something of the look of the goat-Pan. (76-77) The following section of the conversation takes place between Cartwright, who is the first speaker, Lou, who is the second, and Lou's mother - Mrs. Witt.

"Pan was the hidden mystery - the hidden cause. That's how it was a Great God. Pan wasn't he at all: not

even a Great God. He was Pan. All: what you see when you see in full. In the daytime you see the thing. But if your third eye is open, which sees only the things that can't be seen, you may see Pan within the thing, hidden: you may see with your third eye, which is darkness."

"Do you think I might see Pan in a horse, for example?"

"Easily. In St. Mawr!" - Cartwright gave her a knowing look.

"But," said Mrs. Witt, "it would be difficult, I should say, to open the third eye and see Pan in a man."

"Probably," said Cartwright, smiling. "In man he is over-visible: the old satyr: the fallen Pan."(78)

The St. Mawr referred to by Cartwright is a great bay stallion belonging to Lou. This horse, as indicated by the conversation, embodies better than any other character the Pan-principle, which is fundamentally (or phenomenologically) male sexual power, and is the real center of the story.

The plot is briefly this. Lou, a young woman of twenty-five, is married to a gentlemanly English baronet, in a marriage that is "a nervous attachment, rather than a sexual love"(12). Lou (Lady Carrington) buys St. Mawr for her husband to ride. St. Mawr is a powerful and dangerous animal that has killed a groom and been no good to its owners for stud purposes. Nevertheless, Lou is fascinated by him, and purchases him. Her husband attempts to ride him, and does fairly well; but the beast is hard to manage. The man makes the mistake of trying to bully the horse into obedience. The result is that one day St. Mawr falls back on top of Carrington, and almost kills him; and when another blond gentleman, a handsome young man, rushes up to help, the horse kicks him in the face. After that, considerable pressure is

brought to bear upon Lou (and her mother, an Amazonian sort of widow) to have St. Mawr either gelded or shot. Lou refuses. She even blames her husband for the accident, and takes the beloved horse to America. In fact, she gives up men and love altogether, and even feels disillusioned about St. Mawr when he begins showing interest in a mare in the American West.

In St. Mawr's entourage is a dark little Welsh groom, a kind of human appendage to the horse, who agrees with Lou that the love-game isn't worth the candle. Since the horse cannot talk, we have to accept what Lewis, the groom, has to say as expressing the same point of view. Lewis is intensely male, too, as St. Mawr is, and a sympathetic connection with him that amounts to something like identification. Lou's mother, who is harder and more independent than Lou, is fascinated by the groom much as Lou is fascinated by the horse, and proposes to him. But the groom refuses her because he feels that she does not respect him; he cuts himself off from her absolutely.

In the figure of this humble little groom (humble from the world's point of view, not his own) we have a connecting link between the god-demon Cipriano and the much more human Mellors.¹ His extraordinary isolation from all human con-

¹ Note that Cipriano "loved a red horse" (PS 454) and that Mellors is fond of horses (LCL 165), once being a blacksmith.

tect prepares us for Mellors' isolation; which he breaks, reluctantly, for the first time in years, with Connie. It should be pointed out further that the groom, because of his intimate connection with St. Mawr, naturally belongs in the opposition to Lou's gentlemanly husband, thus carrying on the oft-repeated theme of the contest between the "dark" b-character and the c-character. His physical characteristics have some interest. (He peers at Lou -)

straight at her from under his overhanging black hair. He had pale-grey eyes, that looked phosphorescent, and suggested the eyes of a wildcat peering intent from under the darkness of some bush where it lies unseen.
(27)

The black beard which he has is so much a part of himself that he could not bear to have it shaved off. (34-35) Contrast with Lewis the impression made on him by Lou's husband (Lord Henry Carrington, "Rico"):

Lewis turned his remote, coldly watchful eyes on the young baronet. Rico was tall and handsome and balanced on his hips. His face was long and well-defined, and with the hair taken straight back from the brow. It seemed as well-made as his clothing, and as perpetually presentable. You could not imagine his face dirty, or scrubby and unshaven, or bearded, or even moustached. It was perfectly prepared for social purposes. If his head had been cut off, like John the Baptist's, it would have been a thing complete in itself, would not have missed the body in the least. The body was perfectly tailored. The head was one of the famous "talking heads" of modern youth, with eyebrows a trifle Mephistophelian, large blue eyes a trifle bold, and curved mouth thrilling to death to kiss.

Lewis, the groom, staring from between his bush of hair and his beard, watched like an animal from the underbrush. (28)

Add to this picture the statement about Rico's marriage with

Lou, and we are ready for an early transition to Lord Chatterley:

A curious tension of will, rather than a spontaneous passion. Each was curiously under the domination of the other. They were a pair - they had to be together

.....

And soon, tacitly, the marriage became more like a friendship, Platonic. It was a marriage, but without sex. Sex was shattering and exhausting, they shrank from it, and became like brother and sister.(12)

The transition occurs all the more readily since Lou herself has the brown hair of Connie, unlike most of Lawrence's heroines.

Turning now to The Virgin and the Gipsy, we find a somewhat different conception of the b-character from any hitherto, and the first instance since The Trespasser (with the exception of the marriage of Ramon and Teresa) of a male character uniting with a much younger virgin. The mechanism of the story is interesting: it is not the will of either the hero or the heroine which brings them together in their one intimate contact (sexual union is not specified), but fate - in shape of a flood. The plot is very simple. A young girl, Yvette, living in a household dominated over by a loathsome old grandmother ("Mater"), is attracted to a middle-aged gipsy camping in the neighborhood. One evening in spring, when the grandmother is alone in the house and the girl is alone near the river that runs nearby, a sudden spate of water traps them both. The gipsy, passing just at that moment, manages to save the girl; but the old grand-

mother is drowned. Completely surrounded by water, but safe in a part of the house not swept away by the flood, the gipsy and the girl lie together in bed to still their shivering, and the warmth revives in them and they pass away into sleep. When the girl is wakened next morning by anxious rescuers, the gipsy has disappeared.

There is much about the gipsy to remind us of the darkest of the b-characters, Ciccio and Cipriano; but also much to remind us of Mellors. He is described as "one of the black, losse-bodied, handsome sort"(45); as having "a thin black moustache under his thin, straight nose"(46); as having the peculiar look that belongs to the tribe of the humble, "the pride of the parish, the half-sneering challenge of the out-cast, who sneered at law-abiding men, and went his own way" (53); as being "a dandy, in his polished black boots, tight black trousers and tight dark-green jersey"(55); as being notable, in sum, for "the curious dark, suave purity of all his body, outlined in the green jersey: a purity like a living sneer"(56). He is quite as sparing of words as Ciccio, casting his spell upon the girl with a look, a gesture; he is also quite as powerful as Cipriano, from a sexual point of view. Compare the description of the rencontre between the girl and him:

The childlike, sleep-waking eyes of her moment of perfect virginity looked into his, unseeing. She was only aware of the dark strange effluence of him bathing her limbs, washing her at last purely will-less. She was aware of him, as a dark, complete power.(114)

The gipsy, however, does not have the bodily strength of Ciccio and Cipriano; he, like Mellors, has had severe pneumonia (142), and when he puts himself to any strain he is overcome by "paroxysms of coughing"(174). One other characteristic of the gipsy - his trade of metal-working - carries us back to Morel of Sons and Lovers, for Morel, also, though an amateur, is expert at mending and shaping metal things.(SL 80-81) A final fact about the gipsy that must be mentioned is that, like many b-characters, he is fond of and associated with horses. Major Eastwood, under whom he served during the War as a groom, tells Yvette that he was an "A-1 man with horses"(122).

The mention of Major Eastwood introduces another striking figure, a character definitely in the line of descent of Gerald of Women in Love. It will be remembered that Gerald died in the snow, he who was "an omen of the universal dissolution into whiteness and snow": Major Eastwood himself was "buried for twenty hours under snow"(142). Thus he is connected symbolically with snow, as Gerald was; while the gipsy is connected with fire (125). Major Eastwood is described as a "big, blond man" with "abstracted blue eyes, that seemed to have no lashes"; "a man one connects instantly with winter sports, ski-ing and skating"; "athletic, unconnected with life"(117). He is the usual stylishly dressed English gentleman (117-18); but there is something more to

him: he has broken the marriage-conventions, and so, like the gipsy, is a sort of outlaw.

The Major too, strange wintry bird, so powerful, handsome, too, in his way, but pale round the eyes as if he had no lashes, like a bird, he too had a curious indignation against life, because of the false morality. That powerful, athletic chest his a strange, snowy sort of anger. And his tenderness for the little Jewess was based on his sense of outraged justice, the abstract morality of the north blowing him, like a strange wind, into isolation. (123-29)

Snow and fire, the isolation of extreme morality and the isolation of extreme sexual passion: underneath this radical opposition the common element is self-sufficiency - which establishes a sort of truce or bond between the Major and the gipsy, in spite of the fact that the presence of the former disturbs for a little while the power of the gipsy over the girl. (Chs. VI, VII) This is interesting, in view of Condie's later hope of a friendship between Chatterley and Mellors (see p. 73 above), and the earlier attempt at the same thing between Gerald and Birkin in Women in Love.

Major Eastwood has a further sympathetic connection with the gipsy: they are both resurrected men.

"That gipsy was the best man we had, with horses. Nearly died of pneumonia. I thought he was dead. He's a resurrected man to me. I'm a resurrected man myself, as far as that goes." He looked at Yvette.
 "I was buried for twenty hours under snow," he said.
 "And not much the worse for it, when they dug me out."
 (142)

Now this might form the basis for a whole discourse in itself, but we shall here confine ourselves to noting that resurrection is a theme of some importance to Lawrence at this

period: Ramon, both as a man nearly killed by assassins and as Quetzalcoatl coming back from the other world, "like a messenger from the beyond"(PS 338), to replace Jesus on earth, is virtually a resurrected man; and after the out-and-out announcement of resurrection in The Virgin and the Gipsy there comes the remarkable The Man Who Died, in which the hero, a b-character, appears as the risen Christ wandering over the world like a vagabond. The connection of the gipsy with the unnamed Christ of The Man Who Died is made more precise by a fleeting reference to certain behavior of Yvette's as constituting a denial of the gipsy comparable to Peter's denial of his Lord. The passage will bear quoting, as it also includes a reference to a significant figure in the above-named story, namely, a cock.

Yvette pondered. Far in the background was the image of the gipsy as he looked round at her, when she had said: "The weather is so treacherous." She felt rather like Peter when the cock crew, as she denied him. Or rather, she did not deny the gipsy: she didn't care about his part in the show, anyhow. It was some hidden part of herself which she denied: that part which mysteriously and unconfessedly responded to him. And it was a strange, lustrous black cock which crew in mockery of her.(132)

The Man Who Died

While the two novels just discussed are the last preceding Lady Chatterley's Lover, this analysis of developments in Lawrence's fiction would hardly be complete without

a brief consideration of The Man Who Died.

The Man Who Died (or The Escaped Cock, as it was first called) is divided into two parts. The first part tells of the resurrection of the hero (always referred to as the man who had died, and never by name), and his revulsion against the world and his former mission in the world; the second part tells of his meeting with a virgin priestess of Isis, whom he gets with child, and his escape from enemies (headed by the priestess' mother) who seek to kill him. It is perfectly obvious, from the telling, that the hero is the risen Jesus; but it is also obvious that he belongs to the line of b-characters, for in renouncing his former mission of spiritual love he discovers the claims of sexual love, physical love, and his bodily characteristics moreover are those we are accustomed to in "dark" heroes - the dark face, the black hair, the beard. There are many suggestions of the latest of these characters in him: his vagabondage, the feeling of persecution that attends him - with the correlative "Noli me tangere" -, his slightly bitter smile (40) are not unfamiliar features. It is likewise clear that he is an a-character, being, as he is, the almost exclusive center of consciousness. In the description of his face there is summed up the quality of the man, a quality we are prepared for by acquaintance with a whole line of ab-characters - Birkin, Lilly, Somers, Mellors. "There was a beauty of much

suffering, and the strange calm candour of finer life in the whole delicate ugliness of the face."(42-43)

From the first it is not left in doubt that the risen Jesus has risen for the "greater life of the body"(24); for his awakening in the tomb from the "long sleep in which he was tied up"(8) occurs at the very moment that a vigorous young cock, owned by a peasant nearby, snaps the string attached to his leg and gives a triumphant crow (8). Jesus catches this cock for the peasant and brings it to him, asking at the same time for shelter for himself. When he leaves the peasant's, he takes the bird with him as a sign of Aesculapius, since he thinks he may practise as a physician (28). But he has not gone far before it gets loose in the hen-yard of an inn - "and the cock of the man who had died killed the common cock of the yard"(31); and so he leaves it there, saying, "Thou at least hast found thy kingdom, and the females to thy body. Thy aloneness can take on splendour, polished by the lure of thy hens."(31) Thereupon the first part of the story is concluded, with Jesus having renounced his old mission and wandering on, asking himself: "From what, and to what, could this infinite whirl be saved?"

So he went his way, and was alone. But the way of the world was past belief, as he saw the strange entanglement of passions and circumstance and compulsion everywhere, but always the dread insomnia of compulsion. It was fear, the ultimate fear of death, that made men

mad. So always he must move on, for if he stayed, his neighbours wound the strangling of their fear and bullying round him. There was nothing he could touch, for all, in a mad assertion of the ego, wanted to put a compulsion on him, and violate his intrinsic solitude. It was the mania of cities and societies and hosts, to lay a compulsion upon a man, upon all men. For men and women alike were mad with the egoistic fear of their own nothingness. And he thought of his own mission, how he had tried to lay the compulsion of love on all men. And the old nausea came back on him. For there was no contact without a subtle attempt to inflict a compulsion. And already he had been compelled even into death. The nausea of the old wound broke out afresh, and he looked again on the world with repulsion, dreading its mean contacts.(32)

The second part of the story finds Jesus on the coast of Sidon, in the vicinity of a temple of Isis, which is presided over by a young virgin. This priestess, a virgin, is twenty-seven years old, with a face "rather long and pale" and "dusky blond" hair (40). She has a habit of walking with her head bent, musing, unseeing, like a woman entangled in a dream.(40) And what is the dream? It is that some day she will find the "reborn man"(39) who will release her from her virginity. In the legend of Isis and Osiris she has found her own story: she herself is identified with the goddess Isis, and she thinks of the "reborn" man who is to come as Osiris.(39-40) She does not wait for him because she has lacked lovers. On the contrary, they have been numerous and of the highest rank; but they have had no power over her.

When she was young the girl had known Caesar, and had shrunk from his eagle-like rapacity. The golden Anthony had sat with her many a half-hour, in the

splendour of his great limbs and glowing manhood, and had talked with her of the philosophies and the gods.....And the big, bright eyes of Anthony laughed down on her, bathing her in his glow. And she felt the lovely glow of his male beauty and his amorousness bathe all her limbs and her body. But it was as he said: the very flower of her womb was cool, was almost cold, like a bud in shadow of frost, for all the flooding of his sunshine.(38-39)

A philosopher has told her that the lotus-flower of her womanhood must wait for "the penetration of the flooding, violet-dark sun that has died and risen and makes no show," since "for the golden brief day-suns of show such as Anthony, and for the hard winter suns of power such as Caesar, the lotus stirs not, nor will ever stir."(39) She understands the philosopher, as has been said, in terms of the Isis-Osiris legend: she herself is "Isis of the subtle lotus, the womb which waits submerged and in bud, waits for the touch of that other inward sun that streams its rays from the loins of the male Osiris."(38) Meanwhile, as she serves Isis, her mother, a gray-haired Roman matron now a widow, being a woman who loves affairs, controls the small estate and the slaves with a free hand.(40)

The priestess of Isis gives Jesus shelter; and then, after at first being a little afraid of this vagabond and having been told by a slave that he bears the wounds of a malefactor, she comes to the conclusion that he is Osiris for whom she has been waiting seven years.(45) So they meet in the temple at night: "You are Osiris, aren't you? she said naively. If

you will, he said."(54) And there, under the statue of Isis in Search, after the priestess has anointed the wounds of Jesus and soothed away the memory of his shame and death, she is united with him, and the seal of virginity on both of them is broken.

Having chafed all his lower body with oil, having worked with her slow intensity of a priestess, so that the sounds of his wounds grew dimmer and dimmer, suddenly she put her breast against the wound in his left side, and her arms round him, folding over the wound in his right side, and she pressed him to her, in a power of living warmth, like the folds of a river. And the wailing died out altogether, and there was a stillness, and darkness in his soul, unbroken dark stillness, wholeness. Then slowly, slowly, in the perfect darkness of his inner man, he felt the stir of something coming. A dawn, a new sun. A new sun was coming up in him, in the perfect inner darkness of himself

..... And his death and his passion of sacrifice were all as nothing to him now, he knew only the crouching fulness of the woman there, the soft white rock of life...On this rock I built my life! The deep-folded, penetrable rock of the living woman! ...

..... And he touched her with the poignancy of wonder, and the marvellous piercing transcendence of desire. Lo! he said, this is beyond prayer. It was the deep, interfolded warmth, warmth living and penetrable, the woman, the heart of the rose! My mansion is the intricate warm rose, my joy is this blossom! She looked up at him suddenly, her face like a lifted light, wistful, tender, her eyes like many wet flowers. And he drew her to his breast with a passion of tenderness and consuming desire, and the last thought: My hour is upon me, I am taken unawares - So he knew her, and was one with her.(58-60)

As she goes away, the thought of the priestess of Isis is:

"I am full of Osiris. I am full of the risen Osiris!"(60)

And it proves, indeed, that she is in time with child by

Jesus.(62-63) After that, the slaves, set in motion by the

priestess' mother, seeking "to be revenged on him for the bread he had eaten, and the living touch he had established, the woman he had delighted in"(63), try to take Jesus captive by night; but he gets in a boat, and escapes.

The man who had died rowed slowly on, with the current, and laughed to himself: I have sowed the seed of my life and my resurrection, and put my touch forever upon the choice woman of this day, and I carry her perfume in my flesh like essence of roses. She is dear to me in the middle of my being. But the gold and flowing serpent is coiling up again, to sleep at the root of my tree. So let the boat carry me. TO-MORROW IS ANOTHER DAY. (64-65)

Thus ends Lawrence's last great story.

We notice in the above the familiar opposition between the "dark" hero and his blond rival (Anthony) in a somewhat attenuated form, and the opposition between the "dark" hero and the world in general in an exaggerated form. We notice, too, that for the first time since The Trespasser the hero is in love with a woman who is, by very definite symbolism, his sister: i.e., she is Isis to his Osiris. And we notice, finally, that the older, jealous woman of the piece - the heroine's mother¹ - is purely an enemy, and that she is unsuccessful in her attempt on his independence and on his life.

¹ Cf. the grandmother, "Water," in The Virgin and the Gipsy.

CHAPTER FOUR

Summary of the Analysis of the Novels of D. H. Lawrence







The crudest analysis of Lawrence's novels shows one that they hang together in a way that would hardly be expected if they did not proceed from a continuing personality-structure; one is compelled to infer some underlying Gestalt to account for the impression of unity they make. On the other hand, one cannot be blind to the gradual change which results in a strong contrast between the first novels and the last. The change is not due so much to the introduction of new elements and new problems as it is to the shift in dominance of old elements and re-phrasings and new solutions of problems visible from the first. Such, at least, is the contention of this study.


Examination of the first of the novels, The White Peacock, led to the suggestion that the characters could be classified into three sorts, as follows: a) those having a predominantly large share of consciousness; b) those physically dark, pronouncedly sexual, and having associations with animals and the earth; c) those physically blond, and occupied

with industry and society. In the case of the one pure representative of class g in that novel - Leslie Tempest -, it appeared, on further examination, that another characteristic of his was a sexual restraint amounting on occasion to an infantile attitude toward women.

The classification of characters suggested by The White Peacock was kept in mind as the subsequent novels were gone through, and the attempt was made to fit other characters into the same scheme. It cannot be maintained that the original classification proved flawlessly applicable, but it was enough so to serve as a guide, and, when taken in conjunction with the evident connections between certain characters in adjoining novels, took care of most of the principal (particularly male) characters in a fairly satisfactory manner. The following table, Table I, presents important characters in the novels under a, b, and c - that is, under the classes suggested by the analysis of The White Peacock. It is not trustworthy nor fully meaningful without the background of analysis given in the preceding two chapters. Probably its most dubious feature is the classification of characters in Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo, and The Plumed Serpent; Ramon, for instance, is a very special problem, since in spite of his physical darkness and the fact that he is certainly not opposed to Cipriano's extreme sexuality he appears to be really a successor to Kangaroo, who is a most extreme

TABLE I

b	a	c	Novel	Age
Frank Beardsall Annable George	Cyril Lettie 	Leslie	WP	20 24
Siegmund _____	Siegmund		T	25
Morel Dawes	Paul	William	SL	25 27
Will Brangwen _____ Schofield	Will Brangwen Skrebensky _____ Anna Ursula	Skrebensky	R	28 30
Birkin _____ Loerke	Birkin	Gerald	VL	31
Alex. Graham Ciccio  Geoffrey	Alvina	Albert Witham Mr. May Dr. Mitchell Max	LG	28 35
Lilly _____	Lilly Aaron _____	Jim Bricknell Aaron	AR	36
Somers _____	Somers	Jack Cellocott Kangaroo	K	37
Cipriano 	Kate	Ramon	PS	38 40
St. Mawr Lewis	Lou 	Lord Carrington	StM	39
Gipsy 	Yvette	Major Eastwood	VG	40 41
Mellors _____ 	Mellors Connie	Lord Chatterley	LCL	41 42
Jesus _____	Jesus	Anthony	MWD	42 44

Note: ~~_____~~ equals identity;  equals sexual union

embodiment of the principle of spiritual love as opposed to sexual, and of the light of reason as opposed to the demonic drive of passion. In the novels before and following this group the distinctions are sharper and the classification more reliable. As for the omission of women characters from the table, except under a, it must be said that the women are relatively poorly differentiated (at least in terms of this classification) and generally subordinate in importance to the men as dramatic figures; but it often happens that the central subjective character is a woman, and there is no difficulty in deciding that such a character belongs in a, since relatively great subjectivity is the main criterion for that category. The table and the classification it is based on must be regarded as a pretty crude, ruthless dissection of the reality of the novels; but hedged with the proper caution it has some value.

Another table, Table II, takes into consideration certain main sexual triangles where two males come into conflict, directly or by implication, for possession of the same woman. The males on the right are b or ab characters. Those on the left are c characters, with the exception of Paul in Sons and Lovers; his inclusion will be explained in the discussion of this table. Where gaps in the table occur (The Trespasser, Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo), an absence of triangles of the form male-female-male is indicated.

TABLE II

c (except Paul)	Love Object	b	Novel	Age
Leslie	Lettie	George	WP	20
poet ?	Lady Christabel	Annable		24
			T	25
William	Mrs. Morel	Morel	SL	25
Paul				27
Paul	Clara	Daves		
Skrebensky	Ursula	Birkin	R & WL	28
Gerald	Gudrun	Loerke		31
Dr. Mitchell, etc.	Alvina	Ciccio	LG	28 35
			AR	36
			K	37
Ramon (Joachim)	Kate	Cipriano	PS	38 40
Carrington	Lou	St. Mawr	StM	39
Eastwood	Yvette	Gipsy	VG	40 41
Chatterley	Connie	Mellors	LCL	41 42
Anthony	Priestess	Jesus	MWD	42 44

Note: The red line indicates success.

The blue line indicates failure.

With the aid of these two tables we can now discuss certain general trends in the novels. One of the most outstanding developments is the change in relative power of the b-characters. In the first novel, two of the b-characters die, and the third comes to ruin - after being defeated in sexual rivalry by a c-character; in the second novel, the b-character commits suicide; and in the third novel, the chief b-character is excluded from his position as husband by his two sons, one a c-character and the other an a-character. Thereafter, in no single case does a b-character die, and where they enter into sexual rivalry they are successful. In a measure this trend corresponds with identification of a- with b-characters, resulting in the ab type.

A correlative and inverse change takes place with respect to the c-characters. Leslie of The White Peacock and William of Sons and Lovers are both successful in sexual rivalry with b-characters. But William later dies, and thereafter there is no example of a c-character achieving signal success in love; on the contrary, not only are they defeated in love, but they are characteristically destroyed or injured. Going down the list, we note: William dies; Skrebensky breaks under the sexual ordeal imposed upon him by Ursula; Gerald is defeated in love and dies in the snow; Albert Witham, Mr. May and Dr. Mitchell are all rejected suitors, caricatured and ridiculed, while Max is stabbed by Ciccio; Jim Bricknell

is held up to scorn, Aaron is symbolically castrated; Kangaroo is killed, while Jack Callcott is wounded in the same affray; Ramon is all but killed, by a stab in the back; Carrington is thrown by his horse, St. Mawr, and badly injured; Chatterley is a man of no sex, paralyzed from the waist down. If we compare the b-characters with these, we find that they, although sometimes injured slightly, have a decidedly happier fate. That is to say, after Sons and Lovers the b-characters are dominant over the c-characters. Between the state recorded in The White Peacock and that recorded in Women in Love something like a complete reversal of power takes place. The Rainbow carries on the transition begun in Sons and Lovers: in that novel Will Brangwen, a b-character, has only partial success with his wife and is rebelled against by his daughter, Ursula, and a minor b-character (Anthony Schofield) is rejected as a suitor by Ursula.

An examination of Sons and Lovers gives a glimmering of light on the processes leading to this reversal of power as between c- and b-characters. There we find the a-character at first siding with his brother, a c-character, against his b-character father in a contest for the possession of a woman, the mother. When the b-character is more or less out of the running, rivalry develops between the a- and the c-characters over the same woman. The c-character dies, and the a-character is left in possession of the woman. But the possession lacks just that completeness which, in the nature

of the case, never was possible for any of the three males but the b-character (Morel). The a-character, blocked by the incest taboo, has sexual relations with another woman, Clara, who corresponds to his mother in being older than he, in being married to another man, and in having in that other man a husband who is a great deal like his own father. Though he has sexual relations with this substitute, he is unable to keep it up; and finally he surrenders her to her husband, establishing at the same time rather cordial relations with him in place of the former hostile ones. Thus we find that the a-character is at first in close alliance with the c-character, so close indeed that when the c-character dies he soon gets sick himself and prepares to follow suit; but afterwards, the a-character, disembarrassed of an ally who was at the same time a rival, attempts to occupy (by a kind of *Umweg*) the same position in reference to the mother that the b-character, his father, has occupied. In subsequent novels, the b-character, generally fused with the a-character, continues dominant.

Another striking general trend in the novels is the one just referred to - the development of a fused ab-character (male). In the first novel, the male a-character, Cyril, is not sexually very active, and resembles the c-character, Leslie, rather than the b-character, George. He is, nevertheless, at first strongly attracted to George. In the

second novel, there is an unsuccessful fused character, Siegmund. And in the third novel, the a-character, Paul, is again distinct from both b- and c-characters. Here again he is more like the c-character than the b-character, but the hostility which is subdued in The White Peacock as between the a- and c-characters appears, in Sons and Lovers, a little more sharply in focus. It is after this that the successful ab-character appears - successful in the sense that he survives all events and maintains himself in the midst of adverse conditions, often triumphing outright over his enemies.

This history of the emergence of the ab-character suggests that the homosexual attachment of Cyril to George in The White Peacock and the friendly overtures of Paul to Dawes in the latter part of Sons and Lovers should be interpreted as efforts toward the conjunction of the a- and b-characters, a process which has its analogue in psychoanalytic "identification."

The resolution of tension thus effected then leads, we may continue to interpret, to a heightening of tension along the a-c axis - a tension already present in the veiled hostility of Cyril to Leslie and of Paul to William -, with the result that the same mechanism of identification is set into operation as resolved the previous a-b tension. Thus, we have three successive ab-characters - Birkin, Lilly and Somers - of remarkable similarity, all engaged in homosexual

relations with characters in general bearing the stamp of the c class. Only in the relations of Lilly with Aaron, however, does there appear for a time a satisfactory accord; and Aaron is distinguished from the other homosexual partners of the ab-characters by the fact that he is also an a-character. The general unsuccess of the identification-process as between ab- and c-characters in these novels is demonstrated by the renunciation of the c-characters Gerald and Kangaroo by the ab-characters, and their subsequent death. When the ab-character emerges once more in Lady Chatterley's Lover he is purely in opposition to the c-character; but there is a hint at the previous attempts at identification, perhaps, in the hopeless dream of Conni^e that these two men might have become friends.¹

An important factor in the defeat of the b-characters in The White Peacock, as analysis of that novel brought out, was the strength of the child-mother relation, which worked in opposition to purely sexual aims. The success of Leslie as George's sexual rival depended on the fact that he was able to appeal to the mother in Lettie by becoming, for a

¹ LCL 213: "She had had fugitive dreams of friendship between these two men: one her husband, the other the father of her child. Now she saw the screaming absurdity of her dreams. The two males were as hostile as fire and water."

time at least, a helpless and dependent being, like a child. Even where George succeeded in attracting and holding a woman in a straightforward sexual union (i.e., his wife Meg), his success was only temporary; he was rendered eventually less and less necessary to Meg by the diversion of her love on to her children. The rising power of the b-character in subsequent novels depends largely upon, or at least correlates with, his extrication from involvement in the child-mother relationship. The climax of this process perhaps comes in Women in Love, where the ab-character Birkin struggles free from the domineering Hermione (a mother-image) and symbolically destroys the moon (a mother-symbol). Thereafter b- and ab-characters are themselves mostly uninvolved, though they may assist others in the fight against the same relationship (e.g., Cipriano for Ramon, the Gipsy for Yvette). There appears, indeed, a tendency for b- and ab-characters to avoid human contacts altogether. Lewis, in St. Mawr, preserves an extreme isolation, and the Gipsy, in The Virgin and the Gipsy, not much less; Mellors, in Lady Chatterley's Lover, is highly reluctant to give up his single and remote life in response to Connie's sexual appeal for him, at first; and Jesus keeps as absolutely remote from everybody as he can, until he meets the virgin priestess of Isis and briefly cohabits with her. The child-mother relation does not disappear from the novels as an important fact, however, after the b- (or ab-) character's extrication: in Lady Chatterley's Lover,

for instance, Chatterley's chief emotional mode is the childlike attitude toward woman, particularly toward the motherly Mrs. Bolton; and it is a very notable point that he derives much of the strength he utilizes in business from this relationship.

Discussion of Results in Relation to Lawrence's Biography

Thus far the attempt has been merely to present the main facts obtained by a purely analytic approach to Lawrence's Novels. If the novels are considered in succession, as in the above summary of results, it is possible to see some of the facts as constituting general developmental trends. Unless the trends made out are mere artefacts of the observer's biases - a supposition which is open to examination by any critic who will read the novels in the same analytic spirit -, then we must conclude that they represent tendencies of some importance in Lawrence's personality, under the hypothesis that the novels are projections of that personality.

Inasmuch as the novels taken in temporal order show changes, and inasmuch as the changes seem to have direction and are not simply haphazard, we have to think of Lawrence's personality as something not static, but changing, and changing in an orderly manner along the dimension of time. It is of

importance to come to this conclusion - to conclude that this personality is not fixed in a permanent mould. The importance of the conclusion increases when it is realized that the changes projected in these novels occur between the twentieth and the forty-fourth years of the author's life, the years of maturity. Commonplace as such a conclusion may sound, it almost seems necessary to emphasize it, in view of the continual cropping-up of psychological typologies.

In order to speak of personality change at all, however, we have to do so in reference to some original temporary structure, the elements of which persist, or change so gradually that their successive appearances resemble each other as members of a class. It was found possible to take the dramatis personae as such elements, and to describe the personality change occurring between The White Peacock and The Man Who Died in terms of the changing relations between them.

The most profound change described consisted in the fusion of two elements into one, the ab-character. The mounting strength of the b-element, both in and out of this combination, was another important change; and the correlative weakening of the c-element, another. Now, the b- and c-elements are bearers of values, while the a-element, when it appears free, is a passive, fairly colorless person on whom the value-bearing persons, here referred to as b- and c-elements, act,

attracting and repelling. As value-bearers, the b- and c-elements are often highly complex, and it is hardly possible to sum up their qualities in a single word; speaking very roughly, however, we may equate the values borne by b with sex and the values borne by c with culture, understanding by the latter such things as Christian morality, science, social convention, etc.

It is fairly easy to translate the opposition between these two value-bearers into any one of a number of familiar dichotomies. Body and spirit, the passions and the intellect, nature and nurture, the primitive and the advanced, the lower and the higher, pagan and Christian, even Dionysian and Apollonian, come quickly to mind. Lawrence himself, in his essay in philosophy, Fantasia of the Unconscious, likes to speak in terms of a dichotomy where "sensual" is opposed to "spiritual," "unconscious" to "conscious," "involuntary" to "voluntary." While any of these dichotomies could be used to express the difference between the b- and the c-characters, it would be a serious mistake to forget that, as used in connection with the novels, they apply always to persons, because the novels are about the relations between individual persons after all, and not general abstract principles.

It is no small matter that Lawrence prefers to describe the conflicts and fusions which we are interpreting as occur-

ring in his personality in terms of the relations between persons. What we have called elements are, we must not forget, always present as persons. A remarkable fact about these persons - the value-bearers b and c - is the persistence with which certain physical traits are associated with the values they bear, as also certain symbolic attributes. Physical darkness and the possession of a beard or moustache are almost the hallmark of the b-character; while physical blondness and athletic build are frequent characteristics of the c-character. Again, there is a persistent association between horses and the b-characters (George, Loerke, Ciccio, Cipriano, Lewis, the Gipsy, for example), and once a horse takes the leading role - in St. Mavr; less pointed perhaps in general is the association between machines and the c-characters, but in Women in Love Gerald is often described as like complicated machinery, and in Lady Chatterley's Lover the motorized chair in which Chatterley rides about his estate is treated as though it peculiarly represented him and his world.

Let us concentrate on the persistent connection of the physical traits of darkness and blondness respectively with the b- and c-value-bearers. Here is a connection which recalls the opposition of dark and bright gods in many mythologies, and suggests to us that we are perhaps encountering an archetypal way of thinking, a necessary association be-

tween darkness and passion, between blondness and intellect, embedded in the human mind everywhere. Be that as it may, there seem to be more proximate reasons in Lawrence's case for the dichotomy. It will be recalled that in Sons and Lovers, which stands at a crucial point in the series of novels, the main b-character is the a-character's father, and the c-character his brother. The rivalry between these three for the possession of one woman, the a-character's mother, has been described. Lawrence calls this novel an "autobiography,"¹ and we know from E.T.² and from Lawrence's sister Ada³ that this is, in the accepted sense, true. We thus learn that the prototype of the b-character Morel and of the c-character William was, in each case, a member of the Lawrence family, and that the former was his father and the latter a brother of his, actually. But if this is true, it follows that these same two persons were the prototypes of other b- and c-characters as well. We are carried by such considerations beyond the description of Lawrence's personality as we find it in the novels into the explanation

¹ Letters of D. H. Lawrence, p. 85.

² E.T., op. cit.

³ Ada Lawrence and Stuart Gelder, The Early Life of D. H. Lawrence (London, 1932).

of that personality as the product of historical events about which we can obtain some information from other sources. In connection with the present special topic - the physical characteristics of the b- and c-characters -, it is of interest to know what biographers have to say about Lawrence's father and his brother William Ernest. Unfortunately, we have only one detailed account, but as it is that of Lawrence's sister we may regard it as trustworthy. Of the father, John Arthur Lawrence, she writes:

We used to wonder that mother and father, so utterly unsuited to each other, should be married. But when I look back I can remember my father as a handsome man of medium height with black wavy hair, dark brown beard and moustache. He boasted that a razor had never touched his face. He had dark flashing eyes and a ruddy complexion. His voice was very melodious, and for some years he was in the choir at Brinsley church ...

My father, who had received little education, being sent to work when he was seven, felt no desire to read anything but newspapers. Having little in common with mother, he soon began to seek the more congenial ~~xxxx~~ ~~many~~ society of his friends in the public-house, not solely for the sake of drink, but because in their company he was more sure of himself, and their interests were his interests.

Mother would wait up for him at night, her rage seething, until on his arrival it boiled over in a torrent of biting truths which turned him from his slightly fuddled and pleasantly apologetic mood into a brutal and coarse beast. With palpitating hearts we waited until he came to bed, knowing that not until then could we safely sleep.

He was very clever at his job and handy in the house. When we were all very young he mended our boots and shoes, and was never more happy than when seated tailor-wise on the rug, with the hobbing iron, hammering away and singing at the top of his voice. If the pans and kettles leaked he could always mend them, and when the eight-day clock was out of order we loved to watch him take it to pieces, carefully putting the screws and spare parts in saucers, and boiling the

works in a big saucepan to clean them thoroughly.

As we grew older we shut him more-and-more out of our lives, and instinctively turned more to mother, and he, realising this, became more and more distasteful in his habits. He was never really intolerable ...

He was so proud of us all, and after mother's death when he was asked why he did not marry again he said, "I've had one good woman - the finest woman in the world, and I don't want another."¹

Of William Ernest - the second, not the first son of the Lawrences - the sister writes:

Ernest - William of Sons and Lovers - was born two years after George. Tall, well built, with thick brown hair with reddish tints and twinkling blue eyes, he was the pride of my mother's heart and our ideal of a fine gentleman. He was exceptionally bright at school, and was held up as a pattern to Bert in later years. After leaving school he became a clerk in the Shipley colliery offices.....He had keen business instinct, and when he was 21 obtained a responsible position as a clerk in some London shipping offices....His death from pneumonia at the age of 23 cut short what promised to be a brilliant career.²

With even these brief descriptions before us, we are able to trace back not only the darkness of the b-characters and the blondness of the c-characters but also many other striking traits of both to these two presumptive sources. A photograph of the family (Fig. 1) helps out the descriptions from Ada, and since Sons and Lovers certainly draws on Lawrence's experiences with his family for the portraits of Morel and William it may be used as another source of information in

¹ Op. cit.,

² Ibid.,

regard to them.

Something must now be said about the a-characters. The criterion which has been used in the analysis in deciding upon what characters belong in this class has always been the relatively preponderant amount of consciousness, the relatively great subjectivity, assigned to them. They are the characters with which we feel sympathetic, no matter what their principles or what their behavior, simply because we are compelled to see the world through their eyes. If we enter into the novels at all we are forced to play their role in it. To some extent, it is true, we feel ourselves in every character, even the most disagreeable, and we must assume the author does the same: which is the justification for the theory that every person appearing in a story (or dream) is the ever-present Ego under a special mask. But the characters described here as a-characters make us unite with them and say "I" with them in a marked degree. Now, it is certainly a striking fact that some of the most definite a-characters in Lawrence's novels are women - a fact which argues for a delicate and uncertain balance of male and female attitudes in him, and which correlates very well with the frequent appearance of homosexual situations in the novels; it is a fact, however, which the reader will not make too great a to-do over when he realizes how easily his own sympathies are engaged by either sex where the novel requires it of

him. Of more interest at the present moment is the possibility of correlating biographical details about the author with the male a-characters. This enterprise, it should be noted, is not the same thing as inquiring whether the biographical information supports any particular theory of the structure and development of Lawrence's personality.

A succinct chronicle of Lawrence's life is here in place.¹ Born September 11, 1885, in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, England, David Herbert Lawrence was the fourth of five children of the collier John Arthur Lawrence and his bourgeois wife Lydia Beardsall, who were married December 27, 1875. The children were: 1) George Arthur; 2) William Ernest, born two years later; 3) Emily, born two years after William; 4) David Herbert, born three-and-a-half years after Emily; and 5) Lettice Ada, born a year-and-a-half after David Herbert. David Herbert's nickname in the family circle was "Bertie," or "Bert." As a child the Lawrence of our study was sickly and not allowed to enter school until he was seven, at a later age than the rest. He did not at first show any particular ability in school, but later forged ahead and at thirteen "won a scholarship from the local Council School,

¹ This account is compiled from Ada Lawrence's memoirs, Huxley's edition of the Letters, E.T.'s book, all previously cited, and from Frieda Lawrence, "Not I, But the Wind ..", (New York, 1934).

and went to Nottingham High School. At sixteen,¹ he left the High School and got a job with a Nottingham firm of surgical goods manufacturers at a wage of thirteen shillings a week."² It was about this time that he met the girl called "Miriam"³ in Sons and Lovers, with whom and with whose family he was in intimate contact from then till about his twenty-sixth year. It was also at about this time that his brother William Ernest died, at the age of twenty-three, and thus ended his promising business career. Lawrence soon left the surgical firm and after a long convalescence from an attack of pneumonia (when he was sixteen) took a position as a pupil teacher at the British School at Eastwood (1902). When he was twenty-one (September, 1906) he entered Nottingham University College, stayed two years and took his certificate as a teacher, and shortly afterwards was appointed to teach at the Davidson Road School at Croydon. Before he entered college he began writing on his first novel, The White Peacock. He taught at Croydon about two years. The year 1910, his twenty-fifth, was a feverish one for him: in that year The White Peacock was accepted for publication and

¹ Fifteen - in his sixteenth year.

² Huxley, op. cit., p. 855.

³ "Miriam" is E.T., who wrote the book on Lawrence already cited.

revised, The Trespasser was written, and (in the summer) Sons and Lovers begun, the latter under the stress of watching his mother die slowly of cancer. His mother's death occurred at the end of that year. About a year after her death, Lawrence, still at Croydon, developed pneumonia a second time and for a while was in a very low condition. In the spring of 1912. he met his future wife, née Baroness Frieda von Richthofen, and in a few weeks persuaded her to leave her husband, a professor, and her three children, on condition that she would get a divorce and marry him. They began their life together in the early summer of 1912 in the Austrian Alps, moving later into Italy, and in July 1914 were legally married in England. Sons and Lovers was completed late in 1912. The residence in England, marked by rather bitter war-experiences and by the varying fortunes of the friendship between Lawrence and Middleton Murry, was terminated in late 1919 when Lawrence succeeded at last in getting a passport and went to Italy again. During his residence in England he completed The Rainbow, Women in Love, and The Lost Girl. Aaron's Rod was written after that in Italy and Sardinia. The itinerant manner of living of the Lawrences took them gradually around the earth. In 1922 they went through the Mediterranean to Ceylon, thence to Australia (where Kangaroo was written), and finally to America and Mexico. From then until October 1925 - except for one short

visit to Europe in the winter of 1923-24 - Lawrence lived in New Mexico, in a cabin obtained from Mabel Dodge Luhan (the only house he ever owned), and in Mexico. In September 1924, the day before Lawrence's birthday, his father died. It was during this period that Lawrence was at work on The Plumed Serpent. In the latter part of his residence in the New World his health, always variable, broke definitely, and he was pronounced tubercular. From 1926 on Lawrence was most of the time resident in Italy. He there wrote Lady Chatterley's Lover, The Virgin and the Gipsy, and The Man Who Died. In 1929 an exhibition of pictures by him was held in London, but promptly suppressed by the police. "In September, 1929, he returned to Bandol. While there he became very ill, and in February, 1930, moved into the hills at Vence. He died at the Villa Robermond, Vence, Alpes Maritimes, on March 2nd, 1930, and is buried in the local cemetery. No headstone is over his grave, save a phoenix (which was his own design), done in local stones by a peasant who loved him."¹

We need now to supplement this brief history with descriptions of Lawrence's appearance and physical condition at various periods, as well as a few other details. His sister

¹ Huxley, op. cit., p. 858.

Ada gives the following description of him¹ as a child:

My brother was a delicate and sensitive child and became morbid frequently, so that it was difficult to approach him. Sometimes, for no apparent reason, he would burst into tears and irritate mother, who would say "Bless the child - whatever is he crying for now?" Bert invariably sobbed, "I don't know," and continued to cry.

Excepting him we all went to school when we were five years old. He stayed at home until he was seven and during his first few years of school life displayed no remarkable ability. He worked under the shadow of Ernest, who was set up by the headmaster as a model for the other children. He told Bert he would never be fit to tie his brother's boot-laces - a meaningless prophecy which did not help Ernest and merely depressed and discouraged Bert.

Emily was about three-and-a-half when Bert was born, and always helped to mother him, while he in his turn looked after me.

Bert usually preferred the company of girls. He detested football and cricket, and I don't remember him taking part in them. But he had a genius for inventing games, especially indoors. ¹

A photograph of Lawrence as a small boy (Fig. 1) shows him with fair hair, a somewhat truculent expression, and mouth opened as if due to habitual trouble in breathing. Another photograph of him as a young man (Fig. 2), dated September 11, 1906 by Murry, shows him still with fair hair, parted at the left and brushed up and back, and with a clean thin-nish face with delicate mouth and long chin, topping a high stiff white collar. This could easily be the photograph Mellors is made to refer to as that of "a clean-shaven, alert, very young-looking man in a rather high collar," "a young curate," "a prig." We have a brief impression of him

¹ Ada Lawrence, op. cit.,

as Frieda saw him in the first days of their acquaintance:

And then Lawrence came. It was an April day in 1912. He came for lunch, to see my husband about a lectureship at a German University. Lawrence was also at a critical period of his life just then. The death of his mother had shaken the foundations of his health for a second time. He had given up his post as a schoolmaster at Croydon. He had done with his past life.

I see him before me as he entered the house. A long thin figure, quick straight legs, light, sure movements. He seemed so obviously simple. Yet he arrested my attention. There was something more than met the eye. What kind of a bird was this?¹

We have another impression of him as he was three months later, or four, when he was living with Frieda at Icking - this from David Garnett, then a young man of twenty:

When I got to the right station I did not need to linger while the embracing Germans cleared away, to recognize Lawrence. He did look fearfully English.

The bare-headed, slight figure moved towards me; I noticed a scrubby little moustache and I was looking into the most beautiful lively blue eyes

Lawrence was slight in build, with a weak, narrow chest and shoulders, but he was a fair height and very light in his movements. This lightness gave him a sort of grace. His hair was of a colour, and grew in a particular way, which I have never seen except in English working men. It was bright mud-colour, with a streak of red in it, a thick mat, parted on one side. Somehow it was incredibly plebeian, mongrel, and underbred. No gentleman ever has hair so scrubby or growing in that queer way forward from the back of his head. His forehead was broad but not high, his nose too short and lumpy, his face colourless like a red-haired man's, his chin (he had not then grown a beard) altogether too large, and round like a hairpin - rather a Philip II sort of chin - and the lower lip rather red and moist under the scrubby toothbrush moustache. He looked like a mongrel terrier among a crowd of

Pomeranians and Alsatiens, English to the bone. He was the type of the plumber's mate who goes back to fetch the tools; he was the weedy runt you find in every gang of workmen, the one who keeps the other men laughing all the time, who makes trouble with the boss and is saucy to the foreman, who gets the sack, who is "victimized," the cause of a strike, the man for whom trades unions exist, who lives on the dole, who hangs round the pubs, whose wife supports him, who bets on football and is always cheeky, cocky, and in trouble. He was the type who provokes the most violent class-hatred in this country: the impotent hatred of the upper classes for the lower. Certainly Lawrence had no need to carry the Union Jack.

He was all this, but once you looked into his eyes you were completely charmed, they were so beautiful, and alive, dancing with gaiety...¹

A photograph of Lawrence two years later, in 1914 (Fig. 3), shows a well-developed moustache, but the rest pretty much as described by Garnett - an intelligent, humorous working-man. In another photograph, a year later, he has a beard,² and the beard goes with him through the rest of his life. He describes it in 1916 as "purplish red".³ Successing photographs do not show any significant changes, except that in the last ones the ravages of consumption become manifest. (Fig. 4) One other portrait, however, ought to be mentioned - a pencil sketch by his own hand, which, by subtle exaggerations, creates the impression that one is looking into the

¹ David Garnett, Foreword to Love Among the Haystacks, viii - ix.

² See Letters, facing p. 216.

³ Ibid., p. 374.

face of a goaty Pan.(Fig. 5) Hints at Pan are, of course, frequent in Lawrence's writing. And another frequent symbol of his is the phoenix, the symbol that he seems to have regarded as particularly applicable to himself. He has left at least two designs of a phoenix in a flaming nest,¹ one of them in a seal given to Murry at Christmas 1923.

Comparison of the biographical data about Lawrence with the characteristics of the a- and ab-characters (male) convinces one of the close relation between these characters and the Lawrence constructed from these data. The photograph of Lawrence at twenty-one (Fig. 2) and our knowledge of his physique and health remind us of Cyril, of whom he was writing at this age: on top of this we have the declaration of E.T., Lawrence's intimate friend at this time, that "Cyril and Letty are each aspects of Lawrence."² Siegmund, though his age is near forty while that of the author is twenty-five, is given Lawrence's past in two interesting ways: in a crucial experience with Helena he is made to remember a violent sickness which his mother nursed him out of when sixteen³; and in another reminiscence he quotes his sister

¹ Murry, op. cit., facing p. 138; Letters, facing p. 852.

² E.T., op. cit., p. 118.

³ The Trespasser, p. 97. Cf. Sons and Lovers, p. 175.

as referring to him as "Bertram,"¹ which is apparently a slip and a give-away, since nowhere else in the novel is Siegmund called anything but Siegmund. No such slip in regard to name occurs in the case of Paul (his brother William nicknames him "'Fostle'"), but a similar illness at sixteen is described, this time in great detail. It is not necessary to stress the numerous parallels between Lawrence's early life and Paul's, but two things may be mentioned - that he, like Cyril, spends a great deal of time painting (a practise that continued with Lawrence off and on from boyhood), and that the record of his career ends in his twenty-fifth year, at the age Lawrence was when he conceived and made the first draft of the novel. Brangwen is the first of a line of very similar characters, of which Birkin, Lilly and Somers are the most like. The description of the wide-mouthed, moustached, cat-like Brangwen as he was at twenty-six when he took the big, blonde Anne Lensky to wife - "tall and uncouth and yet self-possessed" - has a flash of the Lawrence described by Frieda and Garnett, in spite of the blackness of his hair; his artistic interests suggest Lawrence, too; and two little notations on him furnish even more tell-tale clues: one is that he makes a butter-stamp with the figure of a phoenix

¹ The Trespasser, p. 124.

on it; the other, that in the passage where Anna accuses him of running off from her to his mother he is referred to as "a bright lord," which is a translation of the name Herbert according to Lawrence, who signs one of his letters "David Herbert ('Bright Lord') Lawrence." Birkin has the same carriage, the same thinness, lightness and quickness which are so characteristic of the Lawrence of *Frieda* and *Garnett*, and the action of the story (*Women in Love*) takes place in the neighborhood where Lawrence was at the time. Aaron's itinerary is the same as that of Lawrence when he was writing *Aaron's Rod*, and in one particular is so close as to have given embarrassment to some readers - i.e., the stop-over with Sir William Franks. Lawrence writes in a letter to Lady Cynthia Asquith, November 8, 1913, when he is en route to Florence:

I stayed two nights on the way with rich English people _____ O.B.M or O.B. something - parvenu, etc. - great luxury - rather nice people, really - but my stomach, my stomach, it has a bad habit of turning a complete somersault when it finds itself in the wrong element, like a dolphin in the air. The old Knight and I had a sincere half-mocking argument, he for security and a bank-balance and power, and I for naked liberty. In the end he rested safe on his bank-balance, I in my nakedness; we hated each other - but with respect. But c'est lui oui mourra. He is going to die - moi, non. He knows that, the impotent old wolf, so he is ready in one half to murder me. I don't want to murder him - merely leave him to his death.¹

1 *Letters*, p. 484.

Lilly, on the other hand, is a literary man, definitely in Lawrence's profession¹, with Lawrence's beard, his habit of mending his own socks and doing his own housework, his quick, light movements, and a big, blonde wife - like Brangwen, and like Lawrence. Somers, again, is a bearded writer with a big, blonde wife, and he like Lawrence when he was writing the book (Kangaroo) is a visitor in Australia; and like Brangwen he has connections with the phoenix - "the one and only phoenix in the desert of the world, gurgling hymns of salvation"¹; the chapter "The Nightmare," furthermore, is clearly based on Lawrence's own very personal reactions to his experiences during the War. For a time after Kangaroo the male a-character disappears from Lawrence's novels. It is not too much to suggest, indeed, that in The Plumed Serpent the real successor to Somers is the deceased husband of Kate, James Joschim Leslie. Not only is Kate a big, blonde woman quite obviously modelled on Lawrence's own wife - the proper successor to Harriet, Tanny and Anna -, but her attitude toward her dead husband is similar to that of Harriet toward her live one: an attitude that is a mixture of love and impatience with him for his idealistic schemes and ambitions. After this, in St. Mawr, there ap-

¹ Kangaroo, p. 196.

pears a faint shadow-image of the author, perhaps, in the red-bearded, not too successful artist, Cartwright, who has something of the look of the goat-Pan and who in a brief conversation furnishes the clue to the meaning of the story. Then, in The Virgin and the Gipsy, there is some impressive talk about "resurrected" men. And finally, in Lady Chatterley's Lover, there emerges again a definite male a-character - Mellors - whose physical characteristics are clearly Lawrentian: fairish hair, a red moustache (not a beard), blue eyes, thinness, quickness and lightness, a weakness and tendency to cough related to a history of pneumonia; and in addition to the physical characteristics, a personal history that could be either Lawrence's as we know it or that of several a-characters in earlier novels, especially Paul in Sons and Lovers. The first part of that history, in Mellors' words, runs thus:

The first girl I had, I began with when I was sixteen. She was a schoolmaster's daughter over at Ollerton, pretty, beautiful really. I was supposed to be a clever sort of young fellow from Sheffield Grammar School, with a bit of French and German, very much up aloft. She was the romantic sort that hated commonness. She egged me on to poetry and reading: in a way she made a man of me. I read and I thought like a house on fire, for her. And I was a clerk in Butterley Offices, thin, white-faced fellow fuming with all the things I read. And about everything I talked to her: but everything. We talked ourselves into Persepolis and Timbuctoo. We were the most literary-cultured people in ten counties. I held forth with rapture to her, positively with rapture. I simply went up in smoke. And she adored me. The serpent in the grass was sex. She somehow didn't have any; at least, not where it's supposed to be.

I got thinner and crazier. Then I said we'd got to be lovers. I talked her into it, as usual. So she let me. I was excited, and she never wanted it. She just didn't want it. She adored me, she loved me to talk to her and kiss her: in that way she had a passion for me. But the other, she just didn't want. And there are lots of women like her. And it was just the other that I did want. So there we split. I was cruel, and left her. Then I took on with another girl, a teacher, who had made a scandal by carrying on with a married man and driving him nearly out of his mind. She was a soft, white-skinned, soft sort of a woman, older than me, and played the fiddle. And she was a demon. She loved everything about love, except the sex. Clinging, caressing, creeping into you in every way: but if you forced her to the sex itself, she just ground her teeth and sent out hate. I forced her to it, and she could simply numb me with hate because of it. So I was balked again. I loathed all that. I wanted a woman who wanted me, and wanted it.

Then came Bertha Coutts.....¹

And after Mellors there comes the really resurrected Man Who Had Died, with his wounds, his weakness and thinness, his beard, his "delicate ugliness," that all remind us of Lawrence and previous a- and ab-characters.

The attempt to correlate facts about the historical Lawrence with certain characters in the novels might go beyond these few suggestions, but space is limited, and the undertaking itself presents many difficulties. For one thing, it is certain that none of the characters, not even the "autobiographical" Paul, can be equated perfectly with the Lawrence of biographical knowledge; for instance, Paul is given none of Lawrence's teaching and college experience. But this,

¹ Lady Chatterley's Lover, pp. 240-41)

according to our view, is exactly as it should be; for the historical accidents which, in the eyes of a biographer, belong to the named person to whom they seem to happen do not fall together in the same ways for the person, but are disjoined, joined and organized according to a valuative scheme which transcends time and place and the physical body and which can only be inferred - from such things, for example, as the artistic products which proceed, apparently, from one identifiable, named physical being.

Possible Inferences from the Novels to Biographical Facts

The trend of the preceding discussion has been to locate the determiners of the three main lines of male characters principally in the Lawrence family. This is not to deny the importance of other influences; but the evidence points so directly to Lawrence's father and brother as the originals of the b and c types, i.e., as furnishing the characteristics serving to differentiate ~~them~~ the world of people into two classes of value-bearers, that we must consider them of primary importance; and along with these, of course, goes the bodily Lawrence as another important determiner.

We may now ask, after this preliminary orientation, whether it is possible to infer anything from the novels as analyzed concerning the behavior of Lawrence and the impression made

by him and his family on contemporaries.

Granted that the b type of character has close relations with Lawrence's father, it would be inferable from the novels that a gradual and vast change of feeling took place between the early ones and the last, rejection of the father and his values giving way to acceptance, and even love. A corresponding change of feeling in the reverse direction would be inferable in regard to his mother, especially if we can accept the parallel drawn between the position of Mrs. Morel in Sons and Lovers and that of Carlota in The Plumed Serpent and notice the treatment given the mother-types in the figures of "Mater" (The Virgin and the Gipsy), Mrs. Bolton (Lady Chatterley's Lover), and the mother of the priestess of Isis (The Man Who Died).

Two quotations will give the quality of Lawrence's attitude toward his father, the first during the period of The White Peacock, the second during that of Sons and Lovers; and a third, his attitude toward his mother at the time of her death, that is, in the period of Sons and Lovers. The first quotation is from E.T.

Lawrence's father was with us during the Robin Hood's Bay holiday; with us, but not of us, for he found his pleasures apart. I cannot recall what the occasion was, but Lawrence broke into a storm of abuse against his father (who was not present) and then flung from the room. His mother bent her head with a strange smile.

'He hates his father,' she said. 'I know why he

hates his father. It happened before he was born. One night he put me out of the house...He's bound to hate his father.'¹

The second quotation is from a letter of Lawrence's to his sister Ada, dated April 26, 1911.

I am very sorry father is proving such a nuisance to you. Never mind, he will be much humbler when he has not got his own house to be boss in. Let him eat a bit of the bread of humility. It is astonishing how hard and bitter I feel towards him.²

The third quotation is again from E.T., and relates to an occasion the day before Mrs. Lawrence's funeral.

Lawrence looked at me with intensity. 'You know - I've always loved mother,' he said in a strangled voice.

'I know you have,' I replied.

'I don't mean that,' he returned quickly. 'I've loved her, like a lover. That's why I could never love you.'

With that he silently gave me a draft of the poems he had just written: 'The End', 'The Bride', 'The Virgin Mother'.³

If now we contrast with these three quotations a single other~~x~~ quotation, from the account of Achsah Brewster, which relates to the time (1922) when he was visiting in Kandy, we shall see how the inference is borne out on both scores.

A workman was arranging a screen on the verandah where we were seated. He was alert; with sure, graceful

¹ E.T., op. cit., p. 138.

² Ada Lawrence, op. cit., p.

³ E.T., op. cit., p. 184.

movement and fine head; his dark eyes flashing; his features regular; the beard clipped in an elegant line. Lawrence pensively watched him, announcing that he resembled his father - the same clean-cut and exuberant spirit, a true pagan. He added that he had not done justice to his father in Sons and Lovers and felt like rewriting it. When children they had accepted the dictum of their mother that their father was a drunkard, therefore was contemptible, but that as Lawrence had grown older he had come to see him in a different light; to see his unquenchable fire and relish for living. Now he blamed his mother for her self-righteousness, her invulnerable Christian virtue within which she was entrenched... She would gather the children in a row and they would sit quaking, waiting for their father to return while she would picture his shortcomings blacker and blacker to their childish horror. At last the father would come in softly.... She would burst out upon him, reviling him for a drunken sot, a good-for-nothing father. She would turn to the whimpering children and ask them if they were not disgusted with such a father. He would look at the row of frightened children, and say: "Never mind, my duckies, you needna be afraid of me. I'll do ye na harm."

.....Shaking his head sadly at the memory of that beloved mother, he would add that the righteous woman martyred in her righteousness is a terrible thing and that all righteous women ought to be martyred...¹

Another inference we might make from the novels is that Lawrence was continuously jealous and hostile toward his brother William Ernest. We unfortunately do not have much data on this point, but there are a few facts which warrant such an inference. This brother was omitted by Lawrence from his first version of Sons and Lovers. Says E.T.: "The elder brother Ernest, whose short career had always seemed

¹ Earl and Achsah Brewster, D. H. Lawrence: Reminiscences and Correspondence ().

to me most moving and dramatic, was not there at all. I was amazed to find there was no mention of him."¹ In another early version, which exists in MS, "the father accidentally kills Paul's brother."² Years later, in 1926, when he was probably at work on Lady Chatterley's Lover, Lawrence in writing a letter to a young man who was evidently a strenuous young idealist makes a curious stumble over a certain word, thus: "And don't be too ernest³ - earnest - how does one spell it ? - nor overburdened by a mission: neither too self-willed."⁴ In the heading to the letter is the address:

c/o Frau von Richthofen
Ludwig- Wilhelmstift, Baden-Baden.⁵

It is perhaps no accident that there should be this conjunction of Wilhelm and ernest, and a stumble over the latter when he charges the young man not to have those qualities which are attributed to many of the c-characters, among them

¹ Op. cit., p. 191.

² L. C. Powell, op. cit., p. 3.

³ Italics mine.

⁴ Letters, p. 666.

⁵ Italics mine.

William of Sons and Lovers. As a matter of fact, we know that he did not altogether approve of his brother: the one reference to his brother that E.T. reports him to have made is, we sense, a mocking one. It runs: "...I heard him tell mother, in a voice that was clearly an unconscious imitation of his mother's, how Ernest and his fiancée had spent a fortnight's holiday with them, and that it had proved something of a strain."¹ Not much after this reference Ernest died, and a few weeks after that Lawrence himself came down with severe pneumonia - and illness which we must judge, from the version of it given in Sons and Lovers, to have been a psychological reaction to Ernest's death and his mother's inconsolable grief over the loss. In connection with these facts and inferences we must, of course, remember Ada's words in regard to Lawrence's early experience in school:

He worked under the shadow of Ernest, who was set up by the headmaster as a model for the other children. He told Bert that he would never be fit to tie his brother's boot-laces - a meaningless prophecy which did not help Ernest and merely depressed and discouraged Bert...²

More curious, perhaps, than the omission of William Ern-

¹ E.T., op. cit., p. 26.

² Ada Lawrence, op. cit., p.

est from the first version of the "autobiographical" Sons and Lovers is the omission of Lawrence's younger sister, Lettice Ada, from the final version, and probably from the others. Her place in that novel is taken by a male child, Arthur, whose physique in the latter part of the story corresponds with that of Lawrence's eldest brother, George Arthur. From other novels, however, we should be led to suppose that not only did Lawrence have a younger sister but was deeply attached to her as well. The composition of the Beardsall family in The White Peacock takes account of her, though it again lacks a William Ernest; the children there, in order of age, are Rebecca, Cyril and Lettie - which corresponds to the facts in the Lawrence family. Cyril is very fond of Lettie. Then, in The Trespasser, we have the phenomenon of the much older Siegmund having a sexual holiday with a young woman, Helena, who is, symbolically, his sister. In more than one novel the hero, often an a-character, has sexual contact with a much younger woman - we need only mention Ramon and Teresa, the Gipsy and Yvette, Mellors and Connie, and Jesus and the priestess of Isis. In this last case, again, the woman is, symbolically, a sister. It may be further significant that the heroine in the two novels where she is symbolically a sister to the hero (The Trespasser, The Man Who Died) is blonde, and that the chief threat to the sexual union between her and the hero is, in

one case, the hero's mother (and his wife - who resembles Mrs. Morel), and, in the other, the heroine's. At any rate, we do know that Lawrence had a younger sister, and that he was very fond of her. As Lettice Ada says in her memoir of Lawrence, Emily mothered Lawrence, and Lawrence looked after her. The closeness of the attachment between them we may judge from the following words in the letter from Lawrence to her of April 26, 1911:

It was Louie's birthday on Monday, and I didn't know. I've bought her rather a pretty brooch of paste brilliants. Don't be jealous of her. She hasn't any space in your part of me. You and I - there are some things which we shall share, we alone, all our lives you are my own real relative in the world - only you. I am your: is it not so?¹

Even before Mrs. Lawrence's death, Ada tried to take her place, which somewhat irritated Lawrence. Thus E.T.:

I saw him fairly frequently during the first weeks of the writing of Sons and Lovers. He went quite often also to my married sister's cottage, where he talked about himself with his customary frankness. He told her: 'A.'s quite ready to step into mother's shoes. If I go to Nottingham in the evening it's - "Where have I been? Whom have I seen? What was my business?" I say to her "Ask me another." A. mustn't think she's mother.'²

But a year after his mother's death he is saved by Ada from pneumonia just as, at sixteen, he was saved by his mother.

¹ Ibid., p.

² E.T., op. cit., p. 198.

About a year after her mother's death Ada received a wire from Croydon asking her to go to Bert who was seriously ill again...

His suffering following his mother's death had weakened his already frail constitution and pneumonia had developed again from a neglected cold. Both lungs were affected and for many days Ada nursed him. One afternoon when the crisis was near he opened his eyes and said, "Ada, I could die just this minute if I wished." Then, realising her distress, he added, "Don't worry, I shan't die yet." From that time he began to recover.¹

To appreciate the dramatic movement of this event in Lawrence's life we must have in mind the passage in Sons and Lovers describing the sickness of Paul at sixteen, after his brother's death.

Paul was very ill. His mother lay in bed at nights with him; they could not afford a nurse. He grew worse, and the crisis approached. One night he tossed into consciousness in the ghastly, sickly feeling of dissolution, when all the cells of the body seem in intense irritability to be breaking down, and consciousness makes a last flare of struggle, like madness.

"I s'll die, mother!" he cried, heaving for breath on the pillow.

She lifted him up, crying in a small voice:

"Oh, my son - my son!"

That brought him to. He realised her. His whole will rose up and arrested him. He put his hand on her breast, and took ease of her for love.²

In both sicknesses we see Lawrence's recovery dependent on his emotional attachment to a loved relative. His fondness for Ada continued throughout his life, disturbed only

¹ Stuart Gelder, op. cit., p.

² Sons and Lovers, p. 175.

now and then by minor irritations; he wrote to her and visited her often. But on one occasion, in 1926, Ada seems to have presumed too far on the strength of the attachment between them, and though she succeeded in parting Lawrence from his wife temporarily, Frieda triumphed finally and Lawrence's feeling for Ada lost some of its old warmth. The story, according to Frieda, is that the presence of one of her daughters (by her former marriage) had tended to create friction between Lawrence and her, and that Lawrence, to counterbalance Frieda's show of motherhood, had invited his sister to come to visit with them also. The story continues in Frieda's words:

Ada arrived and above me, in Lawrence's room with the balcony, I could hear him complaining to her about me. I could not hear the words but by the tone of their voices I knew.

His sister Ada felt he belonged to her and the past, the past with all its sad memories. Of course it had been necessary for him to get out of his past and I had, of equal necessity, to fight that past, though I liked Ada for herself.

Lawrence was ill with all this hostility. I was grieved for him. So one evening I went up to his room and he was so glad I came. I thought all was well between us. In the morning Ada and I had bitter words. "I hate you from the bottom of my heart," she told me. So another night I went up to Lawrence's room and found it locked and Ada had the key. It was the only time he had really hurt me; so I was quite still. "Now I don't care," I said to myself.

He went away with Ada and her friend, hoping at the last I would say some kind word, but I could not. Lawrence went to Capri to stay with the Brewsters.

.....
Finally Lawrence came from Capri, wanting to be back. The children tried like wise elders to talk me round.....

So Lawrence came back. "Make yourself look nice to

meet him," the children said. We met him at the station all dressed up. Then we all four had peace....

But for his sister Ade he never felt the same again.¹

A hint of how he did feel afterwards is given us in a letter just three years later. He writes:

My sister is here, arrived a week ago: and I am fond of her, but she fills me with tortures of angry depression. I feel all those Midlands behind her, with their sort of despair. I want to put my pansies in the fire, and myself with them - oh, dear!²

Lawrence and Oedipus

The discussion above has aimed to support the view that the character-types in Lawrence's novels owe their chief debt to the members of the Lawrence family, and that the relationships worked through in the novels are, in effect, recapitulations and re-solutions of emotional problems that had their origin in his early family life.

It may be well to stress here the fact that Lawrence's preoccupation with what we may call, for the sake of labelling it, the Oedipal situation cannot be attributed to any intention on his part to illustrate and substantiate Freudian theory. It is true that Lawrence once took enough interest in the general psychoanalytic approach to human problems

¹ Frieda Lawrence, op. cit., pp. 180-81.

² Letters, p. 786.

to write two books that deal, in a vague and wild way, with psychoanalytic theory - i.e., Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious (both written during and just following the War) -, but it is clear, even from the books themselves, that he was never a close student of psychoanalysis and that he was always highly critical of it. His first acquaintance with the fringes of psychoanalysis was, perhaps, through Frieda, who, just preceding the first irruption of Lawrence into her life, "had just met a remarkable disciple of Freud."¹ In answer to questions about Sons and Lovers, he wrote in a letter dated October 5, 1913: "I never did read Freud, but I have heard about him since I was in Germany."² During the latter part of his life he made the acquaintance of the psychoanalyst Dr. David Eder, and also carried on a little correspondence with the group-analyst Dr. Trigant Burrow. Probably more important than any of these specific influences in keeping Lawrence alive to this notable intellectual movement of the twentieth century were the contacts he had in England, after he was fairly launched on his literary career, with numerous reading and thinking people who would naturally

¹ Frieda Lawrence, op. cit., p. 3.

² Letters, p. 142.

make use of so fashionable a topic of conversation.

However, no matter how serious the influence of Freudian doctrines on the later Lawrence should be estimated to be, it seems certain that the emotional tangles described in Sons and Lovers¹ were genuine, untheoretical outgrowths from an Oedipal situation in his family visible to any observer, as the account of E.T. convinces us, and it is arguable that he had independently formulated that situation in terms that would appeal to the Freudian. Excerpts from E.T. will justify both statements. The first gives E.T.'s general impression of the family tensions, as they related to Mrs. Lawrence in particular:

I did not go to the Lawrences' house many times before I became aware of a curious atmosphere such as I had never known before. There seemed to be a tightness in the air, as if something unusual might happen at any minute. It was somehow exciting, yet it made me feel a little sick. I thought for a long time that it was the memory of Ernest's tragic death, and of the mother's heroic fight for the life of her younger son, that was the cause of the strung-up feeling in their household. It was not due specifically to anything that was said or done, although happenings there had sharp edges and a dramatic quality that made them stand out in one's memory. It was a constant quality, something one felt immediately on entering the house. I liked to go, just to feel, as it were, or to listen to the curious, powerful vibration, so different from our house, or any house I have ever known. Perhaps it was the strong emotional tension between mother and son, and in a directly contrary sense, between

¹ For the significance of this novel to the Freudian, see A. B. Kuttner, "Sons and Lovers: A Freudian Appreciation," Psychoanalytic Rev., III (1916), 296-317.

husband and wife, and father and son, that made the strangely vibrating atmosphere.

Mrs. Lawrence, though small, was an arresting figure with shrewd grey eyes in a pale face, and light-coloured hair. Her smallness was more than compensated for by her vigour and determination. All her energy was expended upon her children, who adored her; she was such a contrast to the poor, disinherited father. She was an excellent housewife and a kind neighbour to the motherless girls who lived near. Her confidence in herself and her pronouncements upon people and things excited my wonder. It was new to me to meet anyone so certain of herself and of her own rightness. But she could be vivid in speech, gay and amusing; and in spite of a keen edge to her tongue, she was warmhearted. She said quite frankly that she was interested mainly in her sons. My mother used to say that she was always sorry to have a girl-child, because of the difficulties inherent in a woman's life. But Mrs. Lawrence's attitude was something different.

..... In those leisurely days we had the pleasant habit of going to meet one another, and if several of our family were going to the Lawrences' to tea, Bert would come to meet us, accompanied by several girls. His mother used to smile and say there was safety in numbers. Speaking of her eldest son who had been married some years, she said in her emphatic way:

'Yes, and he was never going to leave me. "I shall always stop with you, mother, and take care of you," he used to say. And at seventeen he was arming a girl around.'

Mrs. Lawrence spoke with such comical emphasis we couldn't help laughing, but there was a thrust behind her words.

Another time she said in a curious tone of half-comic, half-bitter reminiscence:

'Ay, our Ern once heard E. asking me if I was pretty when I was a girl. "Were you pretty, our mother, when you were a girl?" she said. And Ern turned on her: "Pretty?" he said, "Of course she was pretty, a long sight prettier than you'll ever be, don't you worry." That was what our Ern said, "Of course she was pretty."¹

The next quotation, referring to a time when Lawrence was a

¹ E.T., op. cit., pp. 35-37.

pupil teacher at Eastwood, indicates the possibility of his having a pretty full conscious realization of the situation described above by E.T., even so early. And, indeed, why should he not?

During the Christmas holidays Lawrence said several times:

'We must read Coriolanus together,' and one afternoon he came up with his volume of Shakespeare under his arm and we sat down and read Coriolanus straight away. I wondered at his look of puzzled concentration, and felt that the play had a significance for him that I had not grasped.

'You see, it's the mother who counts,' he said, 'the wife hardly at all. The mother is everything to him.'¹

Sexual Development

The development of Lawrence's personality as we see it in the series of novels has been discussed in terms of the interrelations of certain abstracted elements and the relative strength of these. Inasmuch as sex is a term which is of tremendous interest to Lawrence in these novels, we are led to state the development of that personality in another way: namely, in respect to sexual orientation. To do this satisfactorily we should have some criterion of maturity. On the biological level such a criterion exists: a male animal is mature when it is capable of and actively strives

¹ Ibid., pp. 61-62.

to achieve fatherhood. If we take the hint from this biological criterion, we should state the criterion of maturity from the psychological point of view somewhat as follows: The human male is mature when he is willing to accept the father-role.

Whether or not Lawrence was biologically capable of fatherhood, the novels certainly reveal an antipathy to the father-role until the very last - which, according to the proposed criterion, should denote that psychological maturity was long-delayed. A glance at the a- and ab-characters will confirm this statement. Cyril has no heterosexual relations of any importance, and expresses disgust at the interest mothers show in their children; Siegmund deserts his wife and family for a liaison with a younger woman, and feels persecuted by the hatred of his children; Paul has casual sexual relations with no intention of marrying (because he wants to live with his mother), and hates his father; Birkin indulges in a sort of sexual relation with Ursula which appears to be not even "phallic," and wants to complement his marriage by a homosexual relation; Lilly declares that he does not want children, and like Birkin thinks it necessary to complement marriage and combat the maternal interests of women by a homosexual relation; Somers has no children (like Lilly and Birkin), and has views on "extending marriage comparable to that of his predecessors; final-

ly, Joachim is dead, without issue. It is not until we reach Mellors - between whom and Cipriano has intervened the fertile Gipsy, with five children - that we find an a-character who gives his woman a child and reluctantly admits his pleasure in the fact¹; and following him, there is the reborn Jesus, who sets considerable store by having begotten a child.

Now if we organize the novels in groups according to the predominant sexual interests and modes of gratification, we get a scheme of three stages, suggesting a parallel with the stages of sexual development commonly attributed to the growing individual of from three or four to late adolescence, to wit: 1) WP to SL, strongly Oedipal; 2) WL to PS, homosexual relations; 3) LCL and MWD, approach to full genitality.

The first, or Oedipal group shows particularly strong child-mother attachments, acting as a deterrent to normal sexual relations; pronounced hatred of the father, as shown in The White Peacock by the death of Frank Beardsall, in The Trespasser by the animosity of the children of Siegmund toward him, in Sons and Lovers by the behavior of Paul and William; and traces of conscience-stricken masturbation (in

¹ Brangwen, in R, is a fairly happy father, by way of exception. Ursula, however, the main a-character, has homosexual inclinations,

The Trespasser).

The second, or homosexual group does not furnish the first example of homosexuality in the novels: that occurs in The White Peacock; but in these novels the ab- and b-characters, still carrying with them traces of the Oedipus situation, show an extreme interest in homosexual relations, with a positive dislike of heterosexual relations in some cases. The Lost Girl, occurring in the middle of this group but having its origin in an earlier period (that of Sons and Lovers), is something of an exception. The homosexual relations in Women in Love and Aaron's Rod, between ab- and c-characters, are marked by the activity of the ab-characters. In Kangaroo and The Plumed Serpent, on the contrary, the ab-character of the first and the b-character of the second tend to be passive, the c-characters active. It accords with the passivity of the ab- and b-characters of the last two novels that the c-characters concerned are rather the benevolent father than the brother type. A remarkable feature of these homosexual novels is the extreme violence that appears in them: the dreadful death of Gerald, the bomb-explosion and symbolic castration of Aaron, the death of Kangaroo as a sequel to a riot again marked by a bomb-explosion, the bloodthirsty attack on Ramon. The fate of the first three c-characters named - Gerald, Aaron, and Kangaroo - is inferentially determined by their relations to the homo-

sexual partners, who are possessed of magical powers. The attack on Ramon has a more dubious determination. Another remarkable feature is the strong tendency of the ab-characters to isolate themselves within themselves - a fact possibly connected with the exercise of magic. Deserving special attention~~s~~ are the states of immobility of the ab-characters in Women in Love and Aaron's Rod: Birkin becomes "like an Egyptian Pharaoh....seated in immemorial potency," Lilly like "a Byzantine eikon."

The last, or genital group of two novels is characterized as no novels before by the willingness of the ab-character to be tender to his woman and to have children. Castration-fear is apparent, and very explicit in Lady Chatterley's Lover, but the ab-characters are noticeably free of the peculiarities of the two previous stages. Two facts call for comment: the obscene language of Lady Chatterley's Lover, and the relative youth of the heroines. As Lawrence himself confesses in his defense of the book,¹ the obscenity of Lady Chatterley's Lover might be characteristic of a young adolescent just getting over his fear of the awesome mysteries of sex. Coming from Lawrence, the outburst of indecent language is plainly forced. At about

¹ "Apropos of Lady Chatterley," included as a preface to the Paris edition of Lady Chatterley's Lover.

the time Lawrence was writing Lady Chatterley's Lover, or a little after (it was in 1927), Achsah Brewster could record this of him:

We changed carriages at Positano, where our drivers laughed and shouted together. Lawrence, white with anger, stopped our man, asking him what he meant by using indecent language before decent people. The driver looked sheepish. Few could understand his dialect or what he was saying, and it did not seem to matter, but to Lawrence it indicated that the whole body politic of Europe had gone rotten. His afternoon was blighted.¹

However, this seems hardly strange to the reader of Lady Chatterley's Lover who looks at it in the way contended for in this study - that is to say, as representing in its totality the personality of its author -, for Lord Chatterley there in all his refinement and niceness tells us how strong is the opposition in Lawrence to the language as well as to the general life-mode of Mellors. As to the youth of the heroines in these two novels, enough has been said previously in regard to Lawrence's relations with his younger sister to suggest a partial explanation.

The sequence of stages described here is presented as suggestive of a delay in psychological maturity in the case of Lawrence, involving, not a change in the normal order of development, but rather an exaggerated drawing-out of the processes met with also in the most normal development. The

¹ Achsah Brewster, op. cit., p.

fact that Lawrence does not remain stuck at the pre-genital stages, but goes on developing past them, warns us against any rigid classification of him into this or that category. The definite indications of homosexual tendencies in him of significant strength cannot be passed over in silence, however. Biographical information confirms the impression received from the novels that he had homosexual leanings: Middleton Murry's description of the friendship between him and Lawrence leaves us in no doubt that, to Middleton Murry at any rate, their relations verged on strict homosexuality. Again, not only in Kangaroo but also in Lawrence's letters (especially of the War period), there appear pregnancy phantasies such as would hardly be expected - certainly in such strength - very frequently in a general male population.¹ It is interesting, therefore, to see how closely Lawrence's early history conforms to that described by Terman and Miles as favorable for the development of actual professional male homosexuals. The following quotation is from the summary of their results in Sex and Personality:

¹ Answers to a questionnaire on dreams presented by the writer to a group of college students revealed that dreaming of pregnancy occurred in 2 individuals out of 128 in the males, as opposed to 22 individuals out of 68 among the females.

If the case-history data supplied by these individuals can be accepted as anywhere near the truth, the psycho-social formula for developing homosexuality in boys would seem to run somewhat as follows: too demonstrative affection from an excessively emotional mother, especially in the case of the first, last, or only child; a father who is unsympathetic, autocratic, brutal, much away from home, or deceased; treatment of the child as a girl, coupled with lack of encouragement or opportunity to associate with boys and to take part in the rougher masculine activities; over-emphasis of neatness, niceness, and spirituality; lack of vigilance against the danger of seduction by older homosexual males. The formula, of course, does not always work. Doubtless many children who grow up in an environment of the kind just described become nevertheless heterosexual; possibly a majority do. In some cases the heterosexual adjustment is made only with difficulty; the man may have little interest in sex, he may select a wife much older than himself (a mother surrogate)...¹

General Summary

It appears from the above discussion that the personality of Lawrence can best be described in terms of a structure of emotional relations existing between persons, which, though tending to persist, does undergo changes in the course of time. The course of development tends toward a harmonization of original conflicts, a resolution of original tensions. Three processes tending in this direction may be noted: 1) fusion of originally different persons (identification), by way of phenomenologically sexual overtures; 2)

¹ Terman and Miles, Sex and Personality (Stanford, 1937), pp. 319-20.

destruction of persons - a process which does not prevent the reappearance of categorically the same person later (e.g., Morel after Beardsall, Chatterley after Gerald); 3) isolation of one person from another, resulting in the occupancy of separate spheres of influence (e.g., Chatterley and Mellors). The original structure of emotional relationships in Lawrence's case at the time of the earliest novels has the form which Freud has labelled Oedipal. The originally all-pervasive influence of the mother dwindles through the succession of novels, the originally restricted power of the father rises.

The persons of Lawrence's novels seem to have their most important origin in the members of the Lawrence family, and, if one follows the developmental series of the novels with the early biography in mind, it appears that the novels are essentially restatements of problems existing in the relations of the members of that family, gradually changing as solutions are effected.

CHAPTER FIVE

Concluding Remarks

In the foregoing pages the hypothesis that imaginative literature is a projection of the author's personality has been put to the test of analyzing a series of novels by one author. The hypothesis has received support from the fact that the characters from novel to novel present persistent clusters of characteristics, and from the fact that, when the chronology of the novels is considered, the relations between these characters undergo changes that have direction, that are not merely haphazard. So much is ascertainable without resorting to biography for anything except the knowledge of the order in which the novels were composed. Additional support for the hypothesis is gained by finding that inferences from the novels are substantiated by biographical data.

The study of the novels of D. H. Lawrence presented here has been attempted rather to illustrate a certain approach to literature than to throw light on Lawrence; but it is believed by the writer that some light has been thrown on

Lawrence. And insofar as the analysis of the novels has yielded results coinciding with those obtained by the critical writers referred to previously (i.e., Stephen Potter, Middleton Murry, Horace Gregory), he is glad to acknowledge the likeness; for it constitutes a little proof that certain features of Lawrence's novels - the tendency for characters to group into classes, the opposition of sex and culture, for instance - obtrude themselves on the notice of the observer regardless of his particular aims, and argues for the possibility of obtaining unified results by concerted work on such material.

It must be repeated, however, that the aim of the present study was not to throw light on Lawrence, but rather the reverse - to receive light from Lawrence. Along with the aim of illustrating a certain approach to imaginative literature went the aim of making actual discoveries about personality in general; it was hoped that the novels of Lawrence would, upon analysis, provide some information useful in constructing a theory of personality, much as it is hoped by the experimental physicist that the performance of certain operations upon certain material will contribute to the theory of the atom. The results actually obtained in that direction by this study are no doubt modest enough, but sufficient, it is believed, to encourage further work along the same lines.

Certain aims for future studies suggest themselves. For

example, it would be interesting to know whether stages of development similar to those described for Lawrence appear in the work of other novelists, especially as between novelists of different sex and of different generations. Another suggestion is that the novels of two writers from the same family should show definite overlappings, in view of the finding that the structure of the Lawrence family came to expression in his novels, and thus afford an opportunity for studying the interpenetration of personalities: the Bronte sisters, for instance, would be suitable.

It is often affirmed that there are different types of writers, the autobiographical and the non-autobiographical, those who give themselves away in their writings and those who do not. The hypothesis supported here cannot admit such a distinction, of course; it implies that every writer gives himself away, but that what he gives away is in each case something to be discovered, not something known in advance through acquaintance with reminiscences by relatives and friends. To talk of a personality sensibly we must not rely on the momentary contacts that give rise to biographies and memoirs but try to observe it in its whole course of existence from a single point of view. The permanent and extensive record left in a long series of novels, this thesis suggests, at least partially fulfills the ideal requirements.

APPENDIX

Abstracts of Novels

The White Peacock tells the story of a group of people living in the English Midlands. Lettie Beardsall is loved by a farm-youth, George Saxton, and an upper-class youth, Leslie Tempest. There is also a warm friendship between Cyril, Lettie's brother, and George. Leslie wins Lettie in marriage; George, defeated, takes an entirely different sort of woman, Meg, to wife; and the friendship between Cyril and George gradually weakens. As time goes on George, still torn by his old love for Lettie, and unable to meet the responsibilities involved in fatherhood, degenerates more and more. The end of the story presents him as a pitifully broken man. Coincident with these main events there occurs, first, the death of Cyril's and Lettie's profligate father, next, the death of the demoniac game-keeper Annable, and last, termination of the faint emotional tie between Cyril and George's sister, Emily.

The Trespasser is a story within a story. The slightly sketched love-affair of a young man with Helena, a somewhat older violinist, frames the story of the earlier love-affair of Helena with Siegmund MacNair, a married man much older than she, also a violinist. Siegmund runs off from his family to spend a holiday on the sea with Helena. Their passion and difficulties are described. The holiday begins for Siegmund with a sense of adventure and release; it ends with a sense of defeat. When he returns to his home, and meets there the scorn of his wife and children, he commits suicide. Helena, a year later, is forgetting her grief in the new love-affair.

Sons and Lovers is the story of the life of Paul Morel, from babyhood to the age of twenty-five. Born into a tense family situation, his mother a cultivated woman, his father

an unlettered collier, Paul's life is dramatic from the first. He learns to hate his father, and to love his mother, and in time to think of himself as something of a genius as a painter. When he is sixteen, his elder brother William, having given promises of a brilliant career in business, dies. That event leaves Paul the main center of his mother's affections. When, therefore, he begins loving the girl Miriam, his mother comes between them, and he finds himself incapable of having a close sexual relationship with Miriam. He then betakes himself to a married woman, Clara Daves, and to his purely physical relations with her his mother does not object, because it does not tend, as did the friendship with Miriam, to displace her in her son's heart. Then the mother gets sick, and Paul gives up Clara to her husband. When his mother dies, Paul is left alone in the world, "with the drift towards death."

The Rainbow begins with a long and involved family-chronicle, which then emerges into the love-affair, marriage, and subsequent history of Will Brangwen and Anna Lensky, who are cousins. Anna is a free, strong woman; Brangwen is emotional, a somewhat conscience-bound and undecided man. From this union, and under the tensions peculiar to it, comes Ursula, who is at first very deeply attached to her father. The girlhood of Ursula, her experiences in school and college then become the main topics of the book. Her first lovers are a women teacher, Winifred Inger, and a young man, Anton Skrebensky: the first she arranges to marry off to an uncle of hers; the second she becomes engaged to, then thoroughly defeats and casts off. Another friendship is briefly treated which brings Ursula in contact with a simple, spontaneous man of the soil, Anthony Schofield: this man, too, she rejects. The story ends with a fearsome experience of Ursula's with a herd of horses, and with her recovery from a sickness which does, as she hopes, destroy the child in her womb (by Skrebensky).

Women in Love, the sequel to The Rainbow, carries the story of Ursula, and of her sister Gudrun, further. Gudrun becomes attached to Gerald Crich, the upper-class owner of coal mines, etc.; and Ursula to Rupert Birkin, the latter a somewhat Bohemian inspector of schools. Birkin and Gerald are emotionally involved, also, with each other. A previous attachment of Birkin's to the highly intellectual and upper-class Hermione Roddice he breaks off before he attempts to win Ursula. Later, he finds it also necessary to forego his homosexual attachment to Gerald. The story carries the various main characters into the Alps; and there

Gerald, finding himself thwarted in his relations with Gudrun, who has formed a new attachment with a sculptor named Loerke, goes off in the snow and dies. Some final comments of Birkin's make it plain that Gerald's tragedy is all the more acute for his having failed to respond appropriately to Birkin's advances.

The Lost Girl concerns the adventures of Alvina Houghton, daughter of a whimsical merchant and an invalid mother, properly brought up by a strong-minded Miss Frost in the stifling environment of a small town, Woodhouse, in the English mining district. After the breaking of her first engagement (with a young Australian medical student, Alexander Graham), she goes away from Woodhouse to train as a maternity nurse. The experience of a freer life does her good, but she is forced to return home, and there she soon falls back into the old rut, waiting for some man to marry her. She rejects Albert Witham and Mr. May as suitors. At last comes Ciccio, an Italian member of a theatrical troupe - this is after the death of her mother and Miss Frost, and coincides with the death of her father - and sweeps her off her conventions. The relations of Ciccio with the members of the troupe - Madame, Geoffrey, Max and Louis - are treated. After a break with Ciccio, during which she gets engaged to a middle-aged doctor, Mitchell, Alvina meets him again, marries him, and goes off to the primitive mountain fastnesses of Italy. The story ends with the outbreak of the War, and an uncertain future facing Ciccio and Alvina, who is with child.

Aaron's Rod begins with Aaron Sisson, a miner's checkweighman who plays a flute, suddenly taking it into his head to leave his wife and children. Through accidental contacts with an upper-class Bohemian circle he meets the writer Rawdon Lilly in London. Lilly is vaguely messianic, in a reverse Christian sort of way, a critic of the life and beliefs of the times. He and his wife Tanny are introduced mainly through his contacts with Jim Bricknell, who also knows Aaron. Aaron, after a love-affair with Bricknell's fiancée, gets sick, and comes to Lilly's rooms, where he is taken care of. Lilly appeals to him to give up love of women and submit to a male leader, or companion, namely himself; the appeal, which is exceedingly vague, Aaron for the time being rejects. Later, as if fate-driven, he seeks out Lilly in Italy, whither he has gone from London, and passes through several experiences which convince him that Lilly has something necessary for him. The climax of Aaron's adventures is a bomb-explosion in a cafe which destroys his

flute. After that he seems on the point of comprehending Lilly's obscure doctrine and making some sort of decision affecting their relationship.

Kangaroo has its setting in Australia, unlike the previous stories, all of which begin in England even when the movements of the characters eventually shift the scene elsewhere. It begins with the arrival of Richard Lovat Somers, an English writer, and his wife, Harriet, in Sydney. There they make the acquaintance of Jack Callcott, an Australian working-man, and his wife, Victoria. The two men strike up a friendship which brings Somers in contact with Jaz Trewhella, a Cornish immigrant, and with an Australian religious-political leader, Kangaroo. Somers, at first strongly attracted by both Jack and Kangaroo and by their movement, later has revulsions. The movement fizzles out. Kangaroo dies of wounds received in a political riot and, equally, of Somers' apostasy. The friendship between Somers and Jack dissolves. Somers and his wife, sadly and with a sigh of relief, leave Australia for other shores.

The Plumed Serpent has its setting in Mexico. Kate, a middle-aged widow of an Irish reformer, James Joachim Leslie, makes contacts in Mexico City with Americans and others which lead to meeting with Don Ramon Carrasco, a reviver of the ancient Mexican religion of Quetzalcoatl, and with Don Viedma Cipriano, a Mexican general and devoted friend of Ramon's. Attracted by these two men, Kate goes to Sayula, an interior lake city, which is the seat of Ramon's religious revival. She observes the primitive life, half loving and half hating it, and stands by interestedly as Ramon and Cipriano overturn the Christian faith there and replace it with their own, in which they are the earth-representatives respectively of Quetzalcoatl and of Huitzilopochtli. Kate saves the life of Ramon when he is attacked by bandits put in motion by the religious opposition. Ramon's Christian wife, Carlota, dies, and he takes a young virgin, Teresa, who believes in him and his mission. Cipriano, Ramon's subordinate, who manages the army and performs executions for Ramon, and who is a kind of Pan-demon, overcomes Kate's reluctances and resistances to the primitive sort of life by his sexual attractiveness, marries her, and compels her because of her love to give up returning to Europe.

St. Mawr has as its central figure a great bay stallion, owned and loved by a young woman, Lou, who is married to a certain Lord Henry Carrington, "Rico," a perfect English

gentleman with artistic inclinations. She buys the horse for her husband, but he finds it nearly unmanageable. One day the horse throws him and nearly kills him. Interested parties want the horse killed or gelded. Lou refuses to do either; instead she separates from her husband, and takes the beloved horse to America. Other important characters in the story are St. Mawr's groom, Lewis, and Lou's mother, Mrs. Witt. A hint at the meaning of the story is given by an artist named Cartwright.

The Virgin and the Gipsy tells how a young English girl, Yvette, living in a rectory dominated over by a rather loathsome old grandmother, "Mater," falls in love with a dark, middle-aged gipsy camping with his numerous family in the vicinity. Her interest in him complements her dislike of the tedious, conventional young men of her set. A spring flood, which drowns the grandmother, brings Yvette and the gipsy together in their one intimate contact. Another character of importance in the story is Major Eastwood, under whom the gipsy served during the War as a groom.

Lady Chatterley's Lover has its setting largely on the estate of the English colliery-owner Lord Clifford Chatterley. It tells of the search of Lady Chatterley (Connie) for a satisfactory solution of the problem posed by the fact that her husband is paralyzed from the waist down as the result of War wounds, and thus impotent. In her restlessness, she tries other lovers, one named Michaelis; she enjoys the friendship of Tommy Dukes; but she is not satisfied until she meets and is conquered by Chatterley's gamekeeper, Oliver Mellors. Meantime, Lord Chatterley takes consolation in the company of the motherly Mrs. Bolton. Mellors, a lonely, even sick man, in spite of unfortunate experiences with a wife, Bertha Coutts, and others, preserves the flame of sexual warmth in his body and in his thought, against the universal rejection of the primitive impulses as typified by Chatterley. By Mellors Lady Chatterley conceives a child, and resolves to divorce her husband and marry Mellors. A characteristic of this book (in its unexpurgated form) is a very free treatment of the sexual situations and a very free use of Anglo-Saxon words usually condemned as obscene.

The Man Who Died tells how Jesus (never called by name) after his resurrection renounces his former mission and the old ties and sets out to live the greater life of the body. He keeps aloof from the world. Finally, on the coast of Sidon, he meets a young virgin priestess of

Isis who has been waiting for years for the appearance of the reborn man, the Osiris of her dream, who according to an old philosopher will give her love. She has had the golden Anthony for a lover, but remained cold toward him. Jesus she regards as the fulfillment of the old philosopher's prophecy, and conceives a child by him. The priestess' mother, who manages the estate, sets her slaves in motion to capture Jesus as a vagabond and malefactor, but he eludes them and gets in a boat and escapes.

PLATES

Plate I.

Fig. 1. The Lawrence family. The smallest boy is David Herbert Lawrence; the tallest, William. (From Frieda Lawrence)

Plate II.

Fig. 2. D.H. Lawrence September 11, 1906.
(From Middleton Murry)

Fig. 3. D.H. Lawrence 1914. (From the Letters)

Plate III.

Fig. 4. D.H. Lawrence 1929. (From the Letters)

Fig. 5. D.H. Lawrence 1929: self-portrait.
(From Middleton Murry)

Plate I



Fig. 1



Fig. 3



Fig. 2



Fig. 5



Fig. 4

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Note: The novels of D. H. Lawrence have their titles abbreviated in the text as follows (keeping the order of the Bibliography):

WP, T, SL, R, WL, LG, AR, K, PS, STM, VG, LCL, MWD.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

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